FACETIÆ

AND

MISCELLANIES.

By WILLIAM HONE.

With One Hundred and Twenty Engravings,

DRAWN BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"We twa hae paidl't"— BURNS.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR WILLIAM HONE,
BY HUNT AND CLARKE, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1827.

J. M'Creery, Tooks Court,
Chancery-Lane, London.

UTOPIA
RBR
H772F

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS collection was designed, and would have been published at the date of the following "Introduction," if the proof sheet, then received from the printer, had not been detained till he was tired of sending for it. Afterwards it was forgotten, or only remembered when matters of more seeming importance determined me to forego the intent; it is now resumed, because my attention is necessarily directed to "things lying about."

"But why revive these pieces which have long been dead?"

My purpose is not a revivification, but a decent funeral: "I come to bury these, Sir, not to praise 'em."

November, 1826.

Two pamphlets, in controversy with the Quarterly Review, have accrued to the volume since the date of the Introduction.

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INTRODUCTION.

SCENE—*An Interior—No.* 45, *Ludgate Hill.*

TIME—*Any time*—A. D. 1822.

PRAY, Sir, have you The Political House that Jack Built, and the author's other pieces?

They are before you, Madam.

They are very clever—

(*a bow*)

I am at Mr. Hone's, am I not?

Yes, Madam.

Is he at home? (*a smile*)

Yes, Madam.

(*A start*)—Does he know the writer of these pamphlets?

Yes, Madam.

Indeed! Is it possible to *see* him?

He has the honour, Madam, of being addressed by you.

What, Sir,—(*another start*)—are *you* Mr. Hone? (*another bow*)

But *really* now?

Really, Madam.

Surprising!

Why so, Madam? (*a smile*).

Why, indeed, Sir, I did not suppose I should *see* you——and I did not expect—(*embarrassed*) that is, I thought——I expected—I—I—

Allow me, Madam, to conclude:—you expected I had horns and hoofs, a forked tail, and spouted fire?

La! Sir—but *really*——

Perhaps you will take a chair, Madam?—(*a bow, a curtsey, and the lady seated.*)

But, Sir, pray now, was it Mr. ———, or Mr. ———, or ————, that wrote The Political House that Jack Built?

Neither, Madam.

Upon your honour, Sir?

Upon my honour, Madam.

Well! you *know* the author: is his name an inviolable secret?

Not quite, Madam.

Delightful! Who is he? I am dying to know.

Were I even the grave of a secret, I should regret a lady's death. I would prefer, however, that this should not be disclosed by me.

Why, Sir? For what reason?

Because, Madam——because——

Because what, Sir?

Because, Madam, I wrote it myself.

(*Pique and astonishment.*) Well, Sir, (*rising*) I perceive that you know how to disappoint a lady, without appearing to refuse her request.

(*Exit in a rage.*)

However flattering the remark, that "it is impossible these fine children can be yours," there is something provoking in it. I am not ashamed of my offspring, and am responsible for what the poor things do, and it is not pleasant to hear their parentage ascribed to others; therefore, I collect them together, in my paternal character—preferring this mode of affiliation, to being profane for a shilling, and swearing before the Lord Mayor.

But while claiming the contents of the volume, I except the Man in the Moon; though the Carol, and the remainder of that pamphlet are mine: I have further to except about three octavo pages in the Slap at Slop. The original form of the latter publication was a newspaper sheet: Buonapartephobia was also printed on an open sheet.

The Public has already decided, and it is not fitting that I should remark on these productions. They savour somewhat, perhaps, of the ancient spirit of my country, and of converse with books, rather than men. The reading I am familiar with, may be inferred from the Political Showman—I am not ashamed to own that it cost me more la-

bour, and was less popular, than either of my other pieces.

Pope observes, in the advertisement to his first Satire in imitation of Horace, that "there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas, to a true satirist, nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous, nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite."

Mr. Gifford likewise teaches, in the preface to his translation of Juvenal, that "the legitimate office of satire is to hold up the vicious as objects of reprobation and scorn, for the example of others, who may be deterred by their sufferings; there is in such men a wilfulness of disposition, which prompts them to bear up against shame, and to show how little they regard light reproof, by becoming more audacious in guilt: vice, like folly, to be restrained, must be overawed."

Thus instructed, I upon due provocation wrote: —if I have wit, "it lies as cold in me as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking."

W. HONE.

November, 1822.

THE POLITICAL

HOUSE

THAT

JACK BUILT.

"A straw—thrown up to show which way the wind blows."

WITH THIRTEEN CUTS.

The Pen and the Sword.

Fifty-third Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE,
LUDGATE HILL.
1821.

ONE SHILLING.

——— "Many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall."

COWPER.

NOTE.

Each Motto that follows, is from Cowper's "Task."

THE AUTHOR'S

DEDICATION

TO

HIS POLITICAL GODCHILD.

TO

DOCTOR SLOP,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

MANY PUBLIC TESTIMONIALS OF HIS FILIAL GRATITUDE;

AND TO

THE NURSERY OF CHILDREN

Six Feet High,

HIS READERS,

FOR THE DELIGHT AND INSTRUCTION OF THEIR UNINFORMED MINDS:

THIS JUVENILE PUBLICATION

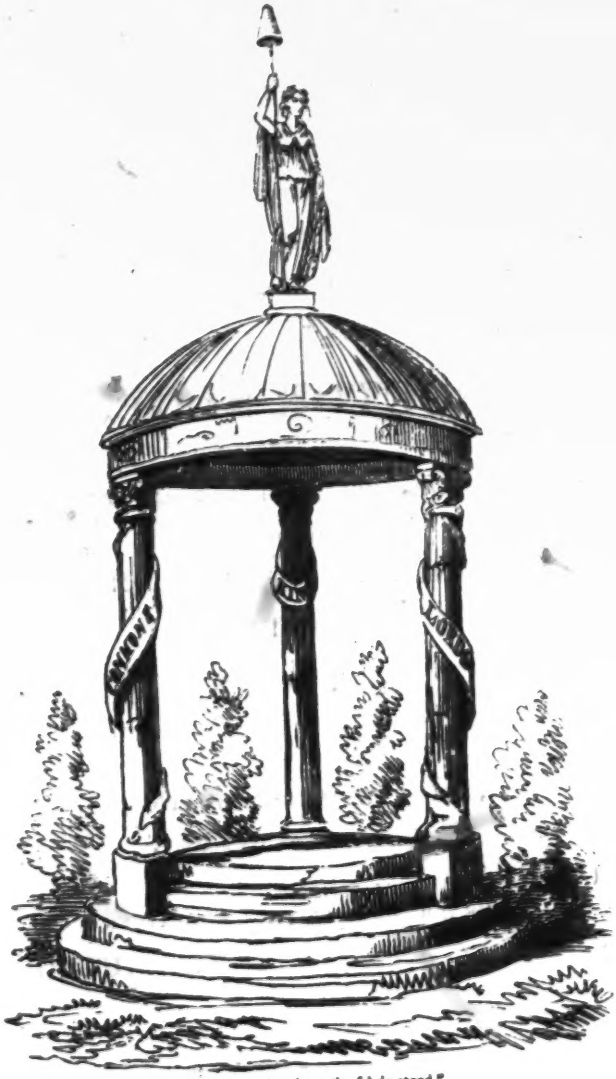
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE DOCTOR'S POLITICAL GODFATHER,

THE AUTHOR.

*** *The Publication wherein the Author of* "THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" *conferred upon* Dr. SLOP *the lasting distinction of his name, was a Jeu d'Esprit, entitled* "BUONAPARTEPHOBIA, OR CURSING MADE EASY TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY"—*It is reprinted, and may be had of the Publisher Price One Shilling.*



"A distant age asks where the fabric stood."

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

——" Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is."

THIS IS

THE WEALTH

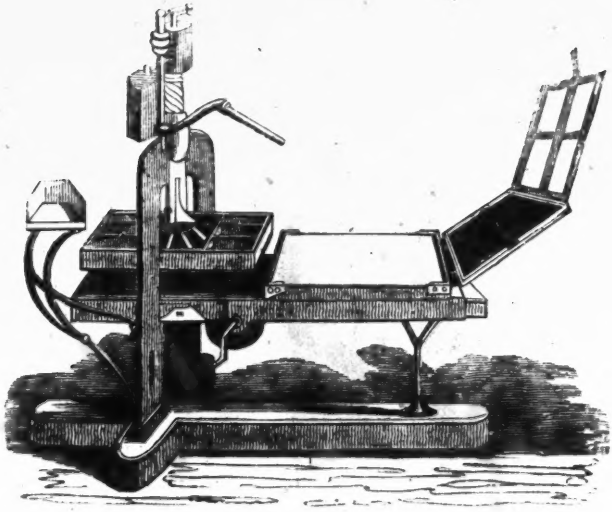
that lay
In the House that Jack built.

——————" A race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest;
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd;
And the land stank – so num'rous was the fry."

THESE ARE

THE VERMIN

That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.



" Once enslaved, farewell !
* * * *
Do I forbode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams ? Heav'n grant I may !"

THIS IS

THE THING,

that in spite of new Acts.
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

"The seals of office glitter in his eyes
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them—
To be a pest where he was useful once."

THIS IS

THE PUBLIC INFORMER,

who

Would put down the *Thing*,

that, in spite of new Acts,

And attempts to restrain it,

by Soldiers or Tax,

Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth,

That lay in the House, that Jack built.

" Ruffians are abroad——
* * * *
Leviathan is not so tamed."

THESE ARE

THE *REASONS* OF LAWLESS POWER,

That back the Public Informer,
who
Would put down the *Thing*,
that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

——————— "Great offices will have
Great talents."

This is THE MAN—all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—and all forlorn;

THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
cuirasses, and lace;
Who, to tricksters and fools,
leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when Britain 's in tears,
sails about at his pleasure,
Who spurn'd from his presence
the Friends of his youth,
And now has not one
who will tell him the truth;
Who took to his counsels,
in evil hour,
The Friends to the Reasons
of lawless Power;
That back the Public Informer
who
Would put down the *Thing*,
that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

" Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd!
——————— What man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
——————— I cannot rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die——
Bleed gold for Ministers to sport away."

THESE ARE

THE PEOPLE

all tatter'd and torn,
Who curse the day
wherein they were born,
On account of Taxation
too great to be borne,
And pray for relief,
from night to morn:
Who, in vain, Petition
in every form,

Who, peaceably Meeting
to ask for Reform,
Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
who
Were thank'd by THE MAN,
all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—
and all forlorn;
THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
cuirasses, and lace:
Who, to tricksters and fools,
leaves the state and its treasure,
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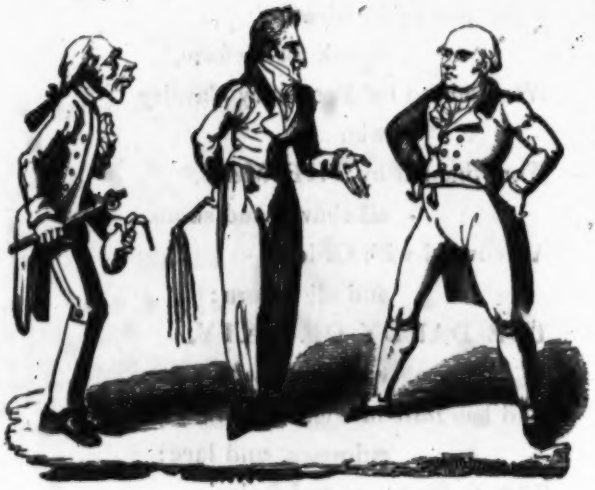

THE DOCTOR.

" At his last gasp—as if with opium drugg'd."

DERRY-DOWN TRIANGLE.

" He that sold his country."

THE SPOUTER OF TRUTH.

" With merry descants on a nation's woes—
There is a public mischief in his mirth."

THE GUILTY TRIO.

" Great skill have they in *palmistry*, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
* * * *
———— Dream after dream ensues!
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed."

This is THE DOCTOR
of *Circular* fame,
A Driv'ller, a Bigot, a Knave
without shame:

And *that*'s DERRY DOWN TRIANGLE
by name,
From the Land of mis-rule,
and half-hanging, and flame:
And *that* is THE SPOUTER OF FROTH
BY THE HOUR,
The worthless colleague
of their infamous power:
Who dubb'd *him* 'the Doctor'
whom now he calls 'brother,'
And, to get at his Place,
took a shot at the other;
Who haunts their *Bad House*,
a base living to earn,
By playing Jack-pudding, and Ruffian,
in turn;
Who bullies, for those
whom he bullied before;
Their *Flash*-man, their Bravo,
a son of a ———;
The hate of the People,
all tatter'd and torn,
Who curse the day
wherein they were born,
On account of Taxation
too great to be borne,
And pray for relief
from night to morn;

Who, in vain, petition
in every form:
Who peaceably Meeting
to ask for Reform,
Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
who
Were thank'd by THE MAN,
all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—
and all forlorn;
THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
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Who to tricksters and fools,
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Who took to his counsels, in evil hour,
The Friends to the Reasons of lawless Power;
That back the Public Informer, who
Would put down the *Thing*, that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it, by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth
That lay in the House, that Jack built.

———" Burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution.
——————— Power usurp'd
Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
——————————— I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all."

This WORD is the Watchword—
the talisman word,
That the WATERLOO-MAN's to crush
with his sword;

But, if shielded by NORFOLK
and BEDFORD's alliance,
It will set both his sword,
and him at defiance;
If FITZWILLIAM, and GROSVENOR, and
ALBEMARLE aid it,
And assist its best Champions,
who then dare invade it?
'Tis the terrible WORD OF FEAR,
night and morn,
To the *Guilty Trio*,
all cover'd with scorn;
First, to the Doctor,
of *Circular* fame,
A Driv'ller, a Bigot, a Knave
without shame:
And next, Derry Down Triangle
by name,
From the Land of Mis-rule,
and Half-hanging, and Flame:
And then, to the Spouter of Froth
by the hour,
The worthless colleague
of their infamous power;
Who dubb'd *him* 'the Doctor,'
whom now he calls 'brother',
And to get at his Place,
took a shot at the other;

Who haunts their *Bad House*,
a base living to earn,
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by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

END OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE CLERICAL MAGISTRATE.

The Bishop. Will you be diligent in Prayers—laying aside the study of the world and the flesh?——*Priest.* I will.
The Bishop. Will you maintain and set forwards, as much as lieth in you, quietness, peace, and love, among all Christian people?——*Priest.* I will.
¶ The Bishop laying his hand upon the head of him that receiveth the order of Priesthood, shall say, "RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST."

The Form of Ordination for a Priest.

——"The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
* * * *
Behold the picture! Is it like?"

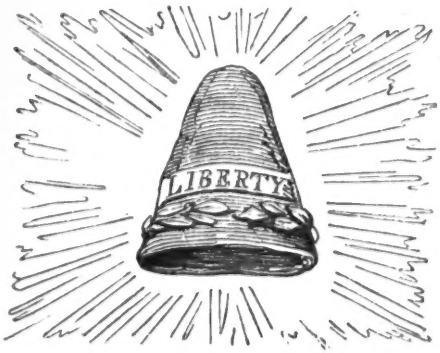
THIS IS A PRIEST,

made 'according to Law,'

Who, on being ordain'd, vow'd, by rote, like a daw,
That he felt himself call'd, by the Holy Spirit,
To teach men the Kingdom of Heaven to merit;
That, to think of the World and the flesh he'd cease,
And keep men in quietness, love, and peace;
And, making thus his profession and boast,
Receiv'd, from the Bishop, the Holy Ghost:
Then—not having the fear of God before him—
Is sworn in a Justice, and one of the *Quorum;*
'Gainst his spiritual Oath, puts his Oath of the Bench,
And, instead of his Bible, examines a wench;
Gets Chairman of Sessions—leaves his flock, sick
or dying,
To license Ale-houses—and assist in the trying
Of prostitutes, poachers, pickpockets, and thieves;—
Having *charged* the Grand Jury, dines with them,
and gives
"CHURCH AND KING without day-light;" gets *fresh*,
and puts in—
To the stocks vulgar people, who fuddle with gin:
Stage-coachmen, and toll-men, convicts as he pleases;
And beggars and paupers incessantly teazes:
Commits starving vagrants, and orders Distress
On the Poor, for their Rates—signs warrants to press,
And beats up for names to a Loyal Address:
Would indict, for Rebellion, those who Petition:
And, all who look peaceable, try for Sedition;

If the People were legally Meeting, in quiet,
Would pronounce it decidedly—*sec. Stat.*—a Riot,
And order the Soldiers 'to aid and assist,'
That is—kill the helpless, who cannot resist.
He, though vowing 'from all worldly studies to cease,'
Breaks the Peace of the Church, to be Justice of Peace;
Breaks his vows made to Heaven: a pander for power;
A Perjurer—a guide to the People no more;
On God turns his back,
when he turns the State's Agent;
And damns his own Soul,
to be friends with the ———.

THE END.



"'Tis Liberty alone, that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume
And we are weeds without it."

Printed by W. Hone,
45, Ludgate Hill.

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, perceiving the multitude of attempts at imitation and imposture, occasioned by the unparalleled sale of that Jeu d'Esprit, in justice to the Public and to himself, respectfully states, that, induced by nearly forty years confidential intimacy with Mr. HONE, and by the warmest friendship and affection for him and his Family, he originally selected him as his Publisher *exclusively*; that he has not suffered, nor will he suffer, a line of his writing to pass into the hands of any other Bookseller; and that his last, and, owing to imperative claims upon his pen of a higher order, possibly his very last production, in that way, will be found in THE MAN IN THE MOON.

*** THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, was entered at Stationers' Hall, and Copies were duly delivered, according to Act of Parliament; one being for the British Museum; yet it is held in such estimation by all ranks, from the mansion to the cottage, including men of high classical and literary attainment, that it is coveted by eminent and learned bodies for the purpose of being preserved and deposited in the other National Libraries, as appears by the following notice.

(COPY.) London, Jan. 26, 1820.

SIR—I am authorised and requested to demand of you nine copies of the undermentioned Work.—THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT—for the use of the following Libraries and Universities:—Bodleian; Cambridge; Sion College; Edinburgh; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Glasgow; Aberdeen; St. Andrew's; Trinity College, and the King's Inns, Dublin.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
GEORGE GREENHILL.
Warehouse-keeper to the Company of Stationers.

To Mr. WM. HONE, Ludgate-hill.

This "authorised" and official "demand" on behalf of the Universities and Public Libraries, was immediately complied with; and to save those distinguished bodies the trouble of a similar application for "THE MAN IN THE MOON," copies of that work were also sent with the copies of the Political House that Jack Built, so demanded "for their use."

†‡† A SUPERIOR EDITION OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, *is now published, printed on fine Vellum Drawing Paper, with the Cuts handsomely* COLOURED, Price 3*s*.—The same Edition plain, Price 2*s*.

TWENTY-EIGHTH EDITION.

Dedicated to the Right Hon. George Canning, price 1*s*.

THE MAN IN THE MOON; a Speech from the Throne to the Senate of Lunataria.—Also a Political Christmas Carol, set to Music; and "The Doctor," a Parody, written by the Rt. Hon. George Canning, in ridicule of the Rt. Hon. Lord Sidmouth. With *Fifteen Cuts*, viz.:—The Man in the Moon—Going down—Carried down—The Grinder's Arms—Johnny Mooncalf—Steel Lozenges—Holy Alliance—Chaining the Press—Pulling the Trigger—Puffing—Put out the Light—Carol Music—Rats caught alive—The Doctor besquibbed—The Fraternal Embrace.

"If Cæsar can hide the Sun with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light."—*Cymbeline.*

Printed for WILLIAM HONE, Ludgate-hill; and sold by all Booksellers in town and country. Orders, with remittances, punctually executed.

Withdrawn from the Press.

A LETTER TO THE SOLICITOR GENERAL.

By WILLIAM HONE.

*** Since the announcement of this Publication, the attack of the Solicitor-General upon the Juries of my Country has drawn down upon that Gentleman, within the walls of Parliament, such deserved animadversion as to render superfluous any interference on my part.

Two years have elapsed since I broke away from the toils; and it seems the escape of the destined victim is never to be forgiven! The cause of which the Solicitor-General is unexpectedly the gratuitous advocate, has taken appropriate refuge in the snug precincts of Gatton. There let it wither!

The verdicts of my Juries require no other vindication than a faithful recital of the grounds on which they were founded. From the period at which those verdicts were pronounced, and with a view to that vindication, I have been unremittingly employed in the collection and arrangement of rare and curious materials which the Solicitor-General's attack will induce me to extend to

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF PARODY.

This History I purpose to bring out, very speedily, *with extensive graphic illustrations*, and I flatter myself it will answer the various purposes of satisfying the expectations of my numerous and respectable subscribers—of justifying my own motives in publishing the Parodies—of throwing a strong light upon the presumable motives of my prosecutors in singling me out from my Noble and Right Honorable Fellow Parodists—of holding up Trial by Jury to the encreased love and veneration of the British People—and above all, of making every calumny upon the verdicts of three successive, honorable, and intelligent Juries recoil upon the slanderer, be he who he may, that dares to asperse them.

Ludgate-hill, March, 1820. W. HONE.

THE

MAN IN THE MOON,

&c. &c. &c.

" If Cæsar can hide the Sun with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light."—*Cymbeline.*

WITH FIFTEEN CUTS.

Twenty-fifth Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE,
45, LUDGATE-HILL.
1820.

ONE SHILLING.

——————— " Is there not
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the men
Who owe their greatness to their country's ruin?"

Dedicated

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,

AUTHOR OF PARODIES ON SCRIPTURE, TO RIDICULE HIS POLITICAL OPPONENTS; AND COLLEAGUE WITH THE PROSECUTORS OF POLITICAL PARODY:

WHO,

AFTER LAMPOONING LORD SIDMOUTH, AND HOLDING HIM UP TO THE SCORN AND CONTEMPT OF ALL ENGLAND, AS A CHARLATAN AND "PRIME DOCTOR TO THE COUNTRY," NOW TAKES A SUBORDINATE PART UNDER HIM AS A "PRIME" MINISTER:

WHO,

AFTER DENOUNCING LORD CASTLEREAGH'S INCAPACITY FOR INFERIOR OFFICE, AND CONFIRMING THAT DENUNCIATION BY HIS PISTOLS, ACCEPTED INFERIOR OFFICE HIMSELF UNDER THE CONTROL OF THAT VERY LORD CASTLEREAGH; AND SEEKS TO PROLONG HIS POLITICAL EXISTENCE BY THE FAWNING BLANDISHMENT OF "MY NOBLE FRIEND," ALTHOUGH THAT "NOBLE FRIEND" HAS NOT BEEN OBSERVED TO ENCOURAGE THE EMBARRASSING ENDEARMENT, BY RETURNING IT:

THUS,

BY HIS PARODIES,
HIS PISTOLS AND HIS WITS,
FIGHTING AND WRITING HIS WAY
TO PLACE AND PROFIT UNDER MINISTERS,
WHOM THE DERISION OF HIS PEN
HAS DRIVEN TO THE MISERY
OF HIS ALLIANCE.

THE

MAN IN THE MOON,

A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE,

TO THE SENATE OF LUNATARIA

In the Moon.

INTRODUCTION.

I LATELY dream'd that, in a huge balloon,
All silk and gold, I journey'd to the Moon,
Where the same objects seem'd to meet my eyes
That I had lately left below the skies;

And judge of my astonishment, on seeing
All things exactly, to a hair, agreeing:
The mountains, rivers, cities, trees, and towers,
On Cynthia's silver surface, seem'd like ours;
Men, women, children, language, dress, and faces,
Lords, Commons, Lackies, Pensioners, and Places,
Whigs, Tories, Lawyers, Priests, and men of blood,
And even *Radicals*—by all that's good!

In a long street, just such as London's Strand is,
'Midst Belles and Beggars, Pickpockets and Dandies,
Onward I went, between a brazen horse,
And a large Inn which bore a Golden Cross,
Then through a passage, narrow, long and dark,
That brought my footsteps to a spacious park.

It chanc'd that morning that the Sovereign Dey,
The Prince of Lunataria pass'd that way—
Gods! what a sight! what countless crouds were there,
What yells, and groans, and hootings, rent the air!
By which, I learn'd, the Lunatarian nation
Are wont to testify their admiration;
We don't do so on earth—but that's no matter—
The Dey went onward, midst a hideous clatter
To meet the Senators; for 'twas appointed,
That, on that morning, He—the Lord's anointed—
Should make a grand Oration from the throne,
That his most royal pleasure might be known

Respecting certain great affairs of State:—
I heard the speech; Oh! could the muse relate
The "*elegance*," the sweet "*distinctiveness*,"
With which his Royal Deyship did address
That reverend body of Moonarian sages,
I'd write a book that should endure for ages.
Alas! such heights are not for me to reach;
I'll therefore, from my note-book, take the Speech,
And you must say, as 'tis by Pope exprest,
"Give all thou canst, and *we* will dream the rest!"

THE SPEECH.

MY L—rds and G—tl—n,
I grieve to say,
That poor old Dad,
Is just as—bad,
As when I met you here
the other day.

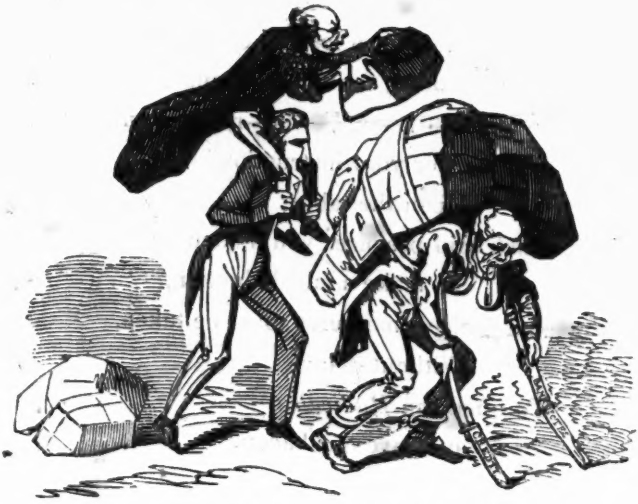
'Tis pity that these cursed State Affairs
Should take you from your pheasants and your hares
Just now:
But lo!
CONSPIRACY and TREASON are abroad!
Those imps of darkness, gender'd in the wombs
Of spinning-jennies, winding-wheels, and looms,
In Lunashire—
Oh, Lord!
My L—ds and G—tl—n, we've much to fear!

Reform, Reform, the swinish rabble cry—
Meaning, of course, rebellion, blood, and riot—
Audacious rascals! you, my Lords, and I,
Know 'tis their duty to be starved in quiet:
But they have grumbling habits, incompatible
With the repose of *our* august community—
They see that good things are with us come-at-ible,
And therefore slyly watch their opportunity
To get a share;
Yes, they declare
That we are not God's favorites alone—
That *they* have rights to food, and clothes, and air,
As well as you, the Brilliants of a throne!
Oh! indications foul of revolution—
The villains would destroy the Constitution!

I've given orders for a lot of Letters,
From these seditious, scribbling, scoundrels' betters,
N—d—n and N—rr—s, F—ch—r, W—t and H—y,
'To *lie*, for your instruction,'
Upon the table;
From which said premises you'll soon be able
To make a fair deduction,
That some decisive measures must be taken,
Without delay,
To quell the *Radicals*,
and save our bacon.

And now, my faithful C—m—ns,
You must find
The means to raise the wind:
For Derry Down, and Sid, have thought it wise,
To have—*besides the Spies*—
A few more Cut-throats, to protect the rhino
Of loyal people,—such as you and I know.

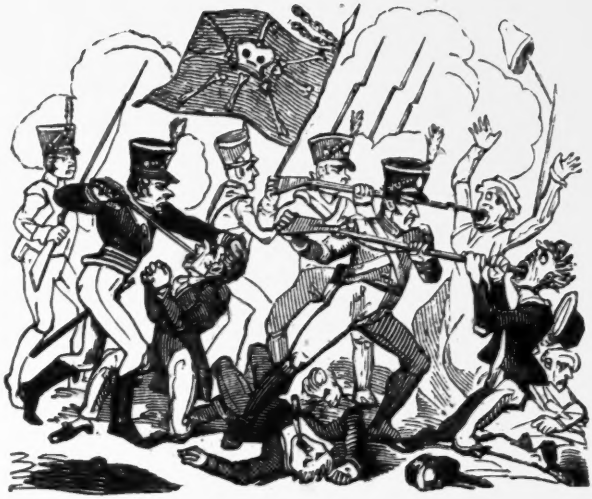
Van's estimates will come before you straight;
And, I foresee
That your opinions will with mine agree,
No lighter weight
Can well be placed on



JOHNNY MOON CALF'S back,
Who is, you know,
a very willing hack.
The revenue has fluctuated
slightly—
See the *Courier*—
But it's been found to be
improving nightly—
For two weeks past,—
therefore we've nought to fear.
Some branches of our trade
are still deprest,
And those dependant on them
wanting food,

But that's a sort of
temporary evil—
'Twill wear away:
perhaps 'tis for the best:—
At all events, 'twill do
no good
To let the starving wretches
be uncivil.

Five years ago, you know,
our sad condition
Was partly owing to
'the quick transition
From war to peace'—then,
we had *'scanty crops'*—
Then, something else—and now—
our weavers' shops
Are full of *Radicals*,
and *Flags*, and *Caps*;
But *'temporary'* still
are these mishaps—
The 'quick transition's' gone,
the 'crops' are good,
And though the *Radicals*
may still want food,
A few



STEEL LOZENGES

will stop their pain,
And set the Constitution
right again.
My L—ds and G—tl—n,
The foreign powers
Write me word frequently
that they are ours,
Most truly and sincerely,
in compliance
With our most

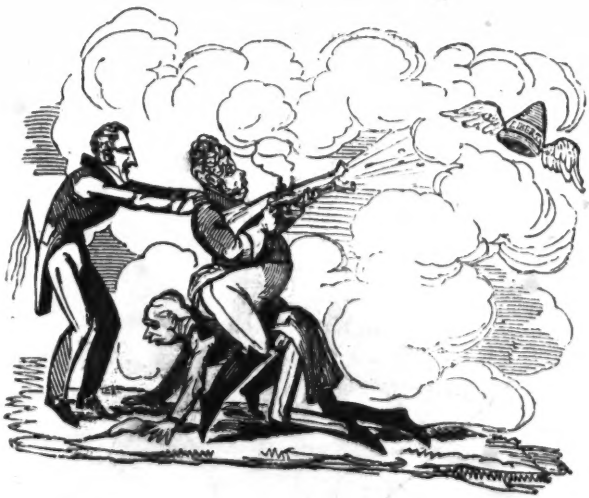
HOLY COMPACT AND ALLIANCE,
The purposes of which
I need not mention—
You that have brains can guess
at the intention.

'Tis my most anxious wish,
now we're at peace,
That all internal discontents
should cease—
T' accomplish which
I see no better way
Than putting one-eyed pensioners
on full pay.

'The body of the people, I do think,
are loyal still,'
But pray, My L—ds and G—tl—n,
don't shrink
From exercising all your care
and skill,
Here, and at home,
TO CHECK THE CIRCULATION

OF LITTLE BOOKS,
Whose very looks—
Vile '*two-p'nny trash*,'
bespeak abomination.
Oh! they are full of blasphemies
and libels,
And people read them
oftener than their bibles.

Go H—df—t, Y—rm—th, C—le—gh, and C—nu—g
Go, and be planning.
Within your virtuous minds, what best will answer
To save *our* morals from this public cancer;
Go and impress, my friends, upon all classes,
From sleek-fac'd Swindlers down to half-starv'd Asses,
'That, from religious principles alone,'
(Don't be such d—d fools as to blab your own)
Temperance, chasteness, conjugal attention—
With other virtues that I need not mention—
And from subordination, and respect,
To every knave in robes of office deck'd—
'Can they expect to gain divine protection'
And save their sinful bodies from dissection!



His Highness ceased—
The dissonance of Babel
Rose from the motley
Moonitarian rabble:
The yell of loyalty—
the dungeon groan—
The shriek of woe—
the starving infant's moan—
The brazen trumpets' note—
the din of war—
The shouts of freemen
rising from afar—
Darted in horrid discord
through my brain:—
I woke, and found myself
on Earth again.

A POLITICAL

CHRISTMAS CAROL,

Set to Music.

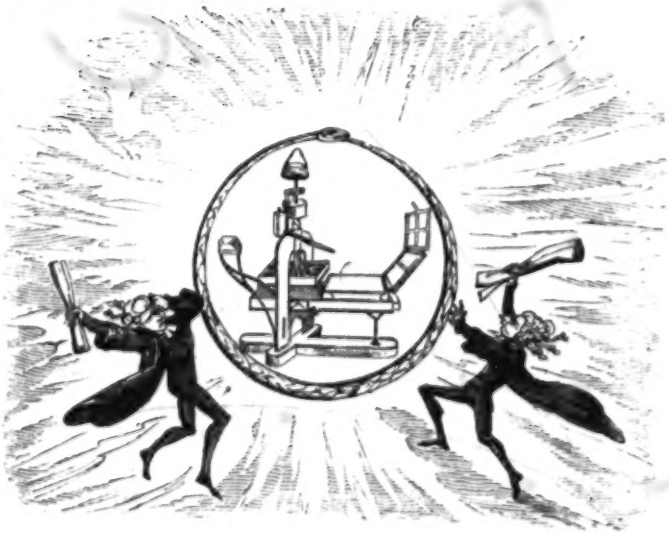
TO BE CHAUNTED OR SUNG

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE

DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS,

BY ALL PERSONS

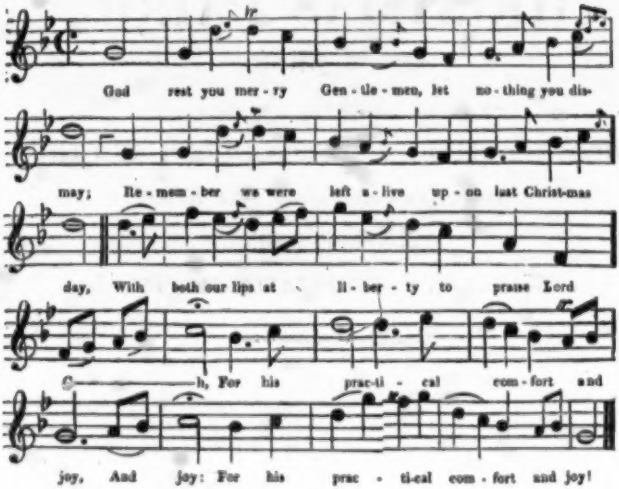
THEREUNTO ESPECIALLY MOVED.



" Go draw your quills, and draw *six Bills*,
" Put out yon blaze of light."—

Carol.

THE CAROL.

To be Sung exactly as set.

God rest you mer - ry Gen - tle - men, let no - thing you dis-
may; Re - mem - ber we were left a - live up - on last Christ-mas
day, With both our lips at li - ber - ty to praise Lord
—h, For his prac-ti - cal com - fort and
joy, And joy: For his prac - ti-cal com - fort and joy!

He ‘ turn'd his back upon himself'
And straight to ‘ Lunnun' came,
To two two-sided Lawyers
With tidings of the same,
That our own land must ‘prostrate stand'
Unless we praise his name—
For his ‘ practical' comfort and joy!

“ Go fear not,” said his L——p
“ Let nothing you affright;
“ Go draw your quills, and draw *six Bills*,
“ Put out yon blaze of light:
“ I'm able to advance you,
“ Go *stamp* it out then quite—
“ And give me some ‘ features' of joy!”

The Lawyers at those tidings
  Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their friends a-staring
  To go and raise the wind,
And straight went to the Taxing-men
  And said " the Bills come find—
    " For ' fundamental' comfort and joy!"

The Lawyers found majorities
  To do as they did say,
They found them at their mangers
  Like oxen at their hay,
Some *lying*, and some kneeling down,
  All to L——d C———h
    For his ' practical' comfort and joy!

With sudden joy and gladness
  Rat G—ff—d was beguiled,
They each sat at his L———p's side,
  He patted them and smiled;
Yet C—pl—y, on his nether end,
  Sat like a *new born* Child,—
    But without either comfort or joy!

He thought upon his Father,
  His virtues and his fame,
And how that father hoped from him
  For glory to his name,
And as his chin dropp'd on his breast,
  His pale cheeks burn'd with shame:—
    He'll never more know comfort or joy!

Lord C———h doth rule yon *House*,
And all who there do reign;
They've let us live *this* Christmas time—
D'ye think they will again?
They say they are our masters!—
That's neither *here*, nor *there*:
God send us all a happy new year!

END OF THE CAROL.

"THE DOCTOR."

"His name's the Doctor."

A PARODY WRITTEN BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

GEORGE CANNING, M.P.

Lord FOLKESTONE confessed that there had been a smile on his countenance at one part of the right honorable gentleman (Mr. CANNING)'s speech, and it seemed to him very extraordinary, even after the reconciliation that had taken place, to hear the right honorable gentleman stand up for the talents of that poor "Doctor" (Lord SIDMOUTH), who has so long been the butt of his most bitter and unsparing ridicule *(loud laughter and shouts of hear, hear)*. Whether in poetry or prose, the great object of his derision, and that for want of ability and sense, was the noble lord whom he (Mr. CANNING) had so strenuously defended that night; and now forsooth, he wondered that any person could object to confide unlimited power in the hands of a person, according to his own former opinions, so likely to be duped and misled *(hear, hear)*. Yes, the house would remember the lines in which, at different times, the right honorable gentleman (Mr. CANNING), had been pleased to panegyrise his (Mr. CANNING's) noble *friend* (Lord SIDMOUTH) of which the following were not the worst:—

"I showed myself *prime Doctor* to the country;
My ends attain'd, my only aim has been
To keep my place, and gild my humble name."—
(A loud laugh.)

Yes, this was the view the right honorable gentleman had once drawn of his noble friend, who was then described by him thus:—

"My name's the Doctor; on the Berkshire hills," &c.

[*See the Parody below for the remainder of Lord Folkestone's Quotation—For his Lordship's Speech*, see Evans's Debates, 1817, p. 1568.]

My name's THE DOCTOR; *on the Berkshire hills*
My father purged his patients—a wise man,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his eldest son—myself—at home.
But *I had heard of Politics, and long'd*
To sit within the Commons' House, and get
A place, and luck gave what my sire denied.

Some thirteen years ago, or ere my fingers
Had learn'd to mix a potion, or to bleed,
I flatter'd Pitt: I cring'd, and sneak'd, and fawn'd,
And thus became the Speaker. I alone,
With pompous gait, and peruke full of wisdom,
Th' unruly members could control, or call
The House to order.

Tir'd of the Chair, I sought a bolder flight,
And, grasping at his power, I struck my friend,
Who held that place which now I've made my own.
Proud of my triumph, I disdain'd to court
The patron hand which fed me—or to seem
Grateful to him who rais'd me into notice.
And, when the King had call'd his Parliament
To meet him here conven'd in Westminster,
With all my fam'ly crowding at my heels,
My brothers, cousins, followers and my son,
I show'd myself PRIME DOCTOR to the country.

My ends attain'd my only aim has been
To keep my place—and gild my humble name!

"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong!"—*Peach'em and Lockit.*

END OF "THE DOCTOR."

TO THE READER.

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, perceiving the multitude of attempts at Imitation and Imposture, occasioned by the unparalleled sale of that Jeu d'Esprit, in justice to the public and to himself, respectfully states, that, induced by nearly forty years of the most confidential intimacy with Mr. HONE, and by the warmest friendship and affection for him and his family, he originally selected him for his publisher exclusively; that he has not suffered, nor will he suffer, a line of his writing to pass into the hands of any other Bookseller; and that his last, and owing to imperative claims upon his pen of a higher order, possibly his very last production in that way, will be found in The MAN IN THE MOON.

Sale Extraordinary.

FREEHOLD PUBLIC HOUSES;

Divided into Lots for the convenience of Purchasers.

TO BE SOLD by Mr. HONE, at his House, No. 45, Ludgate Hill, THIS DAY, and following days until entirely disposed of,

AN EXTENSIVE UNENCUMBERED FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in separate Lots. Each comprising a Capital well-accustomed bustling Free Public House, most desirably situated, being thoroughly established in the very heart of England, and called by the Name or Sign of "The House that Jack Built." Served Forty Thousand Customers in the course of Six Weeks. Draws the Choicest Spirits, and is not in the mixing or shine way.

The Feathers and Wellington Arms combining to injure this property by setting up Houses of Ill Fame, under the same sign, the Public are cautioned against them; they are easily known from the original House by their Customers being few in number, and of a description better understood than expressed.

The present is an undeniable opportunity to persons wishing to improve their affairs, or desirous of entering into the public line; there being no Fixtures and the Coming-in easy

Immediate possession will be given in consideration of One Shilling of good and lawful money of the Realm, paid to any of the Booksellers of the United Kingdom.

***** May be viewed; and Particulars had as above.**

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THE FORTY-EIGHTH EDITION OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

*** This Publication was entered at Stationers' Hall, and Copies were duly delivered, according to Act of Parliament, one being for the British Museum; yet it is held in such estimation by all ranks, from the mansion to the cottage, including men of high classical and literary attainment, that it is coveted by eminent and learned bodies for the purpose of being preserved and deposited in the other National Libraries, as appears by the following notice:—

(COPY.) London, Jan. 26, 1820.

SIR—I am authorised and requested to demand of you nine copies of the undermentioned Work—THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT—for the use of the following Libraries and Universities:—Bodleian; Cambridge; Sion College; Edinburgh; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Glasgow; Aberdeen; St. Andrew's; Trinity College, and the King's Inns, Dublin.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
GEORGE GREENHILL,
Warehouse-keeper to the Company of Stationers.

To Mr. WM. HONE, Ludgate-hill.

This "authorized" and official "demand" on behalf of the Universities and Public Libraries, was immediately complied with; and to save those distinguished bodies the trouble of a similar application for "THE MAN IN THE MOON," copies of that work were also sent with the copies of the Political House that Jack Built, so demanded "for their use."

†,† A SUPERIOR EDITION OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, *is now published, printed on fine Vellum Drawing Paper, with the Cuts handsomely* COLOURED, Price 3s.—The same Edition plain, Price 2s.

Withdrawn from the Press,

A LETTER TO THE SOLICITOR GENERAL.

By WILLIAM HONE.

*** Since the announcement of this Publication, the attack of the Solicitor-General upon the Juries of my Country has drawn down upon that Gentleman, within the walls of Parliament, such deserved animadversion as to render superfluous any interference on my part.

Two years have elapsed since I broke away from the toils; and it seems the escape of the destined victim is never to be forgiven! The cause of which the Solicitor-General is unexpectedly the gratuitous advocate, has taken appropriate refuge in the snug precincts of Gatton. There let it wither!

The verdicts of my Juries require no other vindication than a faithful recital of the grounds on which they were founded. From the period at which those verdicts were pronounced, and with a view to that vindication, I have been unremittingly employed in the collection and arrangement of rare and curious materials which the Solicitor-General's attack will induce me to extend to

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF PARODY.

This History I purpose to bring out, very speedily, *with extensive graphic illustrations*, and I flatter myself it will answer the various purposes of satisfying the expectations of my numerous and respectable subscribers—of justifying my own motives in publishing the Parodies—of throwing a strong light upon the presumable motives of my prosecutors in singling me out from my Noble and Right Honorable Fellow Parodists—of holding up Trial by Jury to the increased love and veneration of the British People—and above all, of making every calumny upon the verdicts of three successive, honorable, and intelligent Juries recoil upon the slanderer, be he who he may, that dares to asperse them. W. HONE.

Ludgate-Hill, March, 1820.

Printed by W. Hone,
45, Ludgate-Hill.

THE QUEEN'S
MATRIMONIAL LADDER,

A National Toy,

WITH FOURTEEN STEP SCENES;

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VERSE,

WITH EIGHTEEN OTHER CUTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

The question is not merely whether the Queen shall have her rights, but whether the rights of any individual in the kingdom shall be free from violation."

Her Majesty's Answer to the Norwich Address.

"Here is a Gentleman, and a friend of mine!"

Measure for Measure.

Forty-fourth Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE, LUDGATE-HILL.

1820.

This Pamphlet and the Toy together,
ONE SHILLING.

'It is a wonderful thing to consider the strength of Princes' wills when they are bent to have their Pleasure fulfilled, wherein no reasonable persuasions will serve their turn: how little do they regard the dangerous sequels, that may ensue as well to themselves as to their Subjects. And amongst all things there is nothing that makes them more wilful than Carnal Love, and various affecting of voluptuous desires."

Cavendish's Memoirs of Card. Wolsey.

NOTE.

All the Drawings for this Publication are

By Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings.
Solomon.

QUALIFICATION.

In love, and in drink, and o'ertoppled by debt;
With women, with wine, and with duns on the fret.

Penury incurr'd
By endless riot, vanity, the lust
Of pleasure and variety!———.
———————Ministerial grace
Deals him out money from the public chest.

Cowper.

DECLARATION.

The Prodigal Son, by his perils surrounded,
Vex'd, harass'd, bewilder'd, asham'd, and confounded,
Fled for help to his Father,
confessed his ill doing,
And begged for salvation
from stark staring ruin;
The sire urged—"The People
your debts have twice paid,
"And, to ask a third time,
even Pitt is afraid;
"But he shall if you'll marry, and lead a new life,—
"You've a cousin in Germany—make her your wife!"

Lured from her own, her native home,
The home of early life,
And doom'd in stranger realms to roam;
A widow! yet a wife!

Phillips's Lament.

ACCEPTATION.

From the high halls of Brunswick, all youthful and gay,
From the hearth of her fathers, he lured her away:
How joy'd she in coming—
how smiling the bower;
How sparkling their nuptials—
how welcome her dower.
Ah! short were her pleasures—full soon came her cares—
Her husbandless bride-bed was wash'd with her tears.

The most desolate woman in the world!

Thy daughter, *then*, could hear thee weep;
But now she sleeps the dreamless sleep.

Phillips's Lament.

ALTERATION.

Near a million of debts gone,
all gone were her charms—
What! an Epicure have *his own* wife
in his arms?
She was not to his *taste*—
what car'd *he* for the 'form,'
'To love and to cherish'
could not mean reform:
'To love' meant, of course, nothing else
but neglect;—
'To cherish' to leave her,
and shew disrespect

——————— faded appetite resign'd
The victim up to shame.

Phillips's Lament.

IMPUTATION.

Was it manly, when widow'd,
to spy at her actions;
To listen to eaves-droppers,
whisp'ring detractions;
And, like an old WATCHMAN,
with faults to conceal,
Get up a *false Charge,*
as a proof of his zeal?
If desertion was base, Oh base be his name,
Who, having deserted, would bring her to shame

God, and your Majesty, protect mine innocence!

King Henry VIII.

EXCULPATION.

Undaunted in spirit, her courage arose,
With encrease of charges, and encrease of foes.
Despising the husband,
who thus had abused her,
She proved to his father,
his son had ill used her:—
Her conduct examin'd, and sifted, shone bright,
Her enemies fled, as the shadows of night.

——— A wanderer, far away,
Neglected and reviled—
Phillipi's Lament.

EMIGRATION.

Her father and king, while with reason yet blest,
Protected her weakness, and shielded her rest;
Infirmity seizes him, false friends draw near,
Then spies gather round, and malignants appear;
And cajole, wait, watch, insult,
alarm, and betray,
Till from home, and her daughter,
they force her away.

'A hundred thousand welcomes!'
Coriolanus.

REMIGRATION.

Still pursued, when a 'wanderer,'
her child sleeps in death,
And her best friend, in England, her king,
yields his breath;
This gives her new rights—
they neglect and proscribe her;
She threatens returning—they then try to bribe her!
The bullies turn slaves, and, in meanness, fawn on her:
They feel her contempt, and they vow her dishonour;
But she 'steers her own course,' comes indignantly
over,
And the shouts of the nation salute her at Dover!

He smelt—O Lord! how he did smell!
Southey's Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 196.

CONSTERNATION.

Ah, what was that groan!—
'twas the Head of the Church,
When he found she was come—
for he dreaded a search
Into what *he*'d been doing:
and sorely afraid, for
What *she* might find out,
cried '*I'll not have her pray'd for*';
And the B——ps, obeying their *pious* Head,
care took
That the name of his wife
should be out of the prayer book!

"——— A BURNING SHAME!"

——— I will kill thee, If thou dost deny
Thou hast made me a cuckold.

——————————What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing?

Cymbeline.

ACCUSATION.

On searching for precedents, much to their dread,
They found that they could n't well cut off her head;

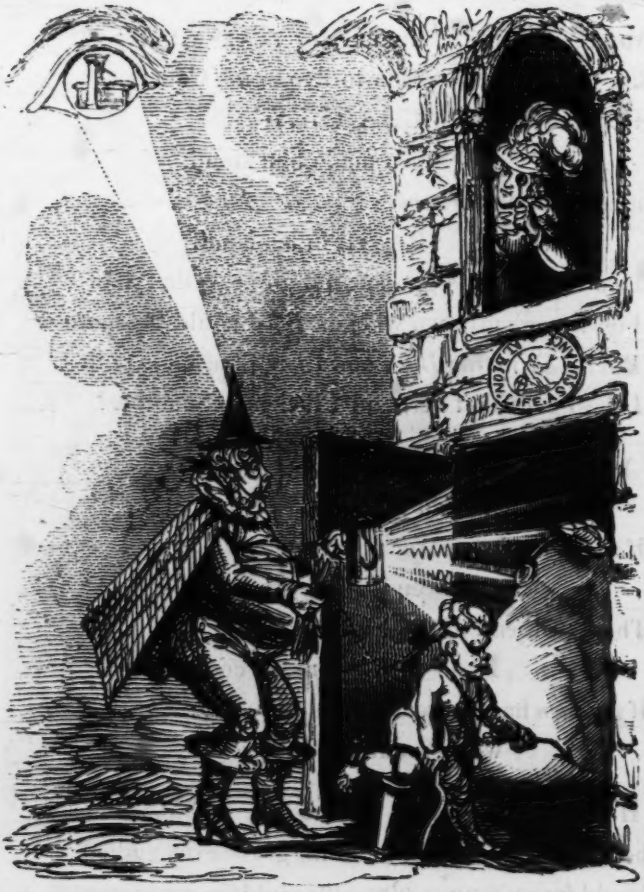
And the 'House of Incurables' raised a 'Report'
She was not a fit person to live in *his* Court.
How like an OLD CHARLEY
they then made him stand,
In his lanthorn a *leech*,
the 'Report' in his hand.
'Good folks be so good as not go near that door
'For, though my own wife, she *is*—I could say more
'But it's all in this *Bag*, and there'll be a fine pother,
'I shall get rid of her, and I'll then get another!'

Yet he thought, to himself,—
'twas a thought most distressing,—
'If *she* should discover
I've been M—ch—ss—g,
'There's an end of the whole!
D——rs C——ns, of course,
'If *my own* hands are dirty,
won't grant a D——ce!'

He tried to look wise, but he only look'd wild;
The women laugh'd out, and the grave even smiled;
The old frown'd upon him—the children made sport,
And his wife held her *ridicule* at his 'Report'!

MORAL.

Be warn'd by his fate
Married, single, and all;
Ye elderly Gentlemen,
Pity his fall!



Give me but the Liberty of the Press, and I will give to the minister a venal House of Peers. *Sheridan.*

PUBLICATION.

As yon bright orb, that vivifies our ball,
Sees through our system, and illumines all;

So, sees and shines, our MORAL SUN, THE PRESS,
Alike to vivify the mind, and bless;
Sees the rat *Leech* turn towards Milan's walls,
'Till the black slime betrays him as he crawls;'
Sees, from that recreant, vile, and eunuch-land,
Where felon-perjurers hold their market-stand,
Cooke, with his 'cheek of parchment, eye of stone,'
Get up the evidence, to go well down;
Sees who, with eager hands, the Green Bag cram,
And warns the nation of the frightful flam;
Sees Him, for whom they work the treacherous task,
With face, scarce half conceal'd, behind their mask,
Fat, fifty-eight, and frisky, still a beau,
Grasping a half-made match, by *Leech*-light go;
Led by a passion, prurient, blind, and batter'd,
Lame, bloated, pointless, flameless, age'd and shatter'd;
Creeping, like Guy Fawkes, to blow up his wife,
Whom, spurn'd in youth, he dogs through after-life.

Scorn'd, exiled, baffled, goaded in distress,
She owes her safety to a fearless Press:
With all the freedom that it makes its own,
It guards, alike, the people and their throne;
While fools with darkling eye-balls shun its gaze,
And soaring villains scorch beneath its blaze.

I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings!—
THE KING, in *All's well that ends well.*

INDIGNATION.

The day will soon come, when ' the Judge and the
Ponderer,'
Will judge between thee, and the charge-daring
' Wanderer;'
Will say—' Thou who cast the first stone at thy wife,
Art thou without sin, and is spotless *thy* life?'
Ah! what if *thy* faults should ' outrival the sloe,'
And thy wife's, beside thine, should look ' whiter
than snow'!
Bethink thee! the old British Lion awoke,
Turns indignant, and treads out thy bag-full of smoke.
Spurn thy minions—the traitors, who counsel thee,
banish;
And the soldiers will quickly forget all their *Spanish!*

"Le Roy le veut!" G. R.

See Blackstone's Com. b. 1. c. 2.

CORONATION.

Shakspeare says, in King John, it's a curse most abhorrent,
That '*Slaves* take the humours of Kings for a warrant.'
A more *useful* truth never fell from his pen,
If Kings would apply it like sober-bred men.
The Slaves of *your* will,
will make your reign, in History,
A misrule of force, folly, taxing, and mystery:
Indulging your wish for
what, with law, 's incompatible,
For the present, they've render'd your crown
not come-at-able;
And the tongues of old women and infancy wag,
With, 'He call'd for his crown—and
they gave him the *Bag!*'

So let him stand . . . . . .
. . . . . .

Byron.

DEGRADATION.

To this have they brought thee, at last!

Exposed thee, for all men to see!
Ah, surely, their pandering
shall quickly be past:—
'How wretched their portion
shall be!
'Derision shall strike them
forlorn,
'A mockery that never shall die:
'The curses of hate and the hisses
of scorn,
'Shall follow wherever they fly;
'And proud o'er their ruin
for ever be hurl'd,
'The laughter of triumph,
the jeers of the world!'

THE END

"Cats' Meat!"
English Cry.

I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?
Is it up?—Is it *prime?*—Is it *spoony?*—or how?

The Fudge Family.

THE JOSS AND HIS FOLLY,

An Extract of an overland Dispatch.

I stare at it from out my casement,
And ask for what is such a place meant.

Byron.

July 29, 1820.

——The queerest of all the queer sights
I've set sight on;—
Is, the *what d'ye-call-t thing*, here,
THE FOLLY at Brighton

The outside—huge teapots,
all drill'd round with holes,
Relieved by extinguishers,
sticking on poles:
The inside—all tea-things,
and dragons, and bells,
The show rooms—*all* show,
the sleeping rooms—cells.

But the *grand* Curiosity
's not to be seen—
The owner himself—
an old fat MANDARIN;
A patron of painters
who copy designs,
That grocers and tea-dealers
hang up for signs:
Hence teaboard-taste artists
gain rewards and distinction,
Hence his title of 'TEAPOT'
shall last to extinction.
I saw his great chair
into which he falls—*soss*—
And sits, in his CHINA SHOP,
like a large Joss;
His mannikins round him,
in tea-tray array,
His pea-hens beside him,
to make him seem gay.

It is said when he sleeps
on his state Eider-down,
And thinks on his Wife,
and about *half* a Crown;
That he wakes from these horrible dreams
in a stew;
And that, stretching his arms out,
he screams, Mrs. Q.!
He 's cool'd on the M—ch——ss,
but I'm your debtor
For further particulars—
in a C letter.
You must know that he hates *his own* wife,
to a failing;—
And it 's thought, it 's to shun her,
he 's now gone out
SAILING.

A living teapot stands, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout.
Rape of the Lock.

FINIS.

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Ludgate-Hill, 2d October, 1820. WILLIAM HONE.

Printed by W. Hone, 45, Ludgate Hill.

In Parliament.

DROPT CLAUSES

OUT OF THE

BILL,

AGAINST

THE QUEEN.

For

MR. ATTORNEY GENERAL

To peruse and settle.

With a refresher.

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Ludgate Hill, London,
Solicitor for said Clauses.

(6*d.*)

NOTE.

The original edition of this article was printed on a sheet of foolscap writing paper, with the preceding endorsement on its folding.

A

BILL

To deprive Her MAJESTY, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, of the Title, Prerogatives, Rights, Privileges, and Pretensions of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to dissolve the Marriage between His MAJESTY and the said Queen.

Note.—*The first column contains a* COPY OF THE BILL—*The second column contains the* CLAUSES THAT DROPT OUT, *now proposed to be* restored.

WHEREAS in the year one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, Her MAJESTY, *Caroline Amelia Elizabeth*, then Princess of *Wales*, and now Queen Consort of this Realm, being at *Milan*, in *Italy*, engaged in her service, in a menial situation, one *Bartolomo Pergami*, otherwise *Bartolomo Bergami*, a foreigner of low station, who had before served in a similar capacity;

AND WHEREAS, after the said *Bartolomo Pergami*, otherwise *Bartolomo Bergami*, had so entered the

WHEREAS on the eighth day of *April*, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, your MAJESTY, then being Prince of *Wales*, and Heir apparent to the throne of these Realms, intermarried with the Princess *Caroline Amelia Elizabeth* of *Brunswick*, by whom, on the seventh day of *January*, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, you had issue the late Princess *Charlotte*, of happy memory.

AND WHEREAS, on the thirtieth day of *April*, in the said year one thou-

service of her Royal Highness the said Princess of *Wales*, a most unbecoming and degrading intimacy commenced between Her Royal Highness and the said *Bartolomo Pergami*, otherwise *Bartolomo Bergami*:

AND WHEREAS her Royal Highness not only advanced the said *Bartolomo Pergami*, otherwise *Bartolomo Bergami*, to a high situation in her Royal Highness's household, and received into her service many of his near relations, some of them in inferior, and others in high and confidential situations about her Royal Highness's person, but bestowed upon him other great and extraordinary marks of favour and distinction, obtained for him Orders of Knighthood, and Titles of Honour, and conferred upon him a pretended order of knighthood, which her Royal Highness had taken upon herself to institute, without any just or lawful authority:

AND WHEREAS Her said Royal Highness, whilst the said *Bartolomo Pergami*, otherwise *Bartolomo Bergami*, was in her said service, further unmindful of her exalted rank and station, and of her duty to your MAJESTY, and wholly regardless of her own honour and character, conducted herself towards the said *Bartolomo Pergami*, otherwise

sand seven hundred and ninety-six, your Majesty was graciously pleased to write to Her said Majesty, in and by a letter of that date, as follows;—"*Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other:* because nature has not made us suitable to each other;" and in which said letter your Majesty defined to Her Majesty, the terms whereon you proposed from thenceforth to live wholly and entirely separate and apart from each other: Your MAJESTY, by such letter, and by the sentiments therein expressed, and by the separation thereon ensuing, and further, by the well known conduct of your Majesty to her said Majesty, before and subsequent thereto, in all respects increasing your Majesty's reputation for wisdom and virtue, and the interests of your Majesty and this kingdom, as thereby, and otherwise, more fully and at large appears.

AND WHEREAS your MAJESTY, for a certain long space of time, to wit, from the time of your Majesty's said royal marriage and separation, until the present time, *hath not commenced or carried on any unbecoming or degrading intimacy with any married or unmarried female or females*, or any other female or fe-

BILL IN PARLIAMENT.

Bartolomo Bergami, and in other respects, both in public and private, in the various places and countries which Her Royal Highness visited, with indecent and offensive familiarity and freedom, and carried on a licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse with the said *Bartolomo Pergami*, otherwise *Bartolomo Bergami*, which continued for a long period of time during Her Royal Highness's residence abroad, by which conduct of Her said Royal Highness, great scandal and dishonour have been brought upon your MAJESTY's family and this kingdom.

THEREFORE, to manifest our deep sense of such

CLAUSES DROPT OUT.

males of any rank or description, or in any situation in life whatsoever.

AND WHEREAS your MAJESTY, from and during the time of your MAJESTY's royal marriage and separation, as aforesaid, until the present time, *hath been wholly mindful of your most exalted rank and station*, and of the duty thereby imposed upon you of *setting an example of propriety and decorum* to the people of these realms; and hath thereby been regardful of your own honour and character, *and hath not conducted yourself towards any married or unmarried female or females*, or any other female or females, of any rank or description, either in public or in private, or in any or either of the various places and houses which your Majesty hath visited, or been at or in, *with any indecent or offensive familiarity or freedom; nor hath carried on any licentious, disgraceful, or adulterous intercourse with any married or unmarried female or females*, whereby any scandal or dishonour hath or can be brought upon your Majesty or your Majesty's family; or whereby the minds and feelings, or morals, of the subjects of this kingdom, have been, or can be injured or outraged.

AND WHEREAS your Majesty, *being of a religi-*

scandalous, disgraceful, and vicious conduct on the part of her said MAJESTY, by which she has violated the duty she owed to your MAJESTY, and has rendered herself unworthy of the exalted rank and station of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to evince our just regard for the dignity of the Crown, and the honour of this nation, we, your MAJESTY'S most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled, do hereby intreat your MAJESTY, that it may be enacted;

And be it enacted by the King's most excellent MAJESTY, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that her said MAJESTY *Caroline Amelia Elizabeth*, from and after the passing of this Act, shall be and is hereby deprived of the title of Queen, and of all the prerogatives, rights, privileges, and exemptions appertaining to her as Queen Consort of this realm; and that her said MAJESTY shall, from and after the passing of this Act, for ever be disabled and rendered incapable of using, exercising, and enjoying the same, or any of them; and more-

ous, moral, and well-disposed mind, and lawfully and righteously devising, contriving, and *intending to excite and promote piety, virtue, and happiness*, in the liege subjects of this kingdom; and to create reverence in the minds of the said liege subjects, for a certain part of the public and divine service of the Church by law established, called the "*Form of the Solemnization of Matrimony*," and thereby to promote the end and intent of the institution of the honourable estate of matrimony;—hath, by your Majesty's well known *pure and virtuous conduct*, and in other respects, as aforesaid, notoriously kept whole and inviolate the solemn vow made by your Majesty at the altar, in the presence of and to Almighty God, at the ceremony of your Majesty's marriage, performed according to the aforesaid form of the solemnization of Matrimony in the Book of Common Prayer of the United Church of England and Ireland, as by law established, of which *Church* your Majesty is also, by law established, *the pious and supreme head*; and hath thereby become, and been, and doth continue to be, a high and illustrious instance of *conjugal affection and fidelity*:—to the great comfort of

BILL IN PARLIAMENT.

over, that the marriage between his MAJESTY and the said *Caroline Amelia Elizabeth* be, and the same is hereby from henceforth for ever wholly dissolved, annulled, and made void to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.

CLAUSES DROPT OUT.

the public morals; to the promotion of your Majesty's Proclamation against vice and profaneness; according to the form of the statutes in that case made and provided; to the good example of all others; to the great pleasure of Almighty God; to the preservation of the public peace; and to the lasting honour and welfare of your Majesty's crown and dignity.

Mr. ATTORNEY GENERAL will please to settle these Clauses, and restore them to their proper places in the Bill, together with such others as may appear to him to further effectuate the object proposed by said Clauses.

He will also please to consider and advise specially as to the Evidence *in support of same, and generally on the Case.*

" NON MI RICORDO !"

&c. &c. &c.

" This will witness outwardly, as strongly as the conscience does within "

Cymbeline.

" Who are you?"

Thirty-First Edition.

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1820.

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"NON MI RICORDO!"

Cross Examined by Mr. Besom.

WHO are you? Non mi ricordo.

What countryman are you?—a foreigner or an englishman? Non mi ricordo.

Do you *understand* English? No not at all.

Will the Oath you have taken *bind* you to speak the truth, or do you know of any other Oath *more* binding?

The Turnstile General objected to the question; upon which a discussion arose as to the nature of the Oath likely to bind the Witness, who appeared to be playing with a thread. The Witness was accordingly asked, by way of illustration, to what degree he thought the thread was *binding*, and whether he knew of any thing else *more* binding?

The Lord Precedent Furthermore said, if the Witness believed the thread he held was *binding*, that was sufficient.

The Lord Precedent's opinion gave rise to a long discussion as to whether *more* binding was *binding*, and binding was *more* binding; which ended in a reference to the Erminians, who delivered the following solemn opinion:—If the Witness shall answer that he thinks the bit of thread is *binding*, there is no doubt it *is* binding; but he cannot be asked if a cord is *more* binding, because he in fact

says that the thread itself is *binding*. If the Witness twists the thread round his little finger he is so far bound by it, and it is *binding*; and having done that, it is unnecessary to inquire whether a cord, round another part of his body, would be *more* binding.

Question over-ruled.

CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

You are a master tailor, I think? I was cut out for a tailor.

You have been a tailor, then? I only follow tailoring as a mere amusement.

Fond of *Goose* I suppose—but pray Mr. Mere-amusement what is your business? I was brought up a *Cabinet* maker.

What can you get at it?—are you a good hand? I can't say I am; I'm badly off; my *tools* are worn out.

What is your place of residence?

(Order Order).

The TURNSTILE GENERAL protested against the consequences of this mode of Examination.

Lord JURYMAN—Why does not the Interpreter give the Witness's Answer.

The Lord PRECEDENT FURTHERMORE—Because the Bench objects to the question.

Lord MUDDLEPOOL—Does the Turnstile General object to the question.

The TURNSTILE GENERAL. I do object to it, my Lord. This is perhaps the most important question that ever occurred. By this dealing out, the party is placed in such a situation as he never was placed in before.

Mr. Besom—I ask him where he now lives, and the Turnstile General objects to this, because I do not put all the questions I might put, in a single breath.

The Lord Precedent Furthermore—I feel great difficulty—I doubt.

Lord Wheelbarrow thought there was a *great* deal in what the noble Lord had said; and *he* doubted.

Cross Examination Resumed.

How much money has been expended on you since you were born? Non mi ricordo.

What have you done for it in return? More less than more.

How do you get your living? I was waiter for some years at the Hotel *de Grand Bretagne*, and succeeded my father as head waiter at the *Crown* Inn.

What wages have you? Non mi ricordo.

Have you any perquisites? *Veils.*

Are you *head waiter*, or by what other name than head waiter you may be called, at the Crown Inn?

I am after building a new place called the *Wellington Arms*, and trying to be *Barrack-master*; if I dont gain the *Trial* I shall be glad to remain at the old *Crown*.

This answer appeared to excite considerable sensation,

The Twister General thought the meaning was, 'if I do n't gain what I attempt to gain.'

[The Short-hand writer was desired to read the answer, and the word *Trial* was retained as the correct translation.]

I do not ask what you are to be hereafter, but whether you are *still* head waiter at the Crown?

The head waiter is dismissed occasionally.

Are you married? More yes than no.

Do you live with your own wife? No.

Is she in this country? Yes.

Why did you marry? To pay my debts.

Then why did you part? Because my debts were paid.

Were you not up to the eyes in debt? Si Signor.

Are you not bound to manifest some gratitude towards those who have paid your debts?

The Interpreter said the witness was a mere *fanfaron*, and that he found it difficult, if not impossible, to explain to the witness's understanding what was meant by *gratitude*.

CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

Did not you write to your wife a licentious letter, called a letter of license?—*(Order, order.)*

I ask you again the cause of your separation? She left me.

On what account? I did not like her, and I told her I'd have nothing to do with *her* any more.

After that what did you do? Oh, I rambled about.

Where did you go? To Jersey and elsewhere.

Well, Sir, go on. Non mi ricordo.

Do you mean to say that you never went to Manchester Square? More yes than no.

Were you in the house on the footing of a private friend? No, not as a friend.

You mentioned your father just now :—you did not go in your father's *cart*, I presume ; in what sort of carriage did you go? In the old yellow chariot.

How long did it take you to travel from Manchester Square to Richmond? Non mi ricordo.

How many other places did you go to? Non mi ricordo.

Is the Marquis of C. a married man?

(Order. Order.)

After you parted from your wife, on what terms did you live? I've been *trying* to get rid of her.

Do you know what Matthew says (c. v. v. 32.)?

Matthew? Matthew? *(trying to recollect)*—what Matthew?—he's no friend of mine.

In what light do you consider your oath at the marriage ceremony? A ceremony.

If your marriage oath has not bound you, can you expect people to believe you if ever you should take a solemn public oath? More yes than no.

By the Roman law, a divorce was granted for Drunkenness, Adultery, and *False Keys :* what is your opinion of that law?

The Twister General said, that it was contrary to common sense to ask the witness's opinion about any *Law.*

How many Wives does *your* Church allow you? Non mi ricordo.

How many have you had since you separated from your own? Non mi ricordo.

Are you a Member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice? Yes *(with great energy).*

The Cross-examining Counsel said that the Interpreter had materially altered the sense of the last ques-

tion; he had in fact asked, if the Witness was Member of the Society for the suppression of *Wives, (a loud laugh)* which Witness had eagerly answered in the affirmative.

The Witness's answer was expunged, and on the question being repeated correctly, he answered that he was told it was his duty to encourage the *Vice* Society, because it professed to diminish the influence of bad example.

Have they ever prosecuted you? Me!—*(with astonishment)*—they like *me* too well!

What do you mean then by *Suppression*—is your Society to prevent little vice from being committed, or great vice from being found out?

More Yes than No.

It was here moved by Lord LE CUISINIER, that 4 o'Clock, the hour of dinner, was arrived.

Another, in a maiden Speech, said, that during his long silence in that Court he had had leisure to observe, that 4 o'Clock in the *morning* was a more usual hour of adjournment.

Another considered that Lord LE CUISINIER's suggestion ought not to be entertained for a moment. We only exist in our formalities. If we suffer ourselves to be put a stop to by the motion, we may find that we are travelling round again into the obsolete usages of our early ancestors; which will be to describe a circle [illegible] must be generally considered as nothing less th[illegible]olution! I therefore deprecate the least in[illegible] and move, as an amendment, that 4 o'Cloc[illegible] arrived.

The MASTER GENERAL of the *Black* Barracks at Exeter, rose without his wig, and declaring, upon the memory of his whiskers, that he had just heard it strike 4, he enquired whether the Clock was in *Order*. (*Loud and continued* cries of *hear hear.*)

The Home DOCTOR felt his pulse alarmingly quicken one and a fraction in the minute, and nervously said, that the clock was clearly guilty of a barefaced libel, and ought to be instantly held to bail for breach of the peace. The simultaneous action of all the Clocks throughout the nation and their open communication by circulars, was an index to the existence of an organized correspondence and a systematic affiliation. He trembled at the 'positive intelligence' he had received, that millions at that moment held their hands in an attitude ready to strike; but it was the proudest day of his life that he had so far succeeded by a *circular* movement of his own, as to enable his workmen to hold them to the peace for an hour together.

Lord BATHOS assured the Black-Barrack Master-General that the Clock *was* out of Order, and he congratulated the Home Doctor on his efficiency; but he thought they had not sunk low enough into the subject; for he had strong doubts whether the striking might not be construed into an overt act of High Treason, and if he saw any probability of being supported he should conclude with a substantive motion. Did not the Lord Precedent remember a Clock Case, in which, immediately after the chain had been locked up, a principal link suddenly disappeared? and whether, after the most minute inquiry, there was not every reason to believe from the best information that could be obtained at that

time, that that link had been *prigged? (Hear hear.)* Take even the very last Clock Case, where the chain was kept together with the greatest pains, and the utmost care. If the smallest link in that chain had been *prigged*, it would have been fatal to the works, and yet in that very case, two days after the chain was locked up, a link was obtained, which, if sooner discovered, would have lengthened the chain to the necessary extent, and brought home in the most conclusive manner the guilt of the Clock. He therefore moved that the Clock be examined, and the chain kept in their own custody, with liberty to add to the number of links.

Lord RATSTAIL with his usual animation seconded the Motion.

Marquiz BOUDOIR moved as an Amendment, that the Clock being in contempt, the *Black stick* be ordered to *walk him* in to-morrow. Seconded.

Upon this Amendment the following Amendment was moved and seconded, that the word 'to-morrow' be expunged, and the word 'yesterday' be inserted in its place. *Ordered.*

CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

Does the Witness recollect whether he was at B———? Non mi ricordo.

Who usually closed the Pavilion? I did.

Was it so close as to exclude any person outside from seeing what passed within, or was it partially open? It was quite closed—When I could not close it with C******** entirely, I did it with other pieces.

What do you mean by saying with other pieces? I mean with other pieces of the same quality.

Symptoms of impatience were now expressed, with loud cries of *Withdraw, withdraw.*

Do you remember any thing particular occurring one night? No.

Do you not recollect whether a new wing was added during the time you and your mistress were absent? Non mi ricordo.

Do you know a certain Colonel Q.? Yes, he has *too* little mustachios.

Are you a sober man? More no than yes.

How many bottles a day do you drink. Non mi ricordo.

Do you drink six bottles? Non mi ricordo.

Five bottles? Non mi ricordo.

How many nights in the week do you go to bed sober? Non mi ricordo.

Are you sober now? More no than yes.

Where do you spend your mornings? At Curaçao.

Where do you spend your evenings? At the *Cat and Fiddle.*

What is your favorite dish? Trifle.

What is your favorite game? *Bag-at-L—*

What is your favorite amusement? The C.

After Dressing, Drinking, and Dreaming, what time remains for thinking? Non mi ricordo.

I hold in my hand a list of immense sums of money that have been advanced to you, how much have you left? None.

Well, but you have something to show for it? No.

How do you live? I have a *doll*-shop, and a large stable in the country, and some *cow*-houses in different parts.

Are not your favourite friends *horn*-boys and flash-men?—*(Order, order.)*

Can you produce a certificate of good character from those who *know* you? Yes, from the *minister.*

Pho! pho! do n't trifle; can you from any *respectable* person? More no than yes.

I understand you have the *scarlet* fever, do you not know that it ends here in a *putrid* fever? Non mi ricordo.

You have many companions and advisers, but have you to your knowledge one *real* friend in the world; and if not, why not? Non mi ricordo.

By what acts of your life do you expect you will be remembered hereafter? I shall not answer you any more questions; you put questions to me I never dreamt of.

Suppose every man in society were to do as you do, what would become of society; and what right have you to do so, more than any other man?—*(Witness greatly agitated?)*

The Witness from the *Grillery* asked whether the *Cross* Examination was nearly concluded? *(Cries of* KEEP ON!)—Supposing that the business would close to day at 4 o'clock, he had made a private *assignation,* although he was quite ready to *stop* if necessary.

The Lord PRECEDENT FURTHERMORE was in favour of adhering to a square rule; he had not entered the Court till five seconds past ten by his

stop-watch, in consequence of consulting with his Wife upon a motion-of-course which they had contemplated; and their further deliberation had been postponed until after the adjournment to-day. It was impossible to know what questions might turn out to be doubtful or doubtless; yet adjourning at Five o'Clock would gain a delay of six hours in the Week, and the *gaining of any thing* he considered very material in the present case.

An Adjournment then took place, the Witness remaining on

THE GRILLERY.

"The *Fat* in the Fire!"

Advertisements Extraordinary.

CONSPIRACY.

WHEREAS a most abominable GANG, have caused to be published and promulgated throughout the Nation a description of the infirmities and necessities of our nature, of which decorum forbids the mention; and also gross and inflaming allusions to the intercourse between the sexes, and wanton and shocking exposures relating thereto; to the destruction of youthful innocence, to the shame and disgust of matron modesty, and to the horror of all heads of families: it is therefore proposed to call an immediate MEETING, for the purpose of considering the best mode of preventing an increase of this dreadful contamination, and of securing the ringleaders of the Conspiracy, and bringing them to condign punishment.

NEW VICTUALLING OFFICE.

TO CONTRACTORS.—Persons willing to supply this Establishment with CAST-IRON REPEATERS, having duplex Movements, according to the Working Models now in use as above, may send in Sealed Tenders, stating the number they can instantly supply for immediate use, and the price thereof at per hundred.

TO NACKERMEN.

THE old Hackney, Liverpool, who lately lost his paces, is glandered, gone blind, got cruel vicious, tried to kick his mistress's brains out, shattered himself to nothing, and is expected to go down with the staggers. Any body who thinks it worth while to send a *drag* to the Stable yard may have him for fetching.

TO MANGLERS—JUST LEAVING HIS PLACE.

A STOUT ABLE-BODIED IRISHMAN, for a long time a master hand at mangling; when he begins there is no stopping him, and never tires. Can fold and smooth, and double and iron, all day. Will turn with any body. Was formerly a master in Dublin, where his mangling will never be forgotten. His Character may be had of any body there. Is very smooth spoken, of good address, looks like an upper Valet, and is a perfect devil at his Work. May be heard of at the Triangle in the Bird-cage Walk.

TO LAUNDRESSES, WANTS A PLACE.

AN old Woman accustomed to coarse things; and work, however filthy, never comes amiss. Where she is now they find her in *ruin*, and she finds dishclouts; but is leaving, being almost poisoned by printers' ink. To save trouble, will have nothing to do with cleaning the House. Is used to ironing, and putting by, in any quantities, and never tires at hanging up. Can have an undeniable Character from the Rev. Mr. Hay, and the Recorder of London.

STRAYED AND MISSING.

AN INFIRM ELDERLY GENTLEMAN in a Public Office, lately left his home, just after dreadfully ill-using his wife about half a Crown, and trying to beat her. He had long complained a great deal of his forehead, and lately had a leech put upon him. He was last seen walking swiftly towards the Horns without a Crown to his hat, accompanied by some evil disposed persons, who tied a great green bag to his tail full of crackers, which he mistook for sweetmeats, and burnt himself dreadfully. Every person he met in this deplorable condition tried to persuade him to go back, but in vain. He is very deaf and very obstinate, and cannot bear to be looked at or spoken to. It is supposed that he has been seduced and carried off by some artful female. He may be easily known by his manners. He fancies himself the politest man in Europe, because he knows how to bow, and to offer a pinch of snuff; and thinks himself the greatest man in Europe, because people have humoured him and let him have his own way. He is so fond of tailoring, that he lately began a suit that will take him his life to complete. He delights in playing at soldiers, supposes himself a cavalry officer, and makes speeches, that others write for him, in a field marshal's uniform. Sometimes he fancies himself 'Glorious Apollo,' plays 'Hailstones of Brunswick' on the base fiddle, and qualifies his friends to perform 'Cuckolds all on a row.' His concerns are very much deranged. Not long ago he imported a vast quantity of Italian images at enormous prices, upon credit, and hoarded them up in a water-side cotton warehouse. Since then, things have gone all against him, and he has been in a very desponding state. It is of the utmost consequence to himself that he should be at his post, or he may lose his place; one of his predecessors some time ago having been cashiered for his misconduct. If this should meet his eye, it is earnestly requested that he will return to his duty, and he will be kindly received and no questions asked.

N. B. He has not a friend in the world except the advertiser and a few others, who never had an opportunity of speaking to him and letting him know the real state of his affairs.

PUBLIC OFFICE, LUDGATE HILL.

1st September, 1820.

WHEREAS that well known old established Public House, (formerly a *free* house) called the POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, has been feloniously entered into and damaged, and the property therein carried off to a large amount, by a numerous gang of desperate Villains, who, by various vile arts and contrivances, have not only kept possession thereof, but also of the Head Waiter, who was intrusted by Mr. BULL, the owner, with the management of the concern, and was a very promising young man when Mr. Bull first knew him, and might have done very well if he had followed the advice of his old friends, and not suffered these desperadoes to get him into their clutches; since when he seems to have forgotten himself, and by neglecting his duty sadly, and behaving ill to the customers who support the House, has almost ruined the Business, and has also dreadfully injured the Sign, which Mr. Bull had had fresh painted after he dismissed a former waiter for his bad manners. Whoever will assist Mr. Bull in bringing the offenders to Justice, will be doing a great service to the young man, and he will still be retained in his situation, unless he has actually destroyed or made away with the Sign, which Mr. Bull very much admires, it being a *heir-loom*. If offered to be pawned or sold it is requested the parties may be stopped, and notice given as above. As the young man has not been seen for some time, there is no doubt the ruffians have either done him a serious mischief, or secreted him somewhere to prevent Mr. Bull, who is really his friend, from speaking to him.

"What are you *at*? what are you *after*?"

THE END.

Printed by W. Hone, 45, Ludgate Hill.

THE,

FORM OF PRAYER,

WITH

THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD,

To be used daily by all devout People throughout the Realm, for the Happy Deliverance of Her MAJESTY

QUEEN CAROLINE

From the late most Traitorous Conspiracy.

Fifth Edition.

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Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Printed by W. Hone,
45, Ludgate-Hill, London.

THE ORDER FOR

DAILY PRAYER

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

¶ *At the beginning of Morning and Evening Prayer the Minister may read with a loud voice some one or more of these Sentences of the Scriptures that follow. And then may be said that which is written after the said Sentences, together with other suitable portions of the usual Service.*

WHEN the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn. *Prov.* xxix. 2.

By reason of the multitude of oppressions they make the oppressed to cry: they cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty. *Job*, xxxv. 9.

If a ruler hearken to lies, all his servants are wicked. *Prov.* xxix. 12.

The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted. *Psalm* xii. 8.

They are exalted for a little while, but they are gone and brought low: they are taken out of the way as all other, and cut off as the tops of green corn. *Job*, xxiv. 24.

A righteous man falling down before the wicked is as a troubled fountain, and a corrupt spring. *Prov.* xxv. 26.

A wise king scattereth the wicked, and bringeth the wheel over them. *Prov.* xx. 26.

¶ *This Hymn following may be used; one Verse by the Priest, and another by the Clerk and People.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for ever. *Psalm* cvii. 1.

Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed: and delivered from the hand of the enemy. Verse 2.

Many a time have they fought against me from my youth up. *Psalm* cxxix. 1.

Yea, many a time have they vexed me from my youth up: but they have not prevailed against me. Verse 2.

They have privily laid their net to destroy me without a cause: yea, even without a cause have they made a pit for my soul. *Psalm* xxxv. 7.

They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed down my soul: they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the midst of it themselves. Psalm lvii. 7.

Great is our Lord, and great is his power: yea, and his wisdom is infinite. *Psalm* cxlvii. 5.

The Lord setteth up the meek: and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground. Verse 6.

¶ *Two Psalms appointed in the Book of Common Prayer to be said on the 29th of each month throughout the year.*

PSALM CXL. *Eripe me, Domine.*

DELIVER me, O Lord, from the evil man: and preserve me from the wicked man.

2 Who imagine mischief in their hearts: and stir up strife all the day long.

3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adders' poison is under their lips.

4 Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the ungodly: preserve me from the wicked men, who are purposed to overthrow my goings.

5 The proud have laid a snare for me, and spread a net abroad with cords: yea, and set traps in my way.

6 I said unto the Lord, Thou art my God: hear the voice of my prayers, O Lord.

7 O Lord God, thou strength of my health: thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.

8 Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord: let not his mischievous imagination prosper, lest they be too proud.

9 Let the mischief of their own lips fall upon the head of them: that compass me about.

10 Let hot burning coals fall upon them: let them be cast into the fire, and into the pit, that they never rise up again.

11 A man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth: evil shall hunt the wicked person to overthrow him.

12 Sure I am that the Lord will avenge the poor: and maintain the cause of the helpless.

13 The righteous also shall give thanks unto thy Name: and the just shall continue in thy sight.

PSALM CXLI. *Domine clamavi.*

LORD, I call upon thee, haste thee unto me: and consider my voice when I cry unto thee.

2 Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense: and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

3 Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: and keep the door of my lips.

4 O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing: let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness, lest I eat of such things as please them.

5 Let the righteous rather smite me friendly: and reprove me.

6 But let not their precious balms break my head: yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness.

7 Let their judges be overthrown in stony places: that they may hear my words, for they are sweet.

8 Our bones lie scattered before the pit: like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth.

9 But mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord God: in thee is my trust, O cast not out my soul.

10 Keep me from the snare that they have laid for me: and from the traps of the wicked doers.

11 Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together: and let me ever escape them.

¶ *The Suffrages may be as followeth.*

Priest. O Lord, save the Queen.

People. Who putteth her trust in thee.

Priest. Send her help from thy holy place.

People. And evermore mightily defend her.

Priest. Let her enemies have no advantage against her.

People. Let not the wicked approach to hurt her.

¶ *After the Collects* [for Peace and Deliverance from our Enemies] *may be said that which followeth.*

ALMIGHTY God and heavenly Father, who of thy gracious providence, and tender mercy towards us, didst prevent the malice and imaginations of our enemies, by discovering and confounding their horrible and wicked Enterprize, plotted and intended to have been executed against the Queen and the whole State of *England*, for the subversion of the Government and Religion established among us; and didst likewise wonderfully conduct thy Servant Queen *Caroline*,

and bring her safely into *England*, and preserve us from the attempts of our enemies to bereave us of our religion and laws: We most humbly praise and magnify thy most glorious Name for thy unspeakable goodness towards us, expressed in both these acts of thy mercy. Let the consideration of this thy repeated goodness, O Lord, work in us true repentance, that iniquity may not be our ruin. And increase in us more and more a lively faith and love, fruitful in all holy obedience; that thou mayest still continue thy favour, with the light of thy Gospel, to us and our posterity for evermore. *Amen.*

¶ *Prayer.*

ALMIGHTY God, who hast in all ages shewed thy Power and Mercy in the protection of righteous States from the wicked conspiracies, and malicious practices of all the enemies thereof: We yield thee our unfeigned thanks and praise, for the wonderful and mighty deliverance of our gracious Queen CAROLINE, by cruel treachery appointed as a sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner, beyond the examples of former ages. From this unnatural conspiracy, not our merit, but thy mercy; not our foresight, but thy providence delivered us: And therefore not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name be ascribed all honour and glory, in all Churches of the saints, from generation to generation. *Amen.*

¶ *Instead of the Prayer* [In time of War and Tumults] *may be used this Prayer following.*

ETERNAL God, and our most mighty Protector, we thy unworthy servants do humbly present ourselves before thy Majesty, acknowledging thy

power, wisdom, and goodness, in preserving the Queen from the destruction intended against her. Make us, we beseech thee, truly thankful for this, and for all other thy great mercies towards us; particularly we bless thee for giving Her Majesty a safe arrival here, and for making all opposition fall before her. We beseech thee to protect and defend her from all treasons and conspiracies; Preserve her in thy faith, fear, and love; prosper her with long happiness here on earth; and crown her with everlasting glory hereafter. *Amen.*

¶ *The following may be said or sung, one Verse by the Priest, another by the Clerk and People.*

Grant the Queen a long life: and make her glad with the joy of thy countenance. *Psalm* lxi. 6. and xxi. 6.

Let her dwell before thee for ever: O prepare thy loving mercy and faithfulness, that they may preserve her. Psalm lxi. 7.

In her time let the righteous flourish: and let peace be in all our borders. *Psalm* lxxii. 7. and cxlii. 14.

As for her enemies, clothe them with shame: but upon herself let her crown flourish. Psalm cxxxii. 19.

¶ *Also this.*

Thou art the God that hast no pleasure in wickedness: neither shall any evil dwell with thee. *Psalm* v. 4.

Thou wilt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord abhors both the blood-thirsty and deceitful man. ver. 6.

O how suddenly do they consume: perish, and come to a fearful end! *Psalm* lxxiii. 18.

Yea, even like as a dream, when one awaketh: so didst thou make their image to vanish out of the city. ver. 19.

¶ *This Sentence may be read at the Offertory.*

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the Prophets. *St. Matt.* vii. 12.

¶ *Also may be profitably read these Sentences.*

There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness. *Prov.* xxx. 12.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! *Isaiah*, v. 20.

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter. *Matt.* xxiii. 25.

But your inside is full of ravening and wickedness. *Luke*, xi. 39.

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them. *Luke*, xi. 44.

His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins. *Prov.* v. 22.

He shall die without instruction; and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray. *Prov.* v. 23.

The congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery. *Job*, xv. 34.

¶ *After the Prayer* [For the whole State of Christ's Church, &c.] *this Collect following may be used.*

ALMIGHTY God and heavenly Father, who, of thine infinite and unspeakable goodness towards

us, didst in a most extraordinary and wonderful manner disappoint and overthrow the wicked designs of those traitorous, heady, and high-minded men, who, under the pretence of Religion and thy most holy Name, had contrived, and well-nigh effected the utter destruction of thy Servant CAROLINE, our beloved Queen: as we do this day most heartily and devoutly adore and magnify thy glorious Name for this thine infinite goodness already vouchsafed to us; so do we most humbly beseech thee to continue thy grace and favour towards us, that no such dismal calamity may ever again fall upon us. Infatuate and defeat all the secret counsels of deceitful and wicked men against us. Abate their pride, asswage their malice, and confound their devices. With judgment and justice cut off all such workers of iniquity, as turn Religion into Rebellion, and Faith into Faction; that they may never prevail against us, nor triumph in the ruin of the Monarchy. Protect and defend Her Majesty from all treasons and conspiracies. Be unto her an helmet of salvation, and a strong tower of defence against the face of all her enemies; clothe them with shame and confusion, but let Her for ever flourish. So we thy people, and the sheep of thy pasture, will give thee thanks for ever, and will always be shewing forth thy praise from generation to generation.—*Amen.*

¶ *Or there may be sung or said this Hymn following: one Verse by the Priest, and another by the Clerk and people.*

MY song shall be alway of the loving kindness of the Lord: with my mouth will I ever be shewing forth his truth from one generation to another. *Psalm* lxxxix. 1.

The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done his marvellous works: that they ought to be had in remembrance. Psalm cxi. 4.

Who can express the noble acts of the Lord: or shew forth all his praise? *Psalm* cvi. 2.

The works of the Lord are great: sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. Psalm cxi. 2.

The Lord setteth up the meek: and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground. *Psalm* cxlvii. 6.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment: for all them that are oppressed with wrong. Psalm ciii. 6.

¶ *This Collect may likewise be used.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who art a strong tower of defence unto thy servants against the face of their enemies; We yield thee praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful deliverance of these kingdoms from the GREAT CONSPIRACY, and all the Miseries and Oppressions consequent thereupon. We acknowledge it thy goodness, that we are not utterly delivered over as a prey unto our enemies; beseeching thee still to continue such thy mercy towards us, that all the world may know that thou art our Saviour and mighty deliverer. *Amen.*

¶ *After the Prayer for the King, the Priest may say thus.*

Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in *this* life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun. *Eccl.* ix. 9.

So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself. *Eph.* v. 28.

Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband. *Eph.* v. 33.

It hath been said, whoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery. *Matt.* v. 31, 32.

¶ *The Collect for God's protection of the Queen against all her enemies.*

MOST gracious God, we most humbly beseech thee to protect thy Servant CAROLINE, our beloved Queen, from all the dangers to which she may be exposed; Hide her from the gathering together of the froward, and from the insurrection of wicked doers; Do thou weaken the hands, blast the designs, and defeat the enterprizes of all her enemies; that no secret conspiracies, nor open violences, may disquiet her; but that, being safely kept under the shadow of thy wing, and supported by thy power, she may triumph over all opposition; that so the world may acknowledge thee to be her Defender and mighty Deliverer in all difficulties and adversities. *Amen.*

¶ *This may also be said.*

O LORD God of our salvation, who hast been exceedingly gracious unto this land, and by thy miraculous providence didst deliver us out of our miserable confusion; by restoring to us, and to her own just and undoubted rights, our most gracious Queen CAROLINE, notwithstanding all the power and malice of her enemies; and to the great comfort and joy of our hearts: We are here now before thee, with all due thankfulness, to acknowledge thine unspeakable goodness herein, and to offer unto thee our

sacrifice of praise for the same; we beseech thee to bless the Queen with all increase of grace, honour and happiness, in this world, and to crown her with immortality and glory in the world to come. *Amen.*

¶ *Versicles.*

As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honour is not seemly for a fool. *Prov.* xxvi. 1.

The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. *Isa.* lvii. 29.

Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness. *Prov.* xxv. 5.

When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth: and when the wicked perish, there is shouting. *Prov.* xi. 10.

A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape. *Prov.* ix. 5.

Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment. *Job,* xxxii. 9.

For the transgression of a land, many are the princes thereof: but by a man of understanding and knowledge, the state thereof shall be prolonged. *Prov.* xxviii. 2.

As a roaring lion, and a ranging bear; so is a wicked ruler over the poor people. *Prov.* xxviii. 15.

Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished. *Eccl.* iv. 13.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust. *Job,* xx. 11.

Be wise now therefore O ye kings; be instructed ye judges of the earth. *Psalm* ii. 10.

PSALMS FROM THE NEW VERSION,

By N. BRADY, D. D. and N. TATE, Esq.

I. (*Psalm* 6.)

HAVE mercy, Lord, for I grow faint, unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones, which thou alone canst cure.

2 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint, no hope of ease I see;
The night, that quiets common griefs, is spent in tears by me.

3 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim, my eyes with weakness close;
Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think on my insulting foes.

II. (*Psalm* 7.)

TO save me from my threat'ning foe, Lord, interpose thy pow'r;
Lest, like a savage lion, he my helpless soul devour.

2 If I am guilty, or did e'er against his peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his life, who sought unjustly mine;

3 Let then to persecuting foes my soul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life, in dust my honour lay.

4 Impartial Judge of all the world, I trust my cause to thee;
According to my just deserts, so let thy sentence be.

5 Let wicked arts and wicked men together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom the hearts of both are known.

III. (*Psalm* 15.)

LORD, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them, but to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed by rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a slander forge his neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report, by malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice in all its pomp and power can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags, religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss, he makes his promise good.

6 Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltless to destroy.

7 The man, who by this steady course has happiness ensur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand, by Providence secur'd.

IV. (*Psalm* 17.)

THAT I may still, in spite of wrongs, my innocence secure;
Lord, guide me in thy righteous ways, and make my footsteps sure.

2 Oh! keep me in thy tend'rest care; thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes, that compass me about

3 O'ergrown with luxury, inclosed in their own fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming mouth both God and man defy.

4 Well may they boast, for they have now my paths encompass'd round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd, and couching on the ground,

5 In posture of a lion set, when greedy of his prey;
Or a young lion, when he lurks within a covert way.

6 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots, their swelling rage control;
From wicked men, who are thy sword, deliver thou my soul.

7 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge, whose portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly stores, desire no other bliss to know;

8 Their race is num'rous that partake their substance while they live:
Their heirs survive, to whom they may the vast remainder give.

V. *(Psalm 35.)*

FALSE witnesses, with forg'd complaints, against my truth combin'd,
And to my charge such things they laid as I had ne'er design'd.

2 The good which I to them had done, with evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserv'd, my harmless life invade.

3 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt, and earn their bread with lies,
Did gnash their teeth, and sland'rous jests maliciously devise.

4 Lord, as my heart has upright been, let me thy justice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain the triumph they design'd.

5 O let them not amongst themselves, in boasting language say,
"At length our wishes are complete, at last she's made our prey."

6 Let such as in my harm rejoic'd for shame their faces hide;
And foul dishonour wait on those that proudly me defy'd.

VI. *(Psalm 36.)*

MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art, his wicked purpose would disguise;
But reason whispers to my heart, he ne'er sets God before his eyes.

2 He soothes himself, retir'd from sight, secure he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots, expos'd to light, their false contriver brand with shame.

3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd, whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
True wisdom's banish'd from his breast, and vice has sole dominion there.

4 His wakeful malice spends the night in forging his accurst designs;
His obstinate ungen'rous spite no execrable means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope, above the heav'nly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope beyond the spreading sky extends.

6 Thy justice, like the hills, remains; unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains; the whole creation is thy care.

VII. *(Psalm 58.)*

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be;
Or, must not innocence appeal to heav'n from your decree?

2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice sway'd;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes, to violence betray'd.

3 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage, and timely break their pow'r;
Disarm these growling lions' jaws, e'er practis'd to devour.

4 Let now their insolence, at height, like ebbing tides be spent:
Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim, when they their bow have bent.

5 Like snails let them dissolve to slime; like hasty births become,
Unworthy to behold the sun, and dead within the womb.

VIII. *(Psalm 18.)*

WHEN God arose to take my part, the conscious earth did quake for fear;
From their firm posts the hills did start, nor could his dreadful fury bear.

2 Thro' heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal God's angry voice did loudly roar;
While earth's sad face with heaps of hail, and flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er.

3 His sharpen'd arrows round he threw, which made his scatter'd foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble lightning flew, and quickly finished their defeat.

4 The Lord did on my side engage, from heav'n, his throne, my cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious rage of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.

5 God his resistless pow'r employ'd, my strongest foes' attempts to break;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd the weak defence that I could make.

6 Their subtle rage had near prevail'd, when I distress'd and friendless lay;
But still, when other succours fail'd God was my firm support and stay.

7 From dangers that inclos'd me round, he brought me forth and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found, that mov'd him to delight in me.

8 Because in me no guilt remains, God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody stains, therefore the Lord is still my friend,

9 For I his judgments kept in sight, in his just paths I always trod;
I never did his statutes slight, nor loosely wander'd from my God.

10 But still my soul, sincere and pure, did e'en from darling sins refrain;
His favours, therefore, yet endure, because my heart and hands are clean.

IX.

(*Psalm* 146.)

THEE I'll extol my God and King, thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring, and ever bless thy name.

(*Psalm* 147.)

Great is the Lord and great his power; his wisdom has no bound:
The meek he raises, and throws down the wicked to the ground.

(*Psalm* 148.)

Ye boundless realms of joy, exalt your maker's fame,
His praise your song employ above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim and seraphim, to sing his praise,
Let all of royal birth, with those of humbler fame,
And judges of the earth, his matchless praise proclaim.
In this design
Let youth, with maids, and hoary heads, with children, join.
HALLELUJAH!

FINIS.

READER,

IT *seemeth meet to acquaint thee that the foregoing Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving to be used Daily for Her Majesty, hath been wholly compiled from* Scripture, *and from certain Services and Forms appointed in the* Book of Common Prayer: viz. *The Services for Morning and Evening Prayer; the Form for the Day of the Martyrdom of the blessed King* Charles I.; *the Form for the Restoration of His most religious and gracious Son, King* Charles II.; *and the Form for the Day whereon the* Church as by Law established *annually celebrates the overthrow of the* Tyranny *exercised by His Most Sacred Majesty King* James II. *and the success of the Glorious Principles whereby His said Majesty was providentially dethroned, and the* Revolution *of* 1688 *happily effected.*

FAREWELL.

Printed by William Hone,
45, Ludgate Hill.

THE

POLITICAL SHOWMAN—AT HOME!

EXHIBITING HIS CABINET OF CURIOSITIES AND

Creatures—All Alive!

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"I lighted on a certain place where was a *Den*." *Bunyan.*

WITH TWENTY-FOUR CUTS.

"The putrid and mouldering carcase of exploded Legitimacy." *Mr. Lambton.*

Sixteenth Edition.

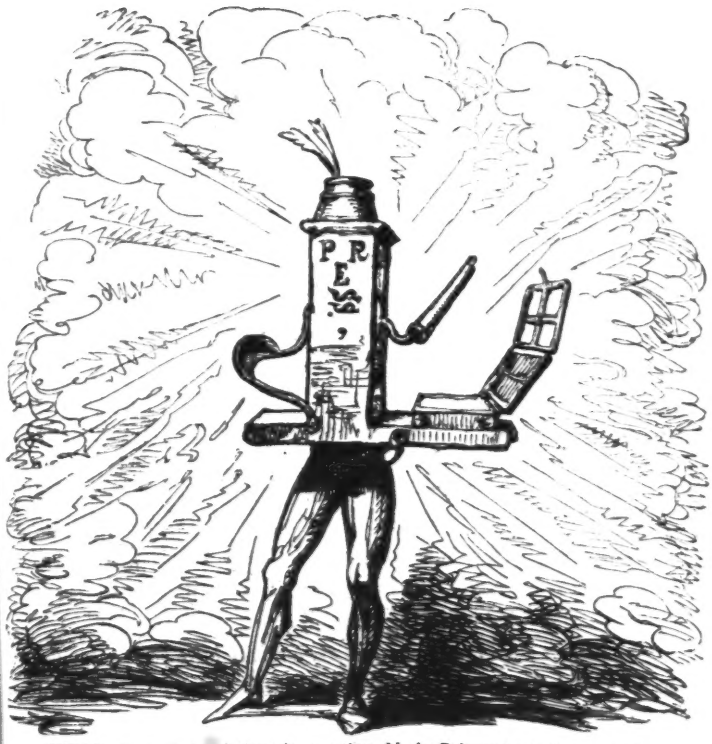
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE, 45, LUDGATE-HILL.

1821.

ONE SHILLING.

Printed by W. Hoop,
45, Ludgate Hill, London.



THE PRESS, invented much about the same time with the *Reformation*, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our Church, than all the doctrine can make amends for. 'Twas an happy time, when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer did keep the keys of the library! Now, since PRINTING came into the world, such is the mischief, that *a man cannot write a book but presently he is answered!* There have been ways found out to *fine* not the people, but even the *grounds and fields where they assembled:* but no art yet could prevent these SEDITIOUS MEETINGS OF LETTERS! Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with meer ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than an *hundred systematic divines*. Their ugly printing *letters*, that look but like so many rotten teeth, how oft have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawers! And yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever! O PRINTING! how hast thou "*disturbed the peace!*" Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into *letters!* There was a mistake sure in the story of Cadmus; and the *serpent's teeth* which he sowed, were nothing else but the *letters* which he invented.

Marvell's Rehearsal transprosed, 4to, 1672.

Being marked only with *four and twenty letters,—variously transposed* by the help of a PRINTING PRESS,—PAPER works miracles. The Devil dares no more come near a *Stationer's* heap, or a *Printer's Office*, than *Rats* dare put their noses into a Cheesemonger's Shop.

A Whip for the Devil, 1669. p. 92.

THE SHOWMAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Walk *up!* walk *up!* and see the CURIOSITIES and

CREATURES—all alive! alive O! Walk *up!*—now's your time!—*only* a shilling. Please to walk *up!*

Here is the strangest and most wonderful *artificial* CABINET in Europe!—made of NOTHING—but *lacker'd brass, turnery,* and *papier mâché*—all FRET *work* and *varnish,* held together by *steel points!*—very CRAZY, but very CURIOUS!

Please to walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen—it's well worth *seeing!* Here are the most wonderful of all wonderful LIVING ANIMALS. Take care! Don't go within their *reach*—they mind nobody but *me!* A short time ago they got loose, and, with some other *vermin* that came from their *holes and corners,* desperately attacked a LADY OF QUALITY; but, as luck would have it, *I,* and *my 'four and twenty men,'* happened to come in at the very moment;—we '*pull'd*' away, and prevented 'em from doing her a *serious mischief.* Though they *look tame,* their vicious dispositions are unchanged. If any thing was to happen to *me,* they'd soon break out *again,* and shew their natural ferocity. *I'm in continual danger from 'em myself*—for if I didn't watch 'em closely they'd *destroy* ME. As the clown says, 'there never *was* such times,'—so there's no telling what *tricks* they may play *yet.*

Ladies and Gentlemen,—these animals have been exhibited *at Court,* before the KING, and all the Royal Family! Indeed His Majesty is so *fond* of 'em that he often sees 'em *in private,* and *feeds* 'em; and he is so *diverted* by 'em that he has been pleased to express his gracious approbation of all their *motions.* But they're as cunning as the *old one* himself! Bless you, *he* does not know a thousandth part of their *tricks.* You, Ladies and Gentlemen, may see 'em just as they are!—the BEASTS and REPTILES—all *alive! alive* O! and the BIG BOOBY—all *a-light! a-light* O!

Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen! walk in! just a-going to begin.——Stir 'em up! Stir 'em *up* there with *the long pole!*

Before I describe the ANIMALS, please to look at the SHOW-CLOTH opposite———☞

The CURIOSITIES have *labels* under them, which the company can *read.*

——— COURT VERMIN that buzz round
And fly-blow the King's ear; make him suspect
His wisest, faithfullest, best counsellors—
Who, for themselves and their dependants, seize
All places, and all profits; and who wrest,
To their own ends, the statutes of the land,
Or safely break them.

Southey's Joan of Arc. b. 2.

¶ These creaturis sece not to teche vs to corecte owr maners and amende our lyuynge.

Dialoges of Creatures Moralyzed. Prologe.

To exalt virtue, expose vice, promote truth, and help men to serious reflection, is my first moving cause and last directed end.

De Foe's Review, 4to., 1705, Preface.

——— Oh that I dared
To basket up the family of plagues
That waste our vitals; peculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies———
Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat
At the right door!

Cowper.

NOTE.

All the Drawings are by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"JUGLATOR REGIS." *Strutt's Sports*, 188.

——————a most officious Drudge,
His face and gown drawn out with the same budge,
His pendant Pouch, which is both large and wide,
Looks like a Letters-patent:——————
He is as *awful*, as he had been sent
From Moses with the eleventh commandement.

Bp. Corbet's Poems, 1672, p. 3.

He begins his DECISION by saying, *Having had* DOUBTS *upon this for twenty years.*
Maddock's Chancery Practice, Pref. ix.

He is like a tight-rope dancer, who, whenever he leans on *one side*, counteracts his position by a corresponding declination on *the other*, and, by this means, keeps himself in a most *self-satisfied equipoise.* *Retrospective Review*, No. V. p. 115.

Trust not the cunning waters of his eyes:—
His eyes drop millstones. *Shakspeare.*

BAGS.—*(a Scruple Balance.)*

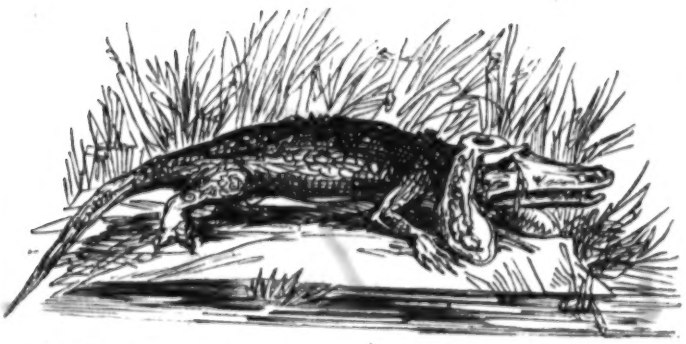
——— 'tis the veriest madness, to live poor,
And die with *Bags*—— *Gifford's Juvenal*, Sat. xiv.

DUBIUS is such a *scrupulous* good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can!
He would not, with a PEREMPTORY tone,
Assert the nose upon his face HIS OWN.
With HESITATION, admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it MAY be so.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in SUSPENSE!
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Cent'ring, AT LAST, in having—NONE AT ALL.

Cowper.

Well! he is a *nimble* gentleman; set him upon BANKES, his horse, in a saddle rampant, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

Cleveland's Poems, 1665, p. 185



By some the Crocodile is classed among fishes. A person born under this Zodiacal Sign, *(Pisces)*, shall 'be a mocker and shall be *covetous*, he will *say* one thing and *doe* another, he shall *find money*, he will trust in his *sapience*, and shall have *good fortune*, he shall be *a defender of Orphelins and widdowes*, and shall live lxxiii year and v months after nature.'

Shepheard's Kalender, 1497. c. liii.

Pitty not him, but fear thyself,
Though thou see the crafty elfe
Tell down his silver-drops unto thee,
They're counterfit, and will undoe thee. *Crashaw's Poems*, 1670, p. 112.

A CROCODILE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I begin the Exhibition with the Crocodile, which is of the Lizard tribe; yet, from his *facility of creeping through narrow and intricate ways*, he has been classed among SERPENTS.* He has a monstrous appetite, his *swallow* is immense, and his legs are placed *side*-ways. It is a vulgar error to suppose that he cannot *turn*; for, although he is in appearance very heavy, and his back is very strong, and proof against the hardest blows, yet he is so *pliable*, that he can *wheel* round with the utmost facility. When in his HAUNT, and apparently torpid, he sometimes utters a piteous *whine* of distress—almost human; *sheds tears*, and, attracting the unwary, suddenly darts upon a man, and gorges him with all he has. His *claws* are very long and tenacious. If a victim eludes his grasp, he infallibly secures him by his FLEET power. He is sometimes used for purposes of *state and show*, and his BAGS are much coveted for their *peculiar* qualities.†

* By Linnæus. † Goldsmith's Animated Nature, v. 283.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That *turns, and turns,* to indicate
From what point blows the weather:
Look up.——

Cowper.

Having by much dress, and secrecy, and dissimulation, as it were *periwigged** his sin, and covered his shame, he looks after no other innocence but *concealment*.

Bp. South's Sermons.

A MASK.—*(an Incrustation—a Relique.)*

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
A solemn fop.——
——A sooty *Film*.

Cowper.

——————————— The THING on Earth
Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a sacred, awful post,
In which the best and worthiest tremble most.
The ROYAL LETTERS are a thing of course,
A King, that would, might recommend his horse;
And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
* * * * * * * * * * *
A piece of mere CHURCH-FURNITURE at best.

Cowper.

* There is a similarity, amounting almost to absolute identity, in the two Greek words that signify an *Impostor* and a *Periwig*:—

Φενακ-ακος—*Impostor.*

Φενάκη—*Periwig.*

Hederici Lexicon.

There are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the corn. *Watts* on *Hor.* L. i. Ep. ii. 27.

Very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such: for they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was *darkened*.
Exodus, x. 14, 15.

THE LOCUST.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The Locust is a destructive insect, of the GRILLUS tribe. They are so numerous, and so rapacious, that they may be compared to an ARMY, pursuing its march to devour the fruits of the earth, as an instrument of *divine displeasure* towards a devoted country. They have LEADERS, who direct their motions in preying on the labours of man *in fertile regions*. No insect is more formidable in places where they breed: for they *wither* whatever they *touch*. It is impossible to recount the *terrible devastations* which historians and travellers relate that they have committed at different times, in various parts of the world. Many are so *venomous*, that persons *handling* them are immediately stung, and seized with shivering and trembling; but it has been discovered that, in most cases, their hateful qualities are completely assuaged by *palm* oil.*

* Goldsmith, vi. 21.

PAGES PARTIALLY ILLEGIBILE

THE TRANSPARENCY, of which this is a copy, was exhibited by WILLIAM HONE during the ILLUMINATION commencing on the 11th, and ending on the 15th of November, 1820, in celebration of the VICTORY *obtained by* THE PRESS *for the* LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE, which had been assailed in the Person of *The Queen*: the words "TRIUMPH OF THE PRESS," being displayed in variegated lamps as a motto above it. On the 29th, when *The Queen* went to St. Paul's, it was again exhibited with Lord Bacon's immortal words, "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," displayed in like manner.—The Transparency was painted by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

It preysupon and destroys itself with its own poison. It is of so malignant and ruinous a nature, that it ruins itself with the rest; and with rage mangles and tears itself to pieces.
Montaigne, v. 3. c. xl.

A SCORPION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The Scorpion is a REPTILE that resembles the *common lobster*, but is much more hideous. They are very terrible to mankind, on account of their size and malignity, and their large *crooked stings*. They often assault and kill people in their houses. In ITALY, and some other parts of Europe, they are the greatest pests of mankind; but their venom is most dreadful in the *East*. An inferior species sally forth at certain seasons, in battalions;—scale houses that stand in the way of their march;—wind along the course of rivers;—and on their retreat entrench themselves. Scorpions are so irascible, that they will attempt to sting a *constable's staff;* yet even a harmless little MOUSE* destroyed three of them, *one after the other*, by acting on the *defensive*, survived their venomous wounds, and seemed pleased with its victory. When in a confined space, they exert all their rage against each other, and there is nothing to be seen but universal carnage. If this mutual destruction did not prevail, they would multiply so fast as to render some countries uninhabitable.†

* Confined for the sake of experiment in a vessel, by Maupertuis. † Goldsmith, v. 428.

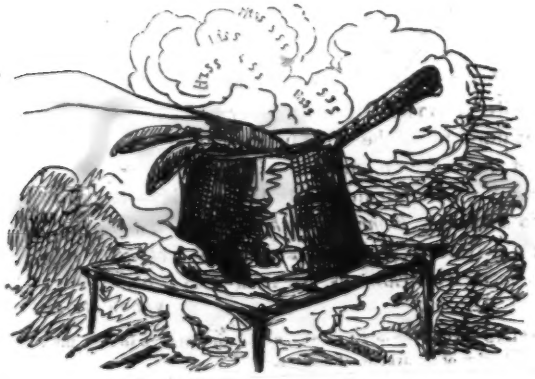
THE LOBSTER.

——————they preferre
Broiles before Rest, and place their Peace in Warre. *Du Bartas*, 4to. 151.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The Lobster is very similar to the scorpion. It is *armed* with *two* great *claws*, by the help of which it moves itself *forwards*. They *entrench* themselves in places that can be easily defended, where they acquire defensive and offensive *armour*. They issue forth from their *fortresses* in hope of *plunder*, and to surprise such inadvertent and weak animals as come within their reach. They have little to apprehend except from each other, the more powerful being formidable enemies to the weaker. They sometimes continue in the same habitations for a long time together; in general they get *new coats once a year*. When in *hot water* they make a great noise, attack any one that puts a hand towards them, and knowing their danger, use violent efforts to escape. In a sufficient heat they *change their colours*.*

* Goldsmith, v. 163.



——— With huge fat places stored,
A *prop* that helps to shoulder up the state.
Tom of Bedlam, folio. 1701. p. 4.

——— a *Crutch* that helps the *weak* along,
Supports the *feeble*—but *retards the strong*. *Smith.*

He knows not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For his conception, which he cannot move. *Cowper.*

One of that class of individuals of but moderate talents, who by habitual exercise of their faculties are enabled to figure in the world by mere *imitation*; to become learned moralists, jurists, and theologians; to go through the ceremonies of professional life with an imposing gravity and regularity, and to run round the mill-horse circle of routine with a scrupulous precision.
Sir C. Morgan's Phil. of Life, 370.

A *PRIME* CRUTCH.—

(From the Westminster Infirmary—Upper Ward).

He fondly 'IMITATES' that wondrous LAD,
That durst assay the sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of whose feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam;—
So MADE *the flame in which* HIMSELF *was fired;*
THE WORLD THE BONFIRE WAS—*when* HE *expired!**
Like HIM of Ephesus, HE HAD WHAT HE DESIRED.
Fletcher's Purple Island.

* The 'LAD' died in the midst of war, ejaculating heaven to save the country from the miseries of his system of misrule.

I don't think myself obliged to play tricks with my own neck, by putting it *under his feet*, to inform myself whether he wears sparrow-bills in his shoes or no. *Asgill's Defence*, 1712, p. 16.

THE OPOSSUM.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This is a *quick climbing* animal; but is, in other respects, *heavy* and helpless. When it is pursued on *level ground* and overtaken, it feigns itself dead, to deceive the hunters. A faculty in its *seat*, enables it to suspend itself from a high branch, by that part, for a long time together; and, in this position, watching for whatever is weak that comes within its reach, it falls upon it and usually destroys it. By this elevating power in its *nether end*, it not only seizes its prey more securely, but preserves itself from pursuers; looking down on them, in a sort of *upright* position, heels upwards. It is very domesticated, but proves a disagreeable inmate, from its *scent;* which, however fragrant in *small* quantities, is uniformly ungrateful when *copiously* supplied. *It is a* BOROUGHING *creature.**

* Goldsmith, iii. 307. Stedman's Surinam. Shaw's Zoology.

Full of business, bustle, and chicanery; *Dibdin's Bibl. Decam.* iii. 301.

An odious and vile kind of creatures that fly about the *House*; *B. Jonson's Discov.*

They seem—*descending*, at some direful blow,
To *nibble brimstone* in the realms below! *Salmagundi*, 139.

Suppose one to be "boring" on *one side* for two hours, and his opponent to be "bothering" for a like period on the *other side*, what must be the consequence?
Sir Jos. Yorke, in H. of Com. March 30, 1881.

Of torrent tongue, and never blushing face;
——— Knaves, who, in truth's despite,
Can white to black transform, and black to white!
Gifford's Juvenal, Sat. iii.

When they were fewer, men might have had a Lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age.
Walton's Angler, (4to. Bagster) 92.

They'll argue as confidently as if they spoke gospel instead of law; they'll cite you six hundred several Precedents, though not one of them come near to the case in hand; they'll muster up the authority of Judgments, Decds, Glosses, and Reports, and tumble over so many dusty Records, that they make their employ, though in itself easy, the greatest slavery imaginable; always accounting that the best plea which they have took most pains for. *Erasmus of Folly*, 96.

In other countries, they make laws upon laws and add precepts upon precepts, till the endless number of them makes the fundamental part to be forgotten; leaving nothing but a confused heap of explanations, which may cause ignorant people to doubt whether there is really any thing meant by the laws or not. *Bp. Berkeley's Gaudentio di Lucca*, 166.

In the country of the *Furr'd Law-cats*, they gripe all, devour all, couskite all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of right or wrong: for among *them* vice is called virtue; wickedness, piety; treason, loyalty; robbery, justice: *Plunder* is their motto; *and all this they do, because they dare.* —*Gripe-men-all*, the *Chief* of the *Furr'd Law-cats*, said to Pantagruel 'Our Laws are like cobwebs; your silly *little* flies are stopt, caught, and destroy'd therein, but your *stronger* ones break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Don't think we are so mad as to set up our nets to snap up your *great* Robbers and tyrants: no, *they* are somewhat too hard for us, there's no meddling with them; for they will make no more of *us*, than we make of the little ones.'—
Rabelais, b. v. c. xl. xli.

BLACK RATS.—*(Stuffed.)*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

These are most pernicious animals. They BOROUGH, and prey on our food, drink, clothing, furniture, live-stock, and every convenience of life; furnishing their residences with the plunder of our property. They have particular HAUNTS, to which they entice each other in large numbers, for the sake of *prey;* where they often do incredible damage to our *mounds*, and undermine the strongest *embankments*. Sometimes they hoard their plunder in *nests*, that they make at a distance from their usual *places of congregating*.* They are very bold and fierce. Instead of waiting for an attack, they usually become the aggressors, and, *seizing their adversaries by the lips*, inflict dangerous, and even deadly wounds. While they subsist on our industry, and increase our terrors, they make no grateful returns, and, therefore, mankind have studied various ways for diminishing their numbers; but their *cunning* discovers the most distant danger, and if any are disturbed or attacked, in an unusual manner, the rest take the alarm, and, becoming exceedingly shy, and wary, elude the most ingenious devices of their pursuers. When, unhappily, you come in contact with one of these *vermin*, the best way of dispatching it is by a single squeeze; but novices who hesitate, are sure to prove sufferers. They have been found on a BENCH, so *interwoven* by their tails, that *by reason of their entanglement, they could not part.*† A DEAD RAT, *by altering the look of his* HEAD *and the appearance of his* SKIN, may be transformed into the appearance of a much more *powerful* animal; and THIS, Ladies and Gentlemen, *has been considered a* MASTER PIECE *in cheating*.‡

* White's Selborne, 4to. 75. † Letters from Bodleian Library, i. 12.
‡ Ibid. ii. 160, *note*. See also Goldsmith, iii. 169.

A beſt, ſuch wretches to beguile. *Spenser.*

Cadger. *n. s.* A *Low* Character. *Pierce Egan.*

One of

"The blessings of this *most indebted* land."

* * *

Useless in Lim alike both brain and speech,
Fate having plac'd all truth above his reach. *Cowper.*

A most damnable swearer and inventor of new oaths. A tongue-libelling lad of the sea—he matters not the truth of any thing he speaks; but is prone to fasten his stings in the reputation of those that would scorn to be like him. I wonder to see this unquiet disposition in a brute creature—a Swill-tub. *Pell's Improvement of the Sea*, 1695, p. 101, *et seq.*

A *CADGE* ANCHOR.—*(a Remora—a sucking Fish.)*

WHAT have we here? a man or a fish? A FISH: he *smells* like a fish; a very *ancient* and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor John. Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: *there* would this monster make a man; any *strange beast* there makes a man. His gabbling voice is to utter FOUL SPEECHES, and to DETRACT. He is as disproportioned in his manners, as in his shape. As with age his body grows uglier, his mind cankers.

CALIBAN.

Reptil, with spawn abundant—

Milton, Par. L. b. 7.

A WATER SCORPION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This offensive INSECT lives in *stagnant* waters, continually watching for prey. Its feelers resemble the claws *of* a scorpion; the EYES are *hard and prominent*, the SHOULDERS *broad and flat*. It wastes twenty times as much as its appetite requires; one can destroy thirty or forty of the LIBELLULA kind, each as large as itself. It is nevertheless greatly overrun with a small kind of lice, which probably repay the injuries it inflicts elsewhere. At certain seasons it flies to *distant waters* in search of food; but it remains where it was produced until fully grown, when *it sallies forth in search of a companion of the other sex, and soon begets an useless generation.**

* Martyn's Dict. Nat. Hist. 2 vols. Folio, 1785. Goldsmith, vi. 35.

He that maketh the wound *bleed inwards*— *Bacon*

Gives Liberty the last, the mortal shock;
Slips the slave's collar on, and *snaps* the lock. *Cowper.*

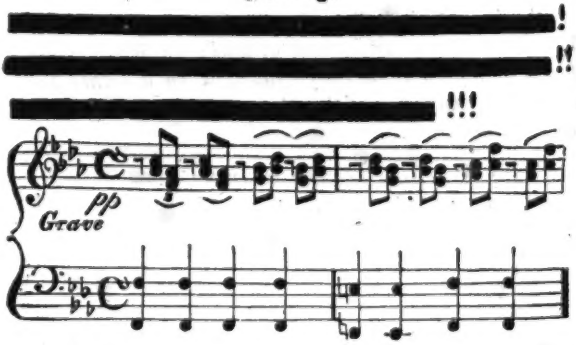
What is his *Character?*— A man of amiable *Manners*—mild and civil.
Character of the Murderer of the Marrs.

I never judge from *Manners*, for I once had my pocket picked by the *civilest* gentleman I ever met with; and one of the *mildest* persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha. *Lord Byron.*

DIRKPATRICK.

(a Petrified Putrefaction.—a Bloodstone.)

The Bloodstone is *green*, spotted with a bright *blood-red*. *Woodward on Fossils.*

History.

Moral.

I recommend it to all that read this *History*, that when they find their lives come up, in any degree, to a similitude of cases, they will inquire and ask themselves, is not this the time to repent? *De Foe's Col. Jack, 1723, p. 309.*

——— *Raised* in blood. *Shakspeare.*

THE BLOODHOUND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This is the most terrible animal in the Collection. Its character is that of decided *enmity to man;* it hunts down those who endeavor to regain their *Liberty*, and is called the *Ban* Dog. When it scents a human victim it follows his track with cruel perseverance, flies upon him with dreadful ferocity, and, unless dragged off, tears and rends the form until every noble feature of humanity is destroyed. It has an exquisite smell for blood. The species vary little throughout the world: there is scarcely any difference between the trans-atlantic *Spanish* blood-hound and the *Irish* wolf-dog, whose ferocity has been much diminished by the animal being frequently *crossed*. It is still kept on some of the old *royal grounds*.

* Edwards's West Indies. Goldsmith. Rainsford's St. Domingo. Scott's Sportsman's Repository.

I do remember an APOTHECARY—
A THREE-INCH FOOL;—*unmannerly breech'd*:— *Shakspeare.*
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit:— *Cowper.*
To *bleed* adventured he not, *except the Poor.* *Swift's Mem. of P. P.*
He had heard of *Politics*, and long'd to get
A Place; —— —————— and now,
With *all his Fam'ly* crowding at his heels,
His brothers, cousins, followers, and his son,
He shows himself *Prime Doctor*— *Rt. Hon. G. Canning.*
He is that CANTING SLAVE foretold,
By one Dan Barnaby of old,
That would hang up his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday;
Who, that *his* beer mayn't work the latter day,
Forbids the brewer's call on Saturday. *Anon.*

A *go-cart* of superstition and prejudice, never stirring hand or foot but as he is pulled by the wires and strings of the state conjurers. *Hazlitt's Table Talk, 366.*

His A. B. C. is a great deal better employment for him, than the grave and weighty matters of state, and the study of politics. *Dr. Bastwick against Col. J. Lilburne, 42.*

Shall I lose my *Doctor?* No; he gives me the potions, and the *motions.*
What ho! APOTHECARY!—— *Shakspeare.*

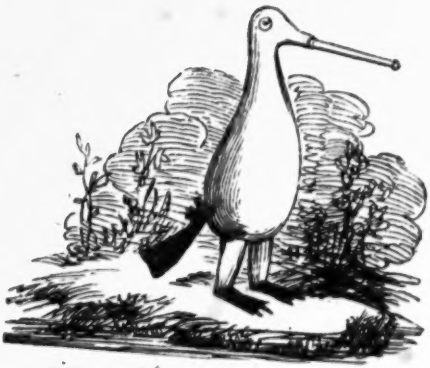
THE DOCTOR.—*(a Dejection.)*

In these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is CANT—*Cant political, Cant religious, Cant moral,* but *always* CANT—a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided among themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this *Verbal Decorum.*

Lord Byron on Mr. Bowles, 16.

DIARY.—April 1st. I grew *melancholy.*—My father lying sick, told me, in syllables, the *Philosopher's stone.*—It pleased God to put me in mind that I was now placed in the condition I always desired.—I hung three spiders about my neck *(for a charm).*—I kissed the king's hand.—*Cætera desunt.*

Elias Ashmole's Diary.



——— the most notorious geck and *Gull*
That e'er Invention play'd on.

shakspeare.

THE BOOBY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The *Creature* you now see is a sort of *Noddy* of the GULL kind. Observe his uncouth form and his ludicrously wise looks! He is the most stupid of the *feathered* tribe; yet he has a *voracious* appetite, and an enormous swallow. You perceive that he feigns the appearance of being *upright*, of seeming to comprehend objects he sees, of listening to what he hears, and that he shakes his head with *gravity*, as though he had a certain degree of understanding. His greatest pleasure is in *standing still*. He has not sense enough to *get out of People's way*; speaking to him or making *motions* never disturb him. There is no compelling him to the fatigue of *changing* his position till he feels a *blow*; for he keeps his PLACE till he is approached quite close, and *knocked down*. He is a living *full stop*. When he is *forced to walk*, which is very seldom, he goes from *side to side*. Like others of similar tribes, he BOROUGHS. In this respect the union and affection of these *Creatures* towards each other is wonderful; for, when undisturbed by the encroachments of *men*, they construct their *nests* as convenient as if they expected them to be *permanent*; arranging their different PLACES with such an amazing degree of uniformity, as to resemble a *regular plantation*. Sometimes they draw up side by side, in rank and file, and sit brooding together as if in deep counsel, on affairs of moment—their *silliness* and *solemnity* exciting involuntary *laughter!* This *burlesque* takes place, in particular,

about the month of *November*. The habits of these tribes are known through those who visit the haunts they have forsaken for more obscure *retreats*, where they can *build aloft*, and settle in their *nests* at ease: a practice which confirms the remark of a great naturalist, that the presence of *men* not only destroys the society of the *meaner* animals, but even extinguishes their *grovelling* instincts. Hitherto the BOOBY has been considered of no service whatever; yet a similar species,* by drawing a wick through the body and lighting it, is made into a *candle*.† If this BOOBY could be thus used, the *illumination of* BOTH HOUSES *and the* PUBLIC OFFICES might be speedily effected, and the tribe he belongs to be rendered available to human purposes. At any rate a skilful tallow-chandler might try his hand at converting the *Creature* into

A TWOPENNY FLAT

FOR A COBBLER'S STALL;

——— which, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by th' *industr'ous* Cobb's Promethean art,
Starts into light—and makes the lighter start! *Rejected Addresses.*

* Mother Carey's Chickens—the *Petrel*. † Martyn. Bewick.

The Creature's at his *dirty* work again. *Pope.*

THE SLOP PAIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

THE "SLOP PAIL" being occupied by "SLOP" keeping his *tri-colored* cockade in it, with the hope of bleaching it *white*, has become more and more offensive daily, and will be *kicked down*.*

* So 'the Jacobite Relics of Scotland' *still live*,
When MENDACITY HOGG dares *his betters* to brow,
And turns up *HIS* SNOUT, with derision and scorn,
At those, who, *less cringing*, to labor are born:—
The *parasite* pride of his *mendicant* mind
Pimps himself "to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;"
Yet I still wish him well—for I wish that he may
Learn, that wrong can't be right, and—be *honest* as they.

See Dedication of *Hogg's Jacobite Relics* to the Highland Society of London.

THE GREAT BOOTS having been *out of order*, were *welted*, and afterwards new *vamped*, and *polished*. Dr. SOUTHEY, *the Varnisher*, has them in hand at present, and is '*doing them up*' as fast as possible.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I thank you for your company. Opposite to you is a description of THE MONSTER that my people are now *hunting* on the Continent. When *destroyed*, its skin will be stuffed and preserved among the other Antiquities and Curiosities in the *European Museum*.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I wish you *a good day*.—*Keep to* THE RIGHT. Walk *steadily* FORWARD. The *Animals* may make an *uproar*, but don't be alarmed; I'll see you safe OUT. Remember they are *under my control*, and cannot take a step beyond the reach of

MY EYE

I'll watch them tame. *Shakspeare.*

THE

BOA DESOLATOR,

OR

LEGITIMATE VAMPIRE.

It overlays the continent like an ugly Incubus, sucking the blood and stopping up the breath of man's life. It claims Mankind as its property, and allows human nature to exist only upon sufferance; it haunts the understanding like a frightful spectre, and oppresses the very air with a weight that is not to be borne. *Hazlitt's Political Essays and Characters*, p. 91.

THIS hideous BEAST, not having at any time put forth all his *members*, cannot be accurately described. Every *dark* Century has added to his frightful bulk. More disgusting than the filthiest reptile, his strength exceeds all other *brute force*.

His enormous, bloated, toad-like body is *ferruginous*:* the under surface appears of *polished steel*.† His cavern-like mouth is always open to devour; 'his teeth are as *swords*, and his jaw-teeth as knives'—as millions of *bristling bayonets* intermingled with *black fangs* containing mortal venom. His roar is a voice from the sepulchre. He is marked '*in form of a cross*,'‡ with a series of *chains*, intersected by the TRIANGLE,§ and glittering colours, variegated with *red*.

His aspect is cruel and terrible. He loves the *dark*, but never sleeps. Wherever he makes his lair, nature sickens, and man is brutified. His presence is 'plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, and murder, and sudden death.' His bite rapidly *undermines the strongest* CONSTITUTION, and dissolves the whole into an entire mass of CORRUPTION. He has no *brain*, but the *walls* of the skull emit a *tinkling* sound, that attracts his victims, and lulls them into *passive obedience*. In this state he clutches them in his coils, and *screws* and *squeezes* them to destruction—*slavering* them over, and sucking in their *substance* at leisure. It is difficult to witness the half-stifled cries of his harmless prey, or to behold its anxiety and trepidation, while the monster writhes hideously around it, without imagining *what our own case would be in the same dreadful situation*.‖

His rapacity is increased by *indulgence*. He grinds, cranches, and devours whole multitudes, without being satisfied. His blood is cold. His ravening maw does not digest: it is an ever-yawning grave that *engulphs*—a 'bottomless pit' continually crying '*give, give!*' Sometimes he

* Shaw's Zoology. Art. Boa, iii. 344. † Ibid. 366.
‡ Linnæus's Nat. Hist. by Gmelin, 8vo. (Jones) 1816. Art. Boa Constrictor, xii. 437.
§ Shaw's Zoology, iii. 339. ‖ Macleod's Wreck of the Alceste, 291, 295.

'rests from his labors,' to admire his loathsome *limbs*, and *slime* them over. He has no affections: yet he appears charmed by the *hum* of the INSECTS that follow him, and pleased by the *tickling crawl* of the MEANEST REPTILES—permitting them to hang upon his lips, and partake of his leavings. But his real pleasure is in listening to the cries of his captives, the wail of the broken hearted, and the groans of the dying.

He lives in defiance and scorn of Providence, and in hatred to the happiness of man. When distended with human carnage, and wet with the gore of the innocent and the helpless, he lifts an impious *form* to heaven in solemn mockery. He was predicted of by the Seer of old, as the BEAST with many heads and crowns, bearing the name of BLASPHEMY.

The garish *colours* that denote his malignity, excite only horror and detestation in the lover of nature, and of his species. They are most *lively* when he is engaged in the work of death, and cause him to be admired by the vulgar multitude, learned and unlearned, who hold him *sacred*, pay him *divine honors*, call him *holy*, and fall down before him as an object of worship, while priests glorify him, and minister to him, and pray for his murderous successes in the temples. Hence the good and the wise, in all ages, have devised and practised various methods for the destruction of a FIEND that creates nothing but *terror* and *imposture*, and between whom and rational man there is a natural antipathy.

He is filled with the deadliest rage by the encreasing growth of the *pop'lar* TREE:—

> THAT TREE, beneath whose shade the Sons of Men
> Shall pitch their tents in peace.
> ——BRISSOT murder'd, and the blameless wife
> Of ROLAND! Martyr'd patriots, spirits pure,
> Wept by the good, ye fell! Yet still survives,
> Sown by your toil, and by your blood manured,
> The imperishable TREE; and still its roots
> Spread, and strike deep.——
>
> *Southey's Joan of Arc*, b. iii.

His existence is drawing to a close. It has been ascertained that the way of putting him *quietly* out of the world is by a Black Dose, consisting of the *four and twenty letters* * of the alphabet, properly *composed*, made up in certain *forms*, covered with sheets of white *paper*, and well *worked* in a *Columbian* PRESS. These PAPERS are to be *forced down his*

* Philostratus relates that the Indians destroy the most monstrous serpent by spreading *golden* LETTERS, *on a field of* RED, before his hole. They dazzle and confound him, and he is taken without difficulty.

throat DAILY, *morning and evening*, and on every *seventh* day a *double* dose should be administered. The operation is accelerated by the powerful *exhibition* of the WOOD DRAUGHTS. In a short time his *teeth* will fall out—he will be seized with catalepsy—in the last stage of MORTIFICATION, *he will* STING HIMSELF *to death*;—and all mankind, relieved from the deadened atmosphere under which they had been *gasping*, will make the first use of their *recovered breath*, to raise an universal shout of joy at the extinction of

THE LEGITIMATE VAMPIRE.

Those Lords of pray'r and prey—that *band* of Kings,
That Royal, rav'ning BEAST, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of *promis'd* good,
Of Hope, of Freedom—but to drain her blood!

Moore.

THE END.

Ludgate-hill, London, 1821.

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THE

RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG!

Dedicated to the Holy Alliance

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"The devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire."

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE,

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1821.

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Dedication.

TO

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

MEMBERS OF

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESSES,

WHEN a gang of desperate ruffians disguise themselves, and take the road armed, it is a sure sign of robbery and murder; and it becomes the duty of an honest man to raise a *hue and cry*, and describe the villains.

With that view, I dedicate to you this little book; in the hope, that some who understand the *dead* language of Despotism, may be induced to translate it into the *living* tongues of the good people of the Continent.

I pray God to take your ROYALTY into his immediate keeping.

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

O! DULNESS, if thy sons can learn one thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which *thy* Priests, and *thine* alone, maintain,
Which, as IT dies, or lives, THEY fall, or reign:
May ye, O Cam and Isis, preach it long,
'THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG!'

POPE.

It was a maxim of the constitution of this country that the King could do no wrong. He had high authority for stating that *the King could not commit Folly, much less Crime.*

Report of a BISHOP'S *Speech.*

If a King can do no wrong, why was King James II. banished? and if a King can do wrong, why the plague are we constantly affirming that he cannot? Either way we should stand self-condemned, and if we are not set down as a nation of scoundrels, we must think ourselves pretty easy under the appellation of fools.

SWIFT.

——————— We love
The King, who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But, recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. KING though he be,
And King in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is TREASON.

COWPER.

NOTE.

The Drawings are by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Preface.

" Perish those poets, and be hush'd the song,
Which with this *nonsense* charm'd the world so long,
That he who does no right, can do no wrong."

DE FOE.

To condemn *nonsense*, especially in high places, is proper: there are ancient precedents for it.

A thousand years before Christ, Nathan, a priest in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, knew that David the Lord's anointed, had not only worked *folly* in Israel, by committing adultery with a beautiful woman, but had committed *crime*, by causing her husband to be put to death. The honest priest charged both the folly and the crime upon the king! He went up to his majesty with this Address: " *Thou art the man!*" He prosecuted him at the bar of his own conscience, convicted him, and passed sentence upon him—" *The sword shall not depart from thine house!*"

Three thousand years after this, a priest, sent into an English House of Lords by the nomination of the king, affirms there, that " he had 'high authority' for stating, that the king could not commit *folly*, much less *crime!*"

What a scene! A priest of the Church of England, who promised, before he received the Holy Ghost,* to lay aside the study of the world and the flesh, who received the Holy Ghost upon that condition, who had a Bible put into his hands to preach *truth* from, and who—with the Holy Ghost in him, took the sacrament as the most solemn of all oaths, to perform what he had promised—this Priest, who again received the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a *Bishop*, and again took the oath of the sacrament—this Bishop, regardless of his sacramental oath, puzzles himself behind the Treasury bench with the *quillets* of the English law, and forgets Nathan!—this Right Reverend Father in God, by divine permission, studies the 'Pleas of the Crown,' talks of 'high authority,' and forgets the authority of his Bible!—bends, like his *folding-crook*, in the presence of the king of England, and forgets Him whose kingdom is not of this world!—stands, as stiff as his staff, at *London*—blinks Jerusalem, —squints towards archiepiscopal Canterbury—and inculcates Passive obedience and Non-resistance!

The Doctrine of *Divine Right*, or '*the King can do no wrong*,' is the evil genius of Liberty, the vital spark of Legitimate right, the very soul of Despotism. It demands the prostitution of moral principle,

---

* Priests of the Church of England 'receive the Holy Ghost' at the command of the bishop on their ordination. They receive it again when made Bishops.

See the Form of Ordination.

sophisticates scripture, and converts the peace and good will of Christianity into envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. What it can do, may be known by what it has done. Take a hero—a ruffian who has ravaged and desolated every fair region he could penetrate—a brutal ferocious wretch, of gigantic form, and cruel feature, ignorant of every thing but crime; his sword serrated by hacking the bones of the brave defenders of their country, with halters for the necks of the peaceful at his girdle: toss him an iron sceptre surmounted by the emblems of death and folly; give him the world to crush beneath his feet; and tell me in what age Priestcraft, standing upon the divine right of tithes, would refuse to throw the ermine of royalty over the monster's shoulders, anoint him as from the Lord, and *light him up* to the world as an image of the Divinity!

According to the law of England, the king *can* do no wrong. Mr. Justice Blackstone says, that "*the Prerogative of the Crown extends not to do any injury; it is created for the benefit of the people;* and, therefore, *cannot* be exerted to their prejudice."* Now, if the prerogative of the crown was created for the *benefit* of the people, is it not plain, that, should it cease to be exerted for their benefit, it would be useless; and that, should it be extended to do them injury, it would be *oppression.* Will the Bishop say, that oppression is no wrong, or that if oppression should come from the royal prerogative, oppression is

* Commentaries, vol. i. p. 245.

right? If he does say this, I ask him, how long, after oppression should be exercised through the prerogative by virtually irresponsible ministers and be declared no wrong, he supposes that a king of England could sit on the throne, or the bishops who maintain the doctrine, sit either at its right hand in the Lords, or any where else? I tell this bishop, that though the law may not suppose it possible for a king of England to do wrong, because it intends him to do right, yet if he *should* do, and *continue* to do, oppressive wrong, not all the bishops of England, nor all the bayonets of all the mercenaries of Europe, could keep that king upon the throne of an oppressed people against their united will.

A king of England is not king in his own right, or by hereditary right. The nation is not a patrimony. He is not king by his own power; but in right of, and by the power of the law. He is not king above the law; but by, or under, the law. All the authority that he has, is given to him by law; and he can only rule *according* to law: for were he to rule *against* the law, he would be *king* against the law, and depose himself. The law is the Sovereign, or paramount authority; hence, a king of England is a subject; and in this respect, he and all the people are upon a level before the law—they are all his fellow-subjects; though, as chief magistrate, he is the *first* subject of the law.

A king of England who regards the happiness of the people, and his own safety, would not wish to be

stronger than the law founded on the public will, makes him. More strength would be unnecessary to *his* welfare, and hurtful to theirs. All power *over others*, from the watch-box to the throne, tends to injure the understanding, and corrupt the heart. A good King would not desire unlimited power; a bad one would abuse it. He would become mad; and drive the people mad. A despot is a demon. Artillery and fetters with the royal robe flung over them—a cannon ball capped with the royal crown—animated by the royal will—crushing, burning, and butchering liberty, property, and human life—personify the power of an unlimited King.

The ensuing satire shows the folly and danger of such power. It is a partial revival of the *Jure Divino*, written by DANIEL DE FOE in 1706. After the lapse of a century, nearly the same reason exists for the publication as the author adduced on its first appearance. It had never appeared, he says, "had not the world seemed to be going mad a second time with the error of passive obedience and non-resistance." It is not precisely so now: the *people* have not gone mad, but a *bishop* has, who may bite his brethren; and there is a slavish party of High Church zealots and pulpit casuists in the country who virtually support the doctrine—although if they attempt reducing it to practice, they may dig a pit beneath the throne, and engulph the dynasty. To expose this destructive doctrine, and disentangle the threads so artfully twisted into snares for the unwary

by priestcraft, De Foe composed his Satire. He was the ablest politician of his day, an energetic writer, and, better than all, an honest man; but not much of a poet. The *Jure Divino* is defective in arrangement and versification. It is likewise disfigured by injudicious repetition; a large portion is devoted to the politics of the time, and it is otherwise unfit for republication entire; but it abounds with energetic thoughts, forcible touches, and happy illustrations. The present is an attempt to separate the gold from the dross. The selection is carefully made; from the parts rejected the best passages are preserved, the rhyme and metre are somewhat bettered, the extracts are improved and transposed, and many additions of my own are introduced. The production scornfully rejects the slavish folly, senseless jargon, and venal hypocrisy, which pretend that power is from God and not from the People. It defies those who draw upon scripture in support of *Divine Right* to show that scripture lays down any rules of *political* government, or enjoins any *political* duties; or that it does not leave the people to determine by their own reason what government and what governors are best for themselves. It is a forcible and argumentative satire against the *nonsense* from hole-and-corner and lawn-sleeve men; and presents a series of peculiarly strong and quotable lines, to engraft on the common sense of the free-minded, honest, and open-hearted of my countrymen. If it aids them in the occasional illustration and emphatic expression

of their opinions, the pains I have taken will be rewarded.

There is another reason for publishing this satire, besides the revival of Priestcraft. Its twinbrother is alive. Kingcraft rears up its terrific mass, muffled in the mantle of Legitimacy; its head cowled and crowned, and dripping with the holy oil of Divine Right; its eyes glaring deadly hate to human happiness; its lips demanding worship for itself. Denouncing dreadful curses against the free, and yelling forth threatenings and slaughter, it stamps with its hoof, and coils together its frightful force to fall on young Liberty and squelch it. Its red right-arm is bared for the butchery of the brave who love Freedom and dare contend for it. It has prepared its chains and dug its dungeons, erected its scaffolds, and sharpened its axes for the wise and excellent of the earth; and its bloody banners are unfurled in insolent anticipation of unholy triumph!—

> ——— Still monarchs dream
> Of universal empire growing up
> From universal ruin! Blast the design,
> Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall,
> Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!

So prayed the Bishop of London, (Porteus—not Howley) and so fervently prays,

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE SPIRIT
OF DESPOTISM.

The above Rare and Extraordinary Book was privately printed in 1795, without the name of either printer or bookseller, and so effectually suppressed, that there are only two copies of it besides my own in existence.

Its real value consists in exhibiting an entire and luminous view of the causes and consequences of Despotic Power. Its enthusiastic and glowing love of Liberty is unexcelled by any work written since; and for clearness, richness, and beauty of style, it is superior to every production of the Press within the same period. All that the author touches, he turns into gold. I regret to say that most probably I shall never be at liberty to disclose his name.

Naturally desirous that such a work should be perused by all England, I have reprinted it, verbatim, from my own copy; and, although containing as much in quantity as a volume of Gibbon's History of Rome, it is sold for *Eighteen-pence*.

WILLIAM HONE.

*** The *French*, instantly perceiving the transcendent merit of the SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM, and its high importance at this crisis, have *translated* it into their language, and it is now read throughout France with the greatest avidity. I intreat some good *Neapolitan* to be the benefactor of his Countrymen in like manner. It should be in the hands of the free, and those who desire to be free, in all nations:—*Austria*, for instance.

THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

BOOK I.

Thus Kings were first invented, and thus Kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs that have but croak'd and died!

COWPER.

Original Power—The ancient Gods—Tyrant-kings—The Apotheosis of James II. in the Chapel Royal—Charles II.—Paternal Government—God prescribed no Rules of Government—Origin of Kings—Saul.

ARISE, O Satire!—tune thy useful song,
Silence grows criminal, when crimes grow strong;
Of meaner vice, and villains, sing no more,
But Monsters crown'd, and Crime enrobed with Power!
At vice's high IMPERIAL throne begin,
Relate the *ancient* prodigies of sin;
With pregnant phrase, and strong impartial verse,
The crimes of men, and crimes of Kings rehearse!
What though thy labour shall to *us* be vain,
And the World's bondage must *its time* remain;

Let willing slaves in golden fetters lie,
There's none can save the men who *will* to die.
Yet some there are that would not tamely bow,
Who fain would break their chains, if they knew how;
And these, from thy inspired lines, may see,
How they choose bondage when they may go free.

He that can levy War with all mankind,
Retard the day-spring of the human mind;
Buy Justice, sell Oppression, bribe the Law,
Exalt the Fool, and keep the Wise in awe;
With pious Peter,* cant of heaven's commands,
Pray with his lips, and murder with his hands;
Insult the wretched, trample on the poor,
And mock the miseries mankind endure;
Can ravage countries, property devour,
And trample Law beneath the *feet of Power*;
Scorn the restraint of oaths and promised Right,†
And ravel compacts in the people's sight;

---

* Peter the Cruel, King of Castile. He married the daughter of a Duke of Bourbon, whom he divorced, in order to renew his connexion with a former mistress. His excesses occasioned the people to dethrone him. He affected piety, and to govern by divine right!

† *Despots seldom keep engagements.*—The People of Prussia have a '*promised right*' from their king of some years standing. After the Battle of Waterloo, he promised them a *Constitution*—but became a member of the *Holy Alliance*. In 1814, this king, with another of the fraternity, the Emperor of Russia, was entertained at an expense of 20,038*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* in Guildhall London, by the Corporation in Common Council assembled, who also presented addresses of congratulation to the worthies, on their having contributed, by encaging Napoleon, to restore what the addresses called, "*the* LEGITIMATE *dynasties*." The result

That thing's *a* TYRANT!—and that *People* FOOLS,
Who basely bend to be that Tyrant's tools!
Examine then the early course of things,
And search the ancient roll of Tyrant Kings,
When the first man usurp'd upon his kind,
Assumed exotick right, assuming reigned;
Supreme in wickedness, more wicked grew;
First *forced* a homage, then decreed it *due.*
Trace the first Tyrants to their fancied thrones,
Placed in that heaven that all their crimes disowns:—
If in the Royal lists some monsters reign'd,
Abhorr'd by heaven, and hated by mankind,
By lust and blood exalted to a throne,
For all the exquisites of Tyrant known,
The meaner name of monarch they despise,
Alive, usurp the throne, and dead, the skies;
Above the clouds th' incarnate devil stands,
And nations worship with polluted hands!
Old Saturn, Bacchus, and high-thundering Jove,
And all the rabble of the Gods above,
Whose names for their immortal crimes are fear'd,
Monarchs and Tyrant-princes first appear'd;

---

is, that the *legitimate* Emperor of Russia backs the crusade on *the People* of Naples; and the *legitimate* king of Prussia is as little inclined to let the Prussians have a Constitution, as the Corporation of London find it convenient to return the 14,000*l.* of the Bridge-House money which they borrowed towards paying for the feast. The '*company they kept*,' and the money they owe in consequence, must be a satisfactory, because the *only* apology from the metropolis of the most free country in Europe, to the Neapolitans, for not assisting them in defending their national Independence, and their new-born Liberty, against the combined attack of "*the* LEGITIMATE *dynasties.*"

By rapes and blood the path to greatness stain'd,
By rapes and blood the glittering station gain'd;
Succeeding knaves succeeding Gods became,
And sin aspired to an immortal name!

The mighty wretches dwell among the stars,
And vice in virtue's glorious robes appears;
And Poets celebrate their praises there,
As Indians worship Devils that they fear!

Yet let us look around the world awhile,
And find a Patron-God for Albion's Isle;
Has she so many Tyrants borne in vain?
Has she no Star in the celestial train?
Heaven knows, the difficulty only lies,
In who's the fittest monster for the skies!—
Satire, reflect with care, due caution give,
Some ——— are dead, beware of those that live.
If thou too near the present age begin,
Truth will be crime, and courage will be sin!

Look back two ages, see where shines on high
Great JAMES, the modern Bacchus of the sky;
But give him time before his ghost appear,
Lest his uneasy fame bewray his fear:
Alive, the patron of the tim'rous race,
Fear in his head, and frenzy in his face;
His constellation, were it felt beneath,
Would make men strive to die—for fear of death!
His exaltation with his crimes begin,
See how we worship in his *House of Sin*,
Aloft—we view the Bacchanalian King;
Below—the sacred anthems daily sing;
His vast excess the pencil's art displays,
And triumphs in the clouds above our praise:

What can, with equal force, devotion move,
We pray below, and *He's* debauch'd above!*
Look lower down the galaxy and see,
In yon crown'd Goat another Deity;
His orgied reel and lecherous leer outvie
The old Priapian glory of the sky;
His furious lusts the other Gods deface
And spread his viler image through the place;
On obscene altars blaze unholy fires
To him, the God of all unchaste desires!†

---

* The Banquetting House at Whitehall is now the Chapel Royal, where sermons are preached and Divine service is sung by the choir of the king's household. On the floor, are the pews for the congregation, the pulpits of the clergy, the altar with the sacramental vessels, and the other arrangements for sacred worship. On the ceiling, the apotheosis of King James the First, painted by Rubens, represents the king in different situations crowned with the triumphs of drunkenness.

James the First held the highest notions concerning Divine Right. He had a mighty desire to be a great tyrant, but was merely a great driveller. He said on a certain occasion that "*there is an implicit tie among* KINGS, *which obligeth them, though there be no other interest or particular engagement, to stick to, and* RIGHT ONE ANOTHER, *upon an insurrection of subjects.*"—HOWELL'S *Letters*, B. 1. §. 2. Letter iii.

This obligation among kings *to right one another*, flows from their 'Right Divine to govern wrong!' The *implicit tie* to suffocate liberty, wherever it appears, is co-eval with tyranny—but it was never *openly* avowed until the present concert of kings. The Holy-Alliance is—*Despotism shewing itself.*

† It was for *this* king, Charles II., that the phrase, "*our* RELIGIOUS *king*," was invented by the *Bishops*.

If such Vicegerents are by Heaven appointed,
The Devil himself may be the Lord's anointed!

De Foe.

We turn disgusted from the contemplation
Nor seek more royal samples of our nation;
But leave Posterity to find the place
Of other heroes, of another race.
Europe, thy thrones have many a name in store,
As bright in guilt as any crown'd before;
Who, turn'd to Gods, shall shine in Poets' rhymes,
And faithful Hist'ry shall record their crimes.
The first *Paternal* ruler of mankind
That e'er by primogenial title reign'd,
In dignity of government was high
But all his kingdom was his family.
His subjects—were his household and his wife;
His power—to regulate their way of life;
His sway—extended not beyond his gate;
That was the limit—of his regal state;
And every son might from his rule divide,
Be King himself, and by himself preside;
And when he died, the government went on
In natural succession to his son.
Next Families of mutual love and unity
Together join'd for friendship and *community;*
Form'd Laws, and *then* the natural order was
To trust some man to execute the Laws.
Hence him they best could trust, they trusted—chose;
And thus a *Nation* and a chief arose,
Both constituted by a mutual trust;
The people honest and the ruler just.*
'Tis plain, when man came from his Maker's hand,
He left him free, and at his own command;

* No hereditary king ever reigned in the world, but to govern by laws and constitutions which were established *before* he came to be king.—Coke's *Detection*, vol. i. p. 13.

Gave him the light of nature to direct,
And reason,* nature's errors to inspect;
No rules of Government were e'er set down,
Nature was furnish'd to direct her own;
The high unerring light of Providence,
Left that to latent cause and consequence.
Society to regulation tends,
As naturally as means pursue their ends;
The wit of man could never yet invent,
A way of life without a government;
And government has always been begun,
In those who, to be govern'd, *gave* the crown.
He that would other schemes of rule contrive
And search for powers the people could not give,
Must seek a spring which can those powers convey,
And seek a People too that will obey.
At length *paternal* rule was less complete,
And as mankind increas'd became unfit;
The petty Lords grow quarrelsome and proud,
And plunge their little governments in blood.

* Reason is the image of God stamped upon man at his birth, the understanding breathed into him with the breath of life, and in the participation of which alone he is raised above the brute creation, and his own physical nature!—Reason is the queen of the moral world, the soul of the universe, the lamp of human life, the pillar of society, the foundation of law, the beacon of nations, the golden chain let down from heaven, which links all animated and all intelligent natures in one common system—and, in the vain strife between fanatic innovation and fanatic prejudice, we are exhorted to dethrone this queen of the world, to blot out this light of the mind, to deface this fair column, to break in pieces this golden chain!—*Hazlitt's Political Essays*, p. 57.

The factious rivals on pretence of *right*,
Urge on the people to contend and fight;
Invaded weakness to brute force submits,
Oppression rages, honesty retreats,
Justice gives way to power, and power prevails,
And universal slavery entails.
Thus broils arose, and thus the ends of life
Are miss'd in Wars and undecided strife!
Scotland, till late, exemplified the plan,
In many a feud, in many a Highland clan.
The Chief with whoop and whistling trumpet shrill,
Summons his slaves from ev'ry neighb'ring hill;
Tells them, his foeman's bull has stol'n his cow,
And dire revenge th' obedient vassals vow;
With mighty targe, and basket-hilted knife,
Battle and blood decide the petty strife;
The namelings fight, because the lord commands,
And wild confusion rules th' ungovern'd lands!
The *hunter-tribes*, at first, wild beasts pursued,
And then to chase mankind they left the wood;
Became Banditti, Captains, Chieftains, Kings,
And Tyrants, by the natural course of things!
As he that ravaged most could rule the best,
So he grown King that first subdued the rest,
By fraud and force his *guilty power* maintains,
Wheedles mankind to please themselves with chains,
With selfish Kingcraft calls it RIGHT DIVINE,*
And subtle Priestcraft sanctifies his *line*.

* PRIESTCRAFT *n. s.* [*priest* and *craft*.] Religious frauds; management of wicked priests to gain power.—*Johnson*.
KINGCRAFT *n. s.* [*king* and *craft*.] *Royal* frauds; management of wicked *kings* to gain power.

The

"Kings are as Gods."—Indeed!—why then they must
Like God be *sacred*,—but like God be *just*.
If in a King a vicious lust prevails,
The people see it, and the Godship fails. *

The greatest curses any age have known
Have issued from the temple, or the throne;
Extent of ill from kings at first begins,
But priests must aid, and consecrate their sins.
The tortured subject might be heard complain,
When sinking under a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious, might perhaps repine,
When tax'd to dow'r a titled concubine,
But the priest christens all a *Right Divine!*
Hor. Walpole's Epistle from Florence.

* The time has been when rulers have actually claimed the title of *God's vicegerents*, and have been literally worshipped as gods by the servile crew of courtiers;—men gradually bowed down by despotism from the erect port of native dignity, and driven, by fear, to crouch under the most degrading of all superstition, the political idolatry of a base fellow-creature.—After all the language of court adulation, the praises of poets and orators, the statues and monuments erected to their fame, the malignant consequences of their actions prove them to have been no other than conspirators against the improvement and happiness of the human race. What were their means of conducting their governments, of exercising this office of Heaven's vicegerents? Crafty, dishonest arts, oppression, extortion, and, above all, *fire* and *sword*. They dared to ape the thunder and lightning of Heaven, and, assisted by the machinations of the grand adversary of man, rendered their imitative contrivances for destruction more terrible and deadly than the original. Their imperial robe derived its deep crimson colour from human blood; and the gold and diamonds of their diadems were accumulated treasures wrung from the famished bowels of the poor, born only

Talks he of 'sacred' *then*,—the man's a fool;
His high pretence a joke and ridicule;
Abandon'd to his crimes he soon will find
Himself abandon'd too, by all mankind;
With th' Assyrian Monarch turn'd to grass,
As much a Tyrant, and as much an ass!

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to toil for others, to be robbed, to be wounded, to be trodden under foot, and forgotten in an early grave. How few, in comparison, have reached the age of three score and ten, and yet, in the midst of youth and health, their days have been full of labour and sorrow. Heaven's vicegerents seldom bestowed a thought upon them, except when it was necessary either to inveigle or to force them to take the sword and march to slaughter. Where God caused the sun to shine gaily, and scattered plenty over the land, his vicegerents diffused famine and solitude. The valley, which laughed with corn, they watered with the tear of artificial hunger and distress; the plain that was bright with verdure, and gay with flowerets, they dyed red with gore. They operated on the world as the blast of an east wind, as a pestilence, as a deluge, as a conflagration.—It is an incontrovertible axiom, that all who are born into the world, have a right to be as happy in it as the unavoidable evils of nature, and their own disordered passions will allow. The grand object of all good government, of all government that is not an usurpation, must be to promote this happiness, to assist every individual in its attainment and security. A government chiefly anxious about the emoluments of office, chiefly employed in augmenting its own power, and aggrandizing its obsequious instruments, while it neglects the comfort and safety of individuals in middle or low life, is despotic and a nuisance. It is founded on folly as well as wickedness, and, like the freaks of insanity, deals mischief and misery around, without being able to ascertain or limit its extent and duration. If it should not be punished as criminal, let it be coerced as dangerous.

Spirit of Despotism, p. 90.

Externals take from *Majesty*, the rest
Is but—a thing at which we laugh—*a jest!*
Let us to Scripture History appeal,
And see what truths its ancient rolls reveal:—
That great authority which Tyrants boast,
As most confirming, will confound them most!
When Israel with unheard of murmurs first,
Pray'd to indulgent Heaven they might be curst,
Rejected God, scorn'd his Almighty rule,
And made themselves their children's ridicule,
A standing banter, future ages' jest,
As damn'd to slavery at their own request—
With what just arguments did Samuel plead,
Give them the Tyrant's character to read;
Explain the lust of an ungovern'd man,
Show them the danger, preach to them in vain;
Tell them the wretched things they'd quickly find,
Within the pleasing name of King combined;
Deign with their 'wilder'd crowds t' expostulate,
And open all the dangers of their fate!—
Yet they sought ruin with unwearied pains,
And begg'd for fetters, slavery, and *chains!*
But, it's replied, heaven heard its suppliant's prayer,
Itself chose out the King, and plac'd him there;
Disown'd the People's right, and fix'd their choice
In providence, and not the people's voice;
From whence the claim of *right* by regal line,
Made *Israel's* Kings be Kings by *Right Divine.*
Yes, Saul *was* King by God's immediate hand—
But *'twas in judgment to afflict the land!*
In granting He corrected the request,
A king He gave them, but *withheld the rest*;

Gave all that they pretended to require,
But in the gift he punish'd the desire;
He gave a *plague*, the very selfsame thing
They *ask'd*, when they petition'd for a King!
For 'tis remarkable when Samuel saw,
They'd have a King in spite of sense or law,
He told the *consequences* to the land,
And all the mischiefs that the *Word* contain'd;
Told them, that Kings were instruments design'd,
Not to improve, but to correct mankind!
Told them the Tyrant would insult their peace,
And plunder them of all their happiness!
Told them, that Kings were but exalted thieves,
Would rob men first, and then would make them slaves!
Then drew the picture of a monster crown'd,
Ask'd them, if such a villain could be found,*
Whether they'd like him, and their tribute bring?
They answer, YES:—let *such* a man be King!
And is a Tyrant King your early choice?
"*Be* KINGS *your plague!*" said the Eternal's voice;

* It is remarkable, that a king scarcely ever exercised tyrannical power over the people, but it was mingled with ungoverned vice in himself. Men of virtue and moderation seldom, if ever, turn tyrants. Despotic rule gives the reins to lust, and makes the errors of government, and the crimes of life, mix together. It is the high road to cruelty and brutalising selfishness.—A king of France took out his watch when he guessed that the axe was cutting off the head of his favorite, and said, 'My *dear friend* must make a sad figure just now!'—A hill in Richmond Park is still shewn as remarkable for having been the station from whence Henry VIII. eagerly looked out for the ascent of a rocket at London, announcing to the impatient tyrant the precise moment when one of his wives was suffering death on the scaffold!

And with this mighty curse he gave the crown,
And Saul, to Israel's terror, mounts the throne!
Now, Muse, the parallel with caution bring,
On what *condition* was this man their King?
Tho' *Heaven* declar'd him, heaven itself set down
The sacred *Postulata* of the crown;
Samuel examin'd first the high record,
Then dedicates the substance to the Lord.
This is the *coronation-oath*, the bond,
The steps on which the throne and kingdom stand;
For which, by future Kings unjustly broke,
God, and the *People*, mighty vengeance took!*

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* *Samuel told the people the* MANNER *of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book and laid it up before the Lord.* (1 Samuel, x. 25.) It is plain, the word *manner* signifies the *constitution* of the government, or the *conditions* on which Saul was to be king, namely, according to justice and law; and this is meant in frequent expressions, by *going in and out before them*, referring to *justice being executed in the gates*, and peace and war; the king was to lead them in one, and direct in the other. This *manner* of the kingdom was *told to all the people*, and that implied, that *the consent of the people* was requisite to make him king, without which, though Samuel had anointed him, he was not owned by the Israelites, but went about his private affairs till after the victory over the Ammonites. *Then* the *manner* of the kingdom was written in a book—a token of its being a *compact* between Saul and the people; and Samuel's laying it up before the Lord, is equivalent to an oath recorded on both sides; for it was there as *a witness between the king and the people*, and served both as their oath of allegiance, and his oath of government.—All this being done, what followed? *All the people went to Gilgal, and there* THEY (mark the word) *made Saul king*.—(1 SAMUEL, xi. 15.)

Then mark the needful steps to make him King,
How sacred ends, concurring means must bring;
Not Samuel's ointment, not the mighty lot,
Could make him King, nor force his title out.
The people like not his mechanic race,
They see no greatness in his youthful face:—
"Is this the monarch shall our foes destroy,
Does heaven design to rule us by a *boy?*"
The flouting Rabbies cry! "We scorn to own,
A man that has no merit for a crown.
Our King must lead the glorious tribes to fight,
And chase the thousands of the Ammonite;
His pers'nal valour must our triumphs bring,
'Tis such a man we want, and such a King."
Away they go, *reject* his government,
Not Heav'n's high choice could force their *due consent!*
Samuel submits, adjourns the strong debate,
Suspends the King he offered to create;
Owns *their dislike's a high material thing,*
That *their* CONSENT *alone could make him King!*
Why did not God displeasure then express,
Resent the slight, and punish their excess;
Extort obedience by express command,
And crown his choice by his immediate hand;
Destroy the Rebels with his blasting breath,
And punish early treason with their death;
With mighty thunders *his* new King proclaim,
And force the trembling tribes to do the same?
Because He knew it was the course of things,
And *Nature's law,* that men should *choose* their Kings;

He knew the early dictate was *his own*,
That *reason* acted from *himself* alone.*
" 'Tis just," says the Almighty Power, " and sense,"
(For *actions are the words of Providence;*
The mouth of consequences speaks aloud,
And Nature's language is the voice of God:)
" 'Tis just," says he, " the people should be shown,
The man that *wears* it, can *deserve* the crown.
Merit will make my choice appear so just,
They'll own him fit for the intended trust;
Confirm by reason my exalted choice,
And make him King by all the people's voice.
Let Ammon's troops my people's tents invade,
And Israel's trembling sons, to fear betray'd,

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* It is alledged, that the vulgar are not capable of judging concerning principles of government; I answer, they are then not capable of being guilty of transgression; for where there is a want of capacity of judgment, there can be no sin. This is a dangerous argument, my Lords, and exposes government to the violence of every one who can overturn it with impunity. You have no defence against any person in this case who is resolute, except superior strength; for the gallows will not frighten a man who is not conscious of guilt, if he has any degree of natural fortitude. Try to persuade the vulgar that there is any case in which they cannot sin, and you will soon perceive what operation it will have upon them. But when you tell them they are not judges of your manœuvres of state, they will soon tell you that they cannot transgress what they do not understand: and that you require of them more than the Deity requires of them, or even supposes; for he requires no duty without first allowing men to judge of his laws, and makes no laws beyond the reach of their understandings.

Sermons to Asses, (*Ministers of State,*) p. 57.

Fly from th' advancing legions in the fright,
Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite;
I'll spirit Saul, and arm his soul for war,
The boy they scorn, shall in the field appear;
I'll teach the inexperienced youth to fight,
And flesh him with the slaughter'd Ammonite.
The general suffrage then he'll justly have
To rule the people he knows how to save;
Their willing voices all the tribes will bring,
And make my chosen hero be their King."
He speaks, and all the high events obey,
The mighty voice of Nature leads the way;
The troops of Ammon Israel's tents invade,
His mighty fighting sons, to fear betray'd,
Fly from th' advancing squadrons in the fright,
'Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite.
Saul rouzes; God had arm'd his soul for war;
The boy they scorn'd does in the field appear;
His pers'nal merit now bespeaks the throne,
He beats the enemy, and *wears* his crown.
The willing tribes their purchased suffrage bring,
Their universal voice proclaims him King.
As if Heaven's call had been before in vain,
Saul from this proper minute, dates his reign.
The text is plain, and proper to the thing,
Not GOD—but all THE PEOPLE made him *King!*

END OF BOOK I.

THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

BOOK II.

THE KING is ours
T' *administer*, to guard, t' adorn the State,
But not to warp or *change* it.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your *Loyalty* and ours.
Our love is *principle*, and has its root
In reason; is judicious, manly, free:
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot, that treads it in the dust.

The Duty of Resistance to Tyrants—Law—Custom—Packed Juries—The Custom of Kings to tyrannize—The Custom of the People to dethrone them instanced in James II.—Rehoboam—Royalty a trust.

WERE I permitted to inspect the rolls,
Th' eternal archives, hid beyond the poles;
The cause of causes could I but survey,
And see how consequences there obey:
This should be first of all that I'd enquire,
And this to know, the bounds of my desire—
Why Justice reels beneath the blows of might,
And Usurpation sets her foot on right;
Why fame bestows her ill-deserv'd applause,
When outrage triumphs over nature's laws;

Why heaven permits the worst of men to rule,
And binds the wise man to obey the fool;*

* It is difficult to avoid laughing at the *extreme ignorance of crowned heads* themselves, in despotic countries, when one contrasts it with the importance they assume, and the pomp and splendour with which they transfer their royal persons from place to place. The sight is truly ludicrous. Are these the men, *occupied, as they usually are, in the meanest trifles and the most degrading pleasures,* who tell us that the government over which they preside, is a perfect system, and that *the wisest philosopher knows not how to govern mankind;* that is, to consult their happiness and security, so well as themselves, neglected as they have been in youth, and corrupted in manhood by panders to their vices, and flatterers of their foibles, their pride, and their ambition? There is reason to believe that *many kings in despotic kingdoms, have been worse educated, and possess less abilities, than a common charity-boy, trained in a parish school to read and write.* *Spirit of Despotism.*

An Anecdote, containing the *thoughts* of a Despot is a treat. It appears from the Emperor of Austria heading the Holy Alliance against Naples with our money in his pockets, as well as from a letter dated Laybach, 28th January, 1821, that his Majesty has the *horrors.* The letter states, that when the Professors of the Lyceum at Laybach were presented to him, he made this *nervous* speech:—

"Gentlemen—The students of Carniola have always deserved praise, *(from which their progress in useful knowledge may be inferred).* Endeavour to preserve for them this good character, *(modern Bœotians).* Remain ever faithful to what is ancient, *(Tyranny);* for what is ancient is good, *(he means for himself);* and our ancestors *(his Ancestors)* ever found it so. Why should it not be the same to us? *(The throne-men).* People *(tyrant-haters)* are occupied elsewhere *(at Naples)* with new notions *(principles of liberty),* that I *(heigh Oh!)* cannot approve, *(cannot help);* and never shall approve, *(Royal till death).* From such notions *(political truth)* preserve yourselves, *(God pre-*

Why its own thunder does not strike the crown,
And from the stools of pow'r thrust Tyrants down;
Why it pursues the murd'rer's meaner crime,
But leaves exalted criminals to time?
Kings spurn at limitations, laws, and rules,
And rob mankind—because mankind are fools;
Wheedled to act against their common sense,
To jumble tyranny with providence;

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serve the Emperor); attach yourselves to nothing but what is positive, *(Despotism)*. I do not want learned men *(the students at Copenhagen on the king's birth-day, January* 2nd, 1821, *shouted* "Vivat Rex;" *the soldiers, not understanding Loyalty in Latin, and, supposing the students uttered* seditious cries, *dispersed them with their sabres and killed four:* ergo *Steel is stronger than Latin)*. I want only loyal and good subjects, *(implicitly obedient slaves)*; and it is your part to *(become drill serjeants, and)* form them *(into line)*. He who serves *(implicitly obeys)*, will instruct, *(that is—keep the students stupid)* according to my orders; and whoever feels himself incapable of that, *(non-instruction,)* and embraces novel ideas, *(knowledge,)* had better depart—or I shall myself remove him, *(by putting something into his head!)*.

This is a fine and perfect specimen of *legitimate* mind; and here is another:—At the Museum of Bologna the Professors of the University shewed this same Emperor one of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamps, and informed him that the Englishman its inventor, had, by his numerous discoveries, produced a revolution in science. At the word *revolution* the countenance of the Emperor changed; he *rumped* the attendant, and said, the King of England would no doubt feel the consequences of his condescension to his unruly subjects; but, as to himself, he should take proper care not to suffer any of *his* subjects to make revolutions!—"*What is ancient is good.*" Stick to that, Despots! Your ancestors, 'an please your Majesties, groped without *safety lamps*—I pray that you may, till you be no more.

To hope from God what God expects from them,
For what they ought to do, look up to Him;
Leave unperform'd the duties which they know,
And *lift up* hands they should *employ* below!
Christians must no more miracles expect,
The men that *will* be slaves, He'll not protect;
God never will our base petitions hear,
Till *our endeavours* supersede our prayer;
Not always *then;* but nation's may be sure,
The *willing* bondage *ever* shall endure.
They that would have His power to be their friend,
Must, with what power they have, their right defend.*
The laws of God, God makes us understand,
The laws of Nature never countermand.
Nature prescribes, for 'tis prescrib'd to sense,
Her first of laws to man—is self-defence.
This then is *Law* to man, from God on high,
Resisting live—or *unresisting* die!
He always works by *means,* and *means* he'll bless,
With approbation, often with *success.*
Nor prayers nor tears will revolutions make,
Tyrants pull down, or irksome bondage break;
'Tis *our own business;* and He lets us know,
What *is* our business, he expects we'll *do.*
Tyrants sometimes in Revolutions fall,
Though their destruction's not design'd at all;
So hasty show'rs, when they from heav'n flow down,
Are sent to fructify, and not to drown;

* God punishes bad kings and oppressors, as he does the rest of mankind—through his instruments, The People. It is the only way by which he has ever made an example of tyrants as a terror to others.

And, in the torrent, if a drunkard sink,
'Tis not the flood that drowns him, but the drink;
Yet who would say, because a *sinner's* slain,
For fear of drowning, *we* must have *no rain*.

It's doubtful who live most unnatural lives,
The subject that his liberty survives,
Or kings that trample law and freedom down,
And make free justice truckle to the crown.

Law is the master-spring of government—
The only *Right Divine* that heaven has sent,*

* The tyrant Henry VIII., by making himself the head of the Church, clearly begat the *Right Divine*. The King could give bishoprics, and the Bishops could give opinions. "Your Majesty is the breath of our nostrils," said Bishop Neil to James I., and speaking of himself and brethren as to worldly advantages, he certainly spoke the truth. Before the Kings of England were heads of the Church we heard little of *divine right*, and sometimes the Church itself was seen on the side of freedom; since that time, never. The doctrine in England, that the King can do no wrong, supposes the *positive* responsibility of his Ministers. But, that it is a dangerous licence of language, is witnessed in a Right Reverend exposition of this kingly privilege in regard to Adultery. The Bishop leaped from political to moral delinquency, with a casuistry worthy an admirer of the royal power of *translation*. The Abbe de Choisy, a Priest of the same school as the British Father in God, though not of the same church, dedicated an edition of Thomas à Kempis, on the 'Imitation of *Christ*' to Madame de Maintenon, a courtesan and mistress to Louis XIV., prefixing this motto: "Hear oh! daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; *so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty!*" Psa. xlv. 10, 11.

The *Court's* a golden but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils

It forms the order of the world below,
And all our blessings from that order flow.
Law is the life-blood of the social state ;
Subordinate to law is magistrate ;
To set the magistrate above the law,
Would all to error and confusion draw,
He's not a king that's not prescribed by laws—
King's, the *effect*, but government's the *cause*.
Of all authority for Right Divine,
Custom's the worst, for every royal line.
The still-born Ignorance of antiquity,
Quirk'd into life to cozen freemen by,
Lawyers call *Custom ;* and, for custom, draw
On custom still, to still call custom, *Law !*
So 'rules' the *Bench*, and so the maxim takes,
The fault one age commits, no age forsakes !
Begot by fools, maintain'd by knaves and fools,
Improved by craft in error's public schools ;
With shifting face, with loose and stammering tongue,
The juggling fraud has plagued the world too long ;
Modern encroachments on our freedom makes,
And backs it with our fathers' old mistakes :
As if our rev'rence, to their virtues due,
Should recommend their crimes and follies too !
This vapour *Custom*, this mere wand'ring cloud
Puffs the crown'd wretch, and helps to make him proud.
Persuades him to believe it must be true,
Homage to Law, becomes the *Tyrant's* due !

In crystal forms, sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre.

Anon. quoted by Dr. Watts.

Thus Priestcraft preaches, and thus Lawyers draw
An after age, to call a custom—*Law*!
And yet this boasted, ever-quoted thing,
Fails in the point—fails to support the king:
For though by *custom*, kings have learn'd to ride
A few vile minions, to support their pride,
The people always have opposed the cheat,
It never was *their custom* to submit;
The *Practice* of the people made the name,
For practices and customs are the same;
And *custom* this one mighty truth will tell,
When kings grow tyrants, nations will rebel.
The people may, for *custom* gives assent,
Dethrone the *man*, to save the *Government*!
If any say the *practice* is not so,
Let them to *England* for examples go.
England the *Right Divine of kings* profess'd*
And all the marks of slavery caress'd;
Long courted chains, but 'twas in court disguise,
And holy fraud conceal'd the sacred lies—
The CHURCH the *mountebank*, the KING the *jest*,
The *wheedled monarch*, and the *wheedling priest*!
James proved the patient, crouching, loyal tribe,
But let his *fate* their *loyalty* describe!

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* Sir Robert Filmer, the great champion of Divine Right having defended it in print, Algernon Sidney drew out a system of original power, and government according to the laws of God, nature, and reason. Before it was finished, the friends of Divine Right seized the manuscript, and finding Sidney's arguments unanswerable, they laid aside the work, and fell upon the man; —so they cut off his head, merely because they could not answer his book.

With life-and-fortune, churchmen back'd the crown,*
In crushing all men's freedom but their own.
Then, under colour or pretence of law,
Villains their victims to the shambles draw,
Where sat the scoundrel Chief in ermined pride,
And a pack'd jury in the box beside.
The farce commences—justice heaves a groan—
The case is clear—a verdict for the Crown!
When noble RUSSELL and brave SIDNEY fell,
JUDGES *themselves* rung out LAW's *funeral knell!*

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* A Courtier's loyalty is charmingly pictured in the portrait of Bubb Doddington, drawn by himself in his celebrated *Diary*. He was by trade a Boroughmonger, and his stock consisted of six *Members* in the House of Commons, which he jobbed about and sold to the best bidder. At the close of his bargain and sale of the whole in a lump to the Duke of Newcastle for the king's service, there is a *finish* which renders the painting a fine and matchless *Cabinet* specimen.—Bubb, who had been in disgrace at court for selling them elsewhere, said to the duke, "I knew I had given no *just* cause of offence, but that *I could not justify it with* HIS MAJESTY; that it was ENOUGH that HE (*the king*) WAS DISPLEASED, to make *me* think that *I* WAS IN THE WRONG, and to beg Him to forget it: *I would not even be* IN THE RIGHT *against* HIM!" The duke was delighted with this loyal and dutiful submission. Bubb says, "*He took me up in his arms, and* KISSED ME TWICE!" and Bubb was rewarded for laying his six members of the honorable house at the foot of the throne with the price he stipulated for—namely, the treasurership of the navy, and a peerage! The story was beautifully and most impressively related by the excellent-hearted and inflexible JOHN HUNT, in his noble and *successful* defence, on the trial of an *ex officio* information for words in the Examiner charged not as false, but as libellous on the Honorable House.

Yet when *their own* destruction they foresaw,
The *passive* knaves cried *Liberty and Law!*
Took from their *best of Kings* his *Right Divine*,
And abrogated fealty to the line;
They made a *precedent*, dropp'd T from TREASON,
And found the *best of words* behind it—REASON!
The crown's a symbol, that the people meant,
To mark their choice, or form of government;*
The crown is theirs, and this has been their plan,
To make the *office* sacred, not the *man*:
Hence, if a tyrant on the throne appears,
The place is vacant, and the crown is theirs.
David, the patient tribes too much oppress,
Vex'd them with tribute, and deny'd them rest;
Harass'd the land with imposts and alarms,
Taxing and fighting—money! and to arms!
His son, however wise, disturbed their peace,
With taxes for his sumptuous palaces;

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* All *Majesty* is derived from *Law* founded on right reason. A strength beyond that is mere force. The Magistrate formerly had no Majesty but while engaged in magisterial duties. His real dignity consisting in his legal authority.

When the ancient parliaments of France met according to the constitution annually, the king went to meet the members seated in a waggon drawn by oxen, which a waggoner drove with his goad to the parliament house; but he was in no *state* until he was seated there, robed and crowned, and sceptred. And, indeed, in that place only, where the great affairs of the Commonwealth are transacted, can it be said, that *Real Majesty* does truly and properly reside; and not where the king plays, or dances, or prattles with his women, when the vulgar are always styling him, *your Majesty*.

Hotoman's Franco-gallia, p. 73.

His love of women and his garish state,
His love of pomp and show, and looking great;
His building projects, and his vast designs,
Too vast for all the gold of Ophir's mines,
The people's hearts dismay'd, their feelings pain'd,
Their love unsettled, and their treasures drain'd.*
By two such vig'rous monarchs long oppress,
The next that came they loyally address;
Implored his gracious majesty would please
To tax them less, and let them live in peace.
The son of Solomon with anger hears
The people dare to offer him their pray'rs,
Spurns their Address, his rage no bounds restrain,
And thus he gives his answer with disdain:—
"I bear from *Heaven* the ensigns of my sway,
My business is to rule, and your's obey:
Therefore your scandalous *Address* withdraw,
'Tis my command, and my command's your law:
Sedition grows from seeds of discontent,
And *faction always snarls at government*:
But since my throne from God alone I hold,
To Him alone my councils I unfold;
My resolutions he has made your laws,
You are to know my actions, He the cause!

* Solomon could have but two occasions for money; one for his costly buildings, the other for his numerous women, for he never had any wars. To the expense of his buildings the kings of other countries contributed largely; so that it must have been his excesses in women, and other luxurious indulgences, that caused him to oppress the people with heavy burdens of taxes.

Wherefore I *stoop*, to let you understand,
I *double* all the taxes of the land.
And if your discontents and feuds remain,
PETITION—*and I'll double them again!*
The mild correction which my Father gave,
Has spoil'd the people he design'd to save;
You murmur'd then, but had you thus been used,
You'd ne'er his easy clemency abused!"
The injured people, treated with disdain,
Found their *Petitions* and *Addresses* vain!
Long had they made submissions to the crown,
And long the love of Liberty had known;
The kings they ask'd of God had let them see,
What God himself foretold of tyranny.
The father had exhausted all their stores,
With costly houses, and more costly whores;
But doubly robb'd by his encroaching son,
They rather chose to die, than be undone;
And, thus resolving, by a single stroke,
Ten tribes revolted, and their bondage broke!
The tyrant, in his sceptred bloated pride,
Believing God and blood upon his side;
To the high altar in a rage repairs,
And rather tells his tale, than makes his prayers:*
"Behold!" says he, "the slaves, o'er whom I reign,
Have made the pow'r I had from Thee in vain;
From thy diviner rule they separate,
And make large schisms both in Church and State;
My just intentions are, with all my force,
To check rebellion in its earliest course;

* The author has taken a poetical licence here. For scripture does not say that Rehoboam prayed to the Lord.

Revenge th' affronts of my insulted throne,
And save thy injured honour, and my own;
And as thy counsels did my fathers bless,
He claims thy help, who does their crown possess!"
Listen ye kings, ye people all rejoice,
And hear the answer of th' Almighty voice:
Tremble, ye tyrants, read the high commands,
In sacred writ the sacred sentence stands!
"*Stir not a foot!* thy new-rais'd troops disband!"
Says THE ETERNAL;—"it is my command!
I raised thy fathers to the Hebrew throne,
I set it up, but you *yourselves* pull down!
For when to them I Israel's sceptre gave,
'Twas not my chosen people to enslave.
My first command no such commission brings,
I made no tyrants, though *I made you kings*;
But you my people vilely have opprest,
And misapplied the powers which you possest.
'Tis Nature's laws the people now direct,
When Nature speaks, I never contradict.
Draw not the sword, thy brethren to destroy,
The liberty they have, they may enjoy;
I ever purposed, and I yet intend,
That what they may enjoy, they may defend;
They have deserted from a misused throne,
"*The thing's from* ME"—the crime is all thy own!"*

* When the ten tribes revolted from Rehoboam, and chose Jeroboam king, there is no doubt they limited him by law; for many years afterwards king Ahab, one of his successors, admiring a herb-garden near to his own palace, applied to the owner, Naboth, and offered him either a vineyard for it, or the worth of it in money; but Naboth would neither exchange nor sell it, and

If kings no more be flatter'd and deceived,
Nor shun too late, the knaves they have believed;
If as 'trustees for *uses*' they agree
To act by limited authority;
Subordination will its order keep,
Ambition die, and all rebellion sleep.
The weeping nations shall begin to laugh,
The subjects easy, and the rulers safe.
Plenty and peace embrace just government,
The king be pleased, the people be content.
If any king is hoodwink'd to believe,
People will blind obedience to him give;
Let him pause long, before he dares to try,
They all by *practice* give their words the lie![*]

Ahab returned home so vexed, that he went to bed and would not eat any thing. Naboth having thus displeased the king, the courtiers got up a charge of *Blasphemy* and *Sedition* against him by means of false witnesses hired on purpose; he was found guilty and executed, and Ahab got possession of the garden, probably as a forfeiture to the crown. It is clear, therefore, that Ahab's power was restrained by law, for it was not until Naboth was murdered *under the forms of law*, that the king could get the poor man's property. Another thing is very remarkable: as soon as the murder was completed, and the king had got the garden, there was an *honest* Father in God, who, instead of saying 'the king could do no wrong,' went to his majesty, charged him with the crime, and denounced his downfall, which happened accordingly, through his listening to flattering ecclesiastics, and his fondness for military affairs. If the Bishop of London should desire to preach on this story, he is informed that he may find it in the Bible, 1 Kings, xxi.

* FLATTERY is a fine picklock of tender ears; especially of those *whom fortun hath borne high upon their wings*, that submit

Art may by mighty dams keep out the tide,
Check the strong current, and its streams divide;
Pen up the rising waters, and deny
The easy waves to glide in silence by:
But if the river is restrain'd too long,
It swells in silence to resent the wrong;
With fearful force breaks opposition down,
And claims its native freedom for its own.
So Tyranny may govern for a time,
Till Nature drowns the tyrants with their crime!

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their dignity and authority to it, *by a soothing of themselves*. For, indeed, men could never be taken in that abundance with the springes of others' flattery, if they began not *there*; if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise but poison. But *now* it is come to that extreme of folly, or rather madness, with some, that *he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to maligu them*.

Ben Jonson.

The ears of kings are so tingled with a continual uniform approbation, that they have scarce any knowledge of true praise. Have they to do with the greatest fool of all their subjects—they have no way to take advantage of him: by the flatterer saying, "It is because he is my *king*," he thinks he has said enough to imply that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and confuses the other true and essential qualities which are sunk deep in the kingship.

Montaigne.

End of Book II.

THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

BOOK III.

——————— Nations would do well
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of HEROES, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their TOY—*The World.*

Tyrants deposed to preserve the Throne—In Europe—In England before the Conquest—By each other since.—No right line any where—Difference between Tyrants and Kings—Government instituted by the People for their own good—Tyrants treat men as cattle to be slaughtered —God decrees their fall—Ordains Revolutions by the People.

SEARCH we the long records of ages past,
Look back as far as antient rolls will last;
Beyond what oldest history relates,
While kings had people, people magistrates;
Nations, e'er since there has been king or crown,
Have pull'd down tyrants to preserve the throne.
The laws of nature then, as still they do,
Taught them, their rights and safety to pursue;
That if a king, who should protect, destroys,
He forfeits all the sanction he enjoys.

There's not a nation ever own'd a crown,
But if their kings opprest them, pull'd them down;
Concurring Providence has been content,
And always blest the action in th' event.

He that, invested with the robes of power,
Thinks 'tis his right the people to devour,
Will always find some stubborn men remain,
That have so little wit, they won't be slain;
Who always turn again when they're opprest,
And basely spoil the gay tyrannic jest;
Tell kings—of *Nature, Laws of God, and Right,*
Take up their arms, and with their tyrants fight.

When passive thousands fall beneath the sword,
And freely die at the imperial word,
A stern, unyielding, self-defending few,
While they resist, will ravel all the clew;
Will all the engines of oppression awe,
And trample pow'r beneath the feet of law.
'Tis always natural for men opprest,
Whene'er occasion offers to resist;
They're traitors else to truth and common sense,
And rebels to the laws of Providence;
'Tis not enough to say, they *may*—they *must;*
The strong necessity declares it just;*
'Tis Heav'n's supreme command to man, and they
Are always blest who that command obey.

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* If it be asked, Who shall be judge? it is plain that God has made Nature judge. If a king make a law, destructive of human society and the general good, may it not be resisted and opposed? "No!" exclaim a junta of holy men, "*it is from* GOD!" What is *Blasphemy?*

So France deposed the Merovingian line,
And banish'd Childrick * lost the right divine;
So Holy League their sacred Henry † slew,
And call'd a counsel to erect a new;
For right divine must still to justice bow,
And people first the right to rule bestow:
So Spain to arbitrary kings inured,
Yet arbitrary Favila‡ abjured;
Denmark four kings deposed, and Poland seven,
Swedeland but one-and-twenty, Spain eleven:
Russia, Demetrius banish'd from the throne,§
And Portugal pull'd young Alphonsus down;

* Childeric I. the son of Merovius, for his lasciviousness, was banished by the great men, and one Egidius, a Gaul, set up in his stead. Childeric II. was banished and deposed by his subjects, and king Pepin reigned in his stead; and so ended the Merovingian family.

† The League deposed Henry III. and declared him a tyrant, a murderer, and incapable to reign, and held frequent counsels with the pope's legate and the Spaniards about settling the crown, and several proposals were made of settling it, sometimes on the infanta of Spain, at other times on the cardinal of Bourbon, the duke de Main, and others.

‡ Favila, a cruel tyrant, was deposed by the Castilians, who chose judges to administer the government, till they appointed another.

§ Besides the banishment of Demetrius, the History of Russia furnishes a sickening catalogue of the butchery of her despots by each other. During the debate in the House of Lords on the 19th of February, 1821, Lord Holland, observing on the Crusade of the Holy Alliance of Despots against Naples, said, "That objections to the freedom of political constitutions came but ungracefully from the reigning Emperor of *Russia*, who ascended a throne reeking with the blood of his own father; and as this member

Each nation that deserves the name of state,
Has set up laws above the magistrate;
Hence, when a self-advancing wretch acquires
A lawless rule, his government expires.
Explore the past, the steps of monarchs tread,
And view the sacred titles of the dead;
Look to the early kings of Britain's isle,
For *Jus Divinum* in our *native* style.
Conquest, or compacts, form the rights of kings,
And both are human, both unsettled things;
Both subject to contingencies of fate,
And so the godship of them proves a cheat.
The crowns and thrones the greatest monarchs have,
Were either stolen, or the people gave.
What claim had colonel Cnute,* or captain Suene?
What right the roving Saxon, pirate Dane?
Hengist, or Horsa, Woden's blood defied,
And on their sword, not right divine, relied.
The Norman Bastard, how divine *his* call!
And where's his heav'nly high original?
These naked nations, long a helpless prey,
To foreign and domestic tyranny;—

---

of that holy league, owed his crown to the murder of his father, it brought to his recollection, that since the time of the Czar Peter I. no sovereign had ascended the throne of Russia without its being stained with the blood of his immediate predecessor, or some other member of his own family."

* The leaders of the invading Saxons and Danes were mere thieves and robbers, pretending to no right but that of the sword. Hengist and Horsa were Saxon leaders, who after conquering Kent, made themselves kings. Woden is famed to be the first great leader of the *Goths* into Europe, and all their kings affected to be thought of his predatory blood.

Their infant strength unfit to guard their name—
Was left exposed to ev'ry robber's claim,
An open prey to pirates, and the isle,
To wild invaders, grew an early spoil.
The Romans ravaged long our wealthy coast,
And long our plains fed Cæsar's num'rous host.
What birthright raised that rav'nous leader's name?
His sword, and not his fam'ly, form'd his claim.
Where'er the Roman eagles spread their wings,
They conquer'd nations, and they pull'd down kings;
Cæsar in triumph o'er the whole presided,
And right of conquest half the world divided.
For Liberty our sires in arms appear'd,
And in its sacred name with courage warr'd;
Made the invaders buy their conquest dear,
And legions of their bones lie buried here.*
When these their work of slaughter had fulfill'd,
And seas of British blood bedew'd the field;
Shoals of Barbarian Goths, worse thieves than they,
From Caledonian Friths, and frozen Tay,
O'erspread the fruitful, now abandon'd plains,
And led the captured victims in their chains:
The weaken'd natives, helpless and distrest,
Doom'd to be plunder'd, ravish'd, and oppress'd,
Employ new thieves from the rude Northern coast,
To rob them of the little not yet lost.

* The hillocks or barrows still remaining in most parts of England were the graves of the soldiers. There are four very large ones near Stevenage in Hertfordshire, close to the road. The plains in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire are full of these monuments of the valorous achievements of the Britons in defence of their liberty.

The work once done, the workmen, to be paid,
Only demand themselves, and all they had!
In dreadful strife their freedom to maintain,
They fought with fury, but they fought in vain;
Yet, like Antæus, every time they fell,
Their veins with rage and indignation swell;
Not for continued losses they despair,
But for still fiercer battle they prepare;
Again their blood the Saxon chariots stains,
And heaps of heroes strew th' ensanguin'd plains;
Thus, though they leave the world, they keep the field,
And thus their lives, but not their freedom yield.
Three hundred years of bloody contest past,
Plunder'd at first, and dispossest at last,
The few remains, with freedom still inspir'd,
To Western mountains, to resist retired;
Their dear abandon'd country thence they view,
And thence their thirst of Liberty renew;
Offers of peaceful bondage they defy,
What's peace to man without his liberty?*

* The Britons fought one hundred and sixty-three pitched battles. They might well be said to be conquered, for in these prodigious struggles for their liberty they were nearly all slain. They fought as long as there were any men to be raised; but the Saxons swarming continually over from vastly populous countries, the few Britons that remained, took sanctuary in the western mountains of Wales, and from the crags and cliffs, poor and distrest as they were, they made constant inroads and excursions upon the Saxons; the Saxon Annals are filled with accounts of the renewed warfare. Even the English histories frequently mention the incursions of the Welsh, till, at last, united to England, they seem to be incorporated with the natives of their ancient soil.

The conquer'd nation—fell a dear bought prey,
And Britain's island, *Saxon* Lords obey:
The shouting troops their victories proclaim,
And load their chiefs with royalty and fame:
The garland of their triumphs was their crown,
Mob set them up, and rabble pull'd them down!
Fighting was all the merit they could bring,
The bloodiest wretch appear'd the bravest King!
Nor did his kingship any longer last,
Than till by some more powerful rogue displaced.
In spoil and blood was fix'd the right divine,
And thus commenced the royal Saxon line:—
That sword that vanquish'd innocence in fight,
The sword that crush'd the banish'd Britons' right,
At pleasure subdivides the British crown,
And forms eight soldier kingdoms out of one.
From these we strive to date our royal line,
And these must help us to a right divine;
From actions buried in eternal night,
Priestcraft is brought, to fix the fancied right;
Priestcraft that's always on the strongest side,
Contrives, tho' kings should walk, that priests shall ride.
One master thief his fellows dispossest,
And gave, once more, the weeping nation rest;
For Egbert,* English monarchy began,
By his Almighty-sword—the *Sacred* man!
Yet who was Egbert? Search his ancient breed;
What sacred ancestors did he succeed?

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* Egbert came over originally from France, and was not the successor of any prince of the West Saxon kingdom, nor of any kingdom.

What mighty princes form'd *his* royal line,
And handed down to *him* the right divine?
A high-Dutch trooper, sent abroad to fight,
Whose trade was blood, and in his arm his right:
A supernumerary Holsteineer,*
For want of room at home, sent out to war;
A mere Swiss † mercenary, who for bread,
Was born on purpose to be knock'd in head;
A Saxon soldier was his high descent,
Murder his business, plunder his intent;
The poor unvalued, despicable thing,
A thief by nation, and by fate a king!

To-day the monarch glories in his crown,
A soldier thief to-morrow knocks him down,
And calls the fancied right divine *his own!*
In the next age *that* 'rightful' Lord's forgot,
And rampant treason triumphs on the spot:
Success gives title, makes possession just,
For if the fates obey, the subjects must.

We should be last of all that should pretend,
The long descent of princes to defend;
Since, if hereditary right's the claim,
The English line has forty times been lame;
Of all the nations in the world, there's none
Have less of true succession in their crown.

Britannia now, with men of blood opprest,
And all her race of tyrants lately ceased;

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* The Saxons that came over were from Jutland, Holstein, &c. The poor countries the Saxons lived in, being unable to support the vast numbers of the people they produced, they sought subsistence and habitations in fruitful and plentiful lands.

† A *Swiss*, alludes to their being mercenaries.

Ill fate prevailing, seeks at foreign shores,
And for worse monsters, ignorantly implores.
The right divine was so despised a thing,
The crown went out a begging for a king
Of foreign breed, of unrelated race,
Whore in his scutcheon, tyrant in his face;
Of spurious birth, and intermingled blood,
Who nor our laws nor language understood.
William the early summons soon obeys,
Ambition fills his sails, his fleets the seas;
By cruel hopes, and fatal valour sped,
The foreign legions Britain's shores o'erspread:
The sword decides the claim, the land's the prey,
Fated the conquering tyrant to obey.
Harold by usurpation gain'd the crown,*
And ditto usurpation pull'd him down.
Nothing but patience then could Britain claim,
Oppress'd by suff'ring, suff'ring made her tame:
She saw the tyrant William quit the throne,
And hoped for better usage from his son;
But change of tyrants gave her small relief,
She lost the lion, and receiv'd the thief.
Rufus, his father's ill got treasure seized,
The greedy sons of mother-church appeased;
Bought up rebellion with the cash he stole,
Secured the Clergy, and seduced the whole.
So brib'ry first with robbery combined
To ride before, and treason rode behind.

* Harold seized upon the crown by force. He had no claim to it, by blood or inheritance, being the son of Earl Goodwin.

Ambition, and the lust of rule prevail'd,
And Robert's right, on Rufus' head entail'd.*
Beau-Clerk next grasp'd his elder brother's crown,
And, by his sword, maintain'd it was his own:
The second† Henry fights, and fighting treats,
To own the prince's title he defeats;
Consents to mean conclusions of the war,
And stoops to be a base usurper's heir;
Accepts the ignominious grant, and shows
His right's as bad as Stephen's that bestows:
The royal tricksters thus divide the prey,
And helpless crowds the jugglers' swords obey.‡
Then John,§ another branch of Henry's line,
Jumps on the throne, in spite of Right Divine,
Turn we to mighty Edward's deathless name;
Or to his son's, whose conquests were the same;
That mighty hero of right royal race,
His father still alive, usurp'd his place.‖

---

* They were both usurpers, for the true right of descent was in Edgar Atheling, of the race of Edmund Ironside.

† Henry II. was obliged to compromise the dispute with his competitor Stephen; a prudent agreement, but in defiance of *hereditary right*.

‡ As at the death of Henry I. the main line of Normandy ended, so the succession has ever since proved so brittle, that it never held to the third heir in a right descent without being put by, or receiving some alteration by usurpation, or extinction of the male blood.—*Churchill's Divi Britannici*, p. 207.

§ King John was the youngest son of Henry II., who had his eldest line deposed. Henry was the son of a usurper, a usurper himself, and the murderer of his own brother's son.

‖ Edward III. reigned, his father, Edward II. being a prisoner, and was afterwards murdered.

As Edward on his parent's murder stood,
So Richard's tyrant reign was closed in blood:
Deposed and murder'd, Edward's father lies;
Deposed and murder'd—thus the grandson* dies.
Lancastrian Henry from his feeble head,
The bauble wrench'd, and wore it in his stead;
Three of his name by due succession reign,
And York demands the right of line in vain.
Thro' seas of slaughter, for this carnaged crown
Edward, not went, but waded to the throne;†
Three times deposed, three times restored by force,
Priest-ridden Henry's title ‡ yields of course.
Short lived the right the conquering king enjoy'd,
Treason and crime his new-crown'd race destroy'd;
As if the crimson hand of Power pursued
The very crown, and *fated* it to blood,
Richard by lust of government allured,
By double murders, next that crown procured;
For silent records trumpet-tongued proclaim
The jails and graves of princes are the same.
At Bosworth field, the crookback was dethroned;
Slain in the fight, and then the victor own'd! §

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* Richard II. † Edward IV. ‡ Henry VI.

§ Richard III. was succeeded by Henry VII. who had clearly no claim to the crown from blood. After him it still devolved with irregularity, although under the Tudors, the doctrine of hereditary right was as vaguely maintained as before. Thus, a *Parliament* granted to Henry VIII. the power of regulating the succession *by will*, and it was by pretending to exercise a similar power under an alleged will of Edward VI. that the unprincipled Northumberland sought the establishment of Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth, on the same ground, was importuned to appoint a successor, at intervals, during the last twenty years of her reign;

So men of blood, incited by its taste,
By lust of rule urged on, laid England waste;
Oppression then upon oppression grew,
One royal wretch another overthrew;
They made a football of the People's crown,
And brother-tyrant brother-king pull'd down,
Succeeding robberies revenged the past,
And every age of crime outdid the last.

Look on once more—the tangled *line* survey,
By which kings claim to *bind* men to obey.
In the *right* line they say their title lies:
But if its twisted?—then the title dies.
Look at it!—knotted, spliced in every place!
Closely survey the intersected race—
So full of violations, such a brood
Of false successions, spurious births, and blood;
Such perjuries, such frauds, to mount a throne,
That Kings might blush their ancestors to own!

---

and finally, named the King of Scotland in her last moments. These are strange incidents for the advocates of *Divine* Right! The fact is, this wretched theory was never formally advocated until the days of James I.; and it may be considered to be one of the precious fruits of that settled connexion between Church and State, of which the Despot, Henry VIII., laid the foundation. Yet no Despot ever supported himself steadily on an English throne; and what is there to prove, that such men ever can? Look at King Richard II., he was a finished gentleman, possessed some taste for literature, and shewed himself as fond of finery as need be; but he waged war with the common sense of the realm and the rights of the people,—and finally, by entrusting his power to weak, inefficient, and corrupt ministers, roused the anger of a distressed and overtaxed community. MORAL—They were beheaded, and he was dethroned.

Oh! but *Possession* SUPERSEDES *the Line!*
Indeed!—then king, *as* king, has Right Divine;
And, coy *Succession* fled from majesty,
Makes *Usurpation* as divine as he;
De Facto is *de Jure*, and a throne,
To every dog that steals it is his bone!
Hence tyrants—and from these infected springs,
Flows the best title of *the Best of Kings!**

---

* THE BEST OF KINGS (Court slang) *the King for the time being.*—Many a king has been the *worst* man of his age, but no king was ever the *best.* In 1683, the very year of Charles the Second's reign, in which Lord William Russel and Algernon Sydney were murdered *under the forms of law*, by packed juries, and the king's passive obedient judges—when the throne floated in blood, and the king's manners were notoriously and disgustingly sensual and dissolute—in that year, J. Shurley, M. A. in his 'Ecclesiastical History Epitomised,' gives Charles the title of "*the best of kings!*" calls his life and reign *virtuous!* and prays that his days may be as *the days of Heaven!*—This loyal author calls himself, *The Christian reader's* "BELOVED *Brother in* CHRIST!"

Of the same king, Charles II., Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) gives this character in his Epistle from Florence:—(*Dodsley's Collection*, vol. iii. p. 92.)

Fortune, or fair, or frowning, on his soul
Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul!
Honour or morals, gratitude or truth,
Nor taught his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth!
The care of nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France;
Free to buffoons, to ministers denied,
He lived an atheist, and a bigot died!

All kings have parasites and praise; the Press records their actions; and Posterity gives their characters.

Right of Succession, or what other claim
Of right to rule, by whatsoever name
Or title call'd, by whomsoever urged,
Is in the people's *right of choosing* merged.
The *right's* the People's, and the People's choice
Binds kings in *duty* to obey *their* voice;
The *Public Will, the* ONLY *Right Divine*,
Sanctions the office, or divides the line;
Topples the crown from off the *tyrant's* head,
And puts a king to govern in his stead.
Tyrant and king are vastly different things—
We're *robb'd* by tyrants, but *obey'd* by kings!
If it be ask'd, how the distinction's known,
Oppression marks him out—the nations groan,
The broken laws, the cries of injur'd blood,
Are languages by all men understood!*

* Tyrants lose all respect for humanity, in proportion as they are sunk beneath it; taught to believe themselves of a different species, they really become so; lose their participation with their kind; and, in mimicking the God, dwindle into the brute! Blind with prejudices as a mole, stung with truth as with scorpions, sore all over with wounded pride like a boil, their minds a heap of morbid proud flesh and bloated humours, a disease and gangrene in the state, instead of its life-blood and vital principle—foreign despots claim mankind as their property. They regard men crawling on the face of the earth as we do insects that cross our path, and survey the common drama of human life as a fantoccini exhibition got up for their amusement. It is the overweening, aggravated, intolerable sense of swelling pride and ungovernable self-will that so often drives them mad; as it is their blind fatuity and insensibility to all beyond themselves, that, transmitted through successive generations, and confirmed by regal intermarriages, in time makes them idiots.

Hazlitt's Political Essays, p. 341.

Just laws and liberty make patriot kings;
Tyrants and tyranny are self-made things.*

* Though a Despot be transformed into a limited king, he is in heart and purpose still a despot. He feels *duress*; he is not at liberty to oppress at his pleasure; and he awaits an opportunity to exercise 'the Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong;' for he holds the doctrine that "oaths are not to be kept with *subjects*." In the reign of Richard II. the Duke of Norfolk apprised the Duke of Hereford, that the King purposed their destruction:—

Hereford.—God forbid!—He has sworn by ST. EDWARD, to be a good Lord to me and the others.

Norfolk.—So has he often sworn to me by GOD'S BODY: but I *do not trust him the more for* THAT!

Every restored despot has become an unblushing and shameless perjurer; where is there in history an instance to the contrary?—*Once* a DESPOT, and always a DESPOT.

ALFRED the Great is the only King in our annals who being guilty of misgovernment, and seeing its evils had the high courage to acknowledge his crime by amendment. At the commencement of his reign he seemed to consider his exalted dignity as an emancipation from restraint, and to have found leisure, even amidst his struggles with the Danes, to indulge the impetuosity of his passions. His immorality and despotism provoked the censure of the virtuous; he was haughty to his subjects, neglected the administration of justice, and treated with contempt the complaints of the indigent and oppressed. In the eighth year of his reign he was driven from the throne by the Danes. Narrowly escaping death and enduring many hardships, adversity brought reflection. According to the piety of the age, instead of tracing events to their political sources, he referred them immediately to the providence of God; and considered his misfortunes as the instrument with which Divine Justice punished his past enormities. By his prudence and valour he regained the throne, and drew up a code of laws by which he ordained the government should be administered. Magistrates trembled at his stern impartiality and inflexibility. He executed forty-four judges in

As government was ever understood
To be a measure for the people's good;
So when perverted to a wrong intent,
It's stark oppression, not a government.

---

one year for their informal and iniquitous proceedings. Hence their survivors and successors were careful to acquire a competent degree of knowledge, and their decisions became accordant to the law. Discovering that the only real foundation of national happiness is in the enlightenment of the people, he instructed them himself by his writings, endowed establishments for the promotion of Education, and became the guardian and benefactor of his country.*—His virtues were the fruit of *early instruction*. When he was a child, his mother, Osburga, awakened in him a passion for learning and knowledge. Holding in her hand a Saxon poem, elegantly written and beautifully illuminated, she offered it as a reward to the first of her children whose proficiency should enable him to read it to her. The emulation of Alfred was excited: he ran to his master, applied to the task with diligence, performed it to the satisfaction of the queen, and received the prize of his industry. His mind thus opened by this excellent woman, she dropped in the seeds of knowledge; by careful culture they grew into wisdom, *and Alfred is one of the most illustrious instances of the endless blessings conferred upon man by* EDUCATION.

From the *banks* of the strong hold of *Corfe Castle*, in Dorsetshire, near Wareham, formerly a station of the Danish barbarians, one of their successors making good his lodgment in a nameless *House*, denies the justice of UNIVERSAL EDUCATION, forgetful, perhaps, that the benighted savages, his predecessors, were finally expelled by Alfred; that *it was the triumph of Knowledge and Liberty over Ignorance and Selfish power; and that* ALFRED, *disdaining to use the advantage which Education gave him over the rest of the people, otherwise than for their welfare, incessantly laboured to dispense its benefits to* ALL.

* *Lingard's History of England*, vol. i. c. 4.

Blest are the days, and wing'd with joy they fly,
When kings protect the people's liberty;
When settled peace in stated order reigns,
And, nor the nation, nor the king complains;
If kings may ravish, plunder, and destroy,
Oppress the world, and all its wealth enjoy;
May harass nations, with their breath may kill,
And limit liberty by royal will;
Then was the world for ignorance design'd,
And God gave kings to blast the human mind;
And Kings but general farmers of the land;
And men their *stock* for slaughter at command;
Mere beasts of draught, to crouch and be opprest,
Whom God, the mighty landlord, form'd *in jest*.
Yet who believes that Heaven in vain creates,
And gives up what it loves to what it hates;
That man's great Maker call'd him into birth,
To be destroy'd by tyrant-fiends on earth;
That nations are but footstools to a throne,
And millions born to be the slaves of one?
Priestcraft! search Scripture, shew me God's decree,
That crime shall rule by his authority.
Kingcraft! search Scripture too, and from it prove
Thy right to ravage from the God of Love.*

---

* Priestcraft and Kingcraft are partners in the same firm. *They trade together.* KINGS and conquerors make laws, parcel out lands, and *erect churches and palaces for the priests* and dignitaries of religion. *In return*, PRIESTS *anoint kings with holy oil*, hedge them round with inviolability, spread over them the mysterious sanctity of religion, and, with very little ceremony, *make over the whole species as slaves* to these Gods upon earth by virtue of DIVINE RIGHT!

Hazlitt's Political Essays, p. 303.

No! He has issued no such foul command,
But dooms down Despots by the People's hand;
Marks tyrants out for fall in every age,
Directs the justice of the people's rage;
And hurling vengeance on all royal crimes,
Ordains the Revolutions of the times!

A thing of no bowels——————
——— from the crown to the toe, topfull
Of direst cruelty.—His Realm a slaughter-house—
The swords of soldiers are his teeth——
Iron for Naples, hid with English *gilt*.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE END.

Printed by W. Hone, Ludgate Hill, London.

Bank Restriction.

BANK RESTRICTION NOTE

Specimen of a Bank Note — not to be imitated.

Submitted to the Consideration of the Bank Directors and the inspection of the Public.

Published by WILLIAM HONE, Ludgate Hill, Dec.r 1818, Bank Restriction Bill, &c. &c.

During the Issue of Bank Notes easily imitated, and until the Resumption of Cash Payments, or the Abolition of the Punishment of Death,

For the Gov.r and Comp.a of the BANK OF ENGLAND.

J. Ketch.

Entd. at Stationers Hall.

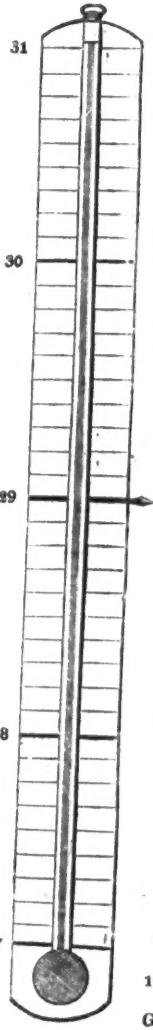
THE
BANK RESTRICTION BAROMETER;

OR, SCALE OF EFFECTS ON SOCIETY OF THE

Bank Note System, and Payments in Gold.

BY ABRAHAM FRANKLIN.

*** *To be read from the words* "BANK RESTRICTION," *in the middle, upwards or downwards.*



NATIONAL PROSPERITY PROMOTED.

10. The Number of useless Public Executions diminished.
9. The Amelioration of the Criminal Code facilitated.
8. The Forgery of Bank Notes at an end.
7. Manufacturers and Journeymen obtain Necessaries and Comforts for their Wages.
6. The Means of Persons with small Incomes enlarged.
5. A Fall of Rents and Prices.
4. The Circulating Medium diminished.
3. Fictitious Capital and False Credit destroyed.
2. Exchanges equalized, and the Gold Coin preserved, if allowed to be freely exported.
1. The Gold Currency restored.

Consequences, if taken off, will be as above:—viz.

THE BANK RESTRICTION.

Consequences of its Operation are as follows:—viz.

1. Disappearance of the legal Gold Coin.
2. The Issues of Bank of England Notes and Country Bank Notes extended.
3. Paper Accommodation, creating False Credit, Fictitious Capital, Mischievous Speculation.
4. The Circulating Medium enormously enlarged.
5. Rents and Prices of Articles of the first Necessity, doubled and trebled.
6. The Income and Wages of small Annuitants, and Artisans and Labourers, insufficient to purchase Necessaries for their Support.
7. Industry reduced to Indigence, broken-spirited, and in the Workhouse: or, endeavouring to preserve independence, lingering in despair, committing suicide, or dying broken-hearted.
8. The Temptation to forge Bank of England Notes increased and facilitated.
9. New and sanguinary Laws against Forgery ineffectually enacted.
10. Frequent and useless inflictions of the barbarous Punishment of Death.

GENERAL DISTRESS INCREASED.

See next Page.

At the foot of the original Edition of the "Bank Restriction Barometer," which was printed on a large open half sheet, to fold as an envelope of the "Bank Note not to be imitated," were added the following——

NOTE.

In the Debate in the House of Lords, on the first day of the meeting of Parliament (21st Jan. 1819), Lord Liverpool said, "About the Bank Prosecutions for the Forgery of their Notes, he had only to observe, that a Committee had been appointed, on the order of the other House; and that this Committee had prepared a Report, stating that Plans had been presented, by which, *if Forgery could not be rendered impossible, it could at least be rendered extremely difficult.*"

QUERY.

By what *Interest* has the temptation to commit Forgery been encouraged? and to what *Interest* have wretched beings been sacrificed for twenty years, when their crime might have been rendered "*difficult if not impossible!*"

Buonapartephobia.

THE ORIGIN

OF

DR. SLOP'S NAME.

"I have conferred on him a glorious Immortality!"

* * * *

"With his name the mothers still their babes!"

K. Henry VI.

"DAVID'S PORTRAIT OF

NAPOLEON, AS HE NOW APPEARS."

See Page 6, Note.

Ninth Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE,

45, LUDGATE HILL.

1820.

ONE SHILLING

PREFACE.

In my Dedication of the 'Political House that Jack Built,' to DOCTOR SLOP and his sapient admirers, I have stated, that he is indebted to me for his name. This is true. The little piece, in which I conferred upon him that enviable and lasting distinction, is entitled "Buonaparte-phobia, *or Cursing made Easy to the meanest Capacity.*" I wrote and published it, *on an open sheet*, in the summer of 1815, to expose the impious and profane curses he then lavished, in *The Times'* Journal, upon Buonaparte, on his return from Elba. The exposure was so effectual, that the Doctor was, in a few days, dismissed from that paper. To cover his disgrace, he openly and unblushingly lied, and attempted to nefariously delude, and otherwise practise gross impostures upon the Public. In answer to his fabrications, and, as a caution to the unwary, the chief Proprietor of *The Times* was compelled to state the grounds upon which he was discharged. "He knows full well," says *The Times*, in February, 1817, "that his articles were rejected from our columns, on account of the virulence and indiscretion with which they were written; and that, for more than the twelve months preceding, whatever articles attracted notice by their merit, were exclusively the productions of other gentlemen.—There are, in the Office, sacks full of his rejected writings; which, if they were

published, would exhibit an accurate criterion of his puffed off abilities: the sale of our Journal increased the more, the less he wrote; and, since he has ceased from writing altogether, has extended with a rapidity, of which we have known no example, since we have had the management of it." *The Times* concludes its observations upon the reputation the Doctor assumed to himself, from having been allowed to rave in its columns, with this remark:—"The braying of the Ass will *sometimes* make the forest ring as loudly as the roaring of the Lion. When the person of whom we are speaking, wrote in this Journal, he brayed in the Lion's skin; since he has written out of it, he will find that he has been braying in his own." Shortly after this castigation, the Doctor's public prostitution was notorious. He is now taken into high-keeping by an old lady at the Treasury.

Perhaps this brief Notice may be satisfactory to the reader, preparatory to his curiosity being gratified with the *Jeu d'Esprit* already mentioned, as 'the Origin of Doctor Slop's name.'

It is my intention to reprint it in this lasting shape, from time to time, and so long as the Doctor daily empties his *night-slush* from his *Slop-pail*. By virtue of my public authority, I hereby ratify and confirm his right and title to the name of "SLOP;" and, it is my parodial will and pleasure, that he continue to *bear* it during his natural life.

45, *Ludgate Hill*,
27*th Nov.* 1820.

THE

ORIGIN,

&c.

BUONAPARTEPHOBIA,

OR

CURSING MADE EASY TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY,

A Dialogue between the [late] Editor of "THE TIMES," DR. SLOP, MY UNCLE TOBY, *and* MY FATHER; *embracing the Doctor's* VOCABULARY *of Easy* EPITHETS, *and choice* CURSES, *against* BUONAPARTE—*after his leaving Elba; shewing* HOW TO NICKNAME AND CURSE NAPOLEON, *to the best advantage, upon all occasions; being the approved terms regularly served up for some time past, in many respectable Families, with the Breakfast apparatus; designed for the use of men, women, and children, of all Ranks and Conditions, throughout the Dominions of England and Wales, and the Town of Berwick upon Tweed.*

SCENE—*a Room at* DOCTOR SLOP'*s in Doctors Commons.*

Present—DOCTOR SLOP, MY FATHER, *and* MY UNCLE TOBY.

A SINGLE loud tap of a knuckle against the outside of the lower panel of the parlour door, gave note of an humble earnest applicant for admission:—'Come

'in,' said Doctor Slop, in a tone of elevated condescension.——

The door opened, and a Printer's Devil entered.——

With an air of eagerness, bespeaking also a consciousness of his being a messenger of importance, the Devil walked up to Doctor Slop, and placing his body in an angle of fifty-five degrees, and his hand in his bosom at the same time, he drew forth, from between his waistcoat and shirt, and delivered to Doctor Slop, a small white paper parcel, directed and folded letterwise, and closed with paste instead of a wafer.——

'The proof of my leading article for to-morrow's *Times*,' said Doctor Slop, with complacency, bowing towards my Father and my Uncle Toby in an apologizing posture for breaking the envelope.——

My Father and my Uncle Toby bowed in return.

The Devil watched Doctor Slop with a subdued curiosity, bordering upon alarm, as the Doctor unfolded and glanced upon the wet slips. A paragraph, that stood immediately above Slop's *leader*, announced the appearance in London of David's Portrait of NAPOLEON, as he now appears.*

'D——n the infernal Scoundrel to everlasting perdition,' loudly exclaimed Doctor Slop——

The Devil instantly left the room.

Doctor Slop vociferated:—'No sooner is a piece

* The Portrait on the title-page of this Edition was printed on the former open-sheet Editions immediately under the above words. It is engraved from a Painting of NAPOLEON, by the celebrated David, and is a striking Likeness of him as he appeared just after his return from Elba. The Print was corrected from the original Portrait when it was brought over to this country, for a short time, just after the battle of Waterloo.

'of successful villainy achieved by this *Monster*,
'than our print-shops exhibit the *iron countenance*
'of NAPOLEON THE GREAT!—the *portrait*
'of that execrable *Villain!* that *hypocritical* Vil-
'lain! that *bare-faced* Villain! that *daring* Villain!
'that *perjured* Villain!—that *Disgrace of the Human*
'*Species!*—the *Corsican!* the *low-minded Corsican!*
'the *wily* Corsican! the *vile* Corsican! the *once-inso-*
'*lent* Corsican! the *beaten, disgraced, and perjured*
'Corsican! the *faithless, perjured, craft-loving* Cor-
'sican! a *Fugitive!*—an *Adventurer!*—a *blustering*
'*Charlatan!*—such a *Fellow!*—a *Scoundrel*, with a
'degraded character!—an *Impostor!* a *despicable*
'Impostor! a *notorious* Impostor! an *hypocritical*
'Impostor!—a *Wretch!* a *desperate* Wretch! *such* a
'Wretch!—a *Robber!*—a mere *Brigand!* an *atro-*
'*cious* Brigand!—a savage *Adversary!*—a *Remorse-*
'*less Ruffian!*—a *Criminal! such* a Criminal! so *in-*
'*famous* a Criminal!—that *Traitor!* that *Corsican*
'Traitor! that *audacious* Traitor! that *cowardly and*
'*perfidious* Traitor! that *perjured* Traitor! that *Arch*
'Traitor!—a *Rebel!* an *audacious* Rebel! a *vile*
'*Corsican* Rebel! an *usurping* Rebel! a *proscribed*
'Rebel! an *infamous* Rebel! the *Arch* Rebel! the
'Rebel *who defies* ALL EUROPE!—the *Usurper!* the
'*Corsican* Usurper! the *military* Usurper! the *bloody*
'*and perjured* Usurper of the French throne!—the
'Rebel *Chief!*—the *Rebel Tyrant!* the *degraded*
'Tyrant!—the *consummate Despot;—l'Empereur de*
'*la Canaille!—the common Enemy of Europe!*—this
'*new Catiline!*—the prodigal son from the *husks and*
'*draff* of the Isle of Elba!—this *Robber* is called
'in by his *Brother Thieves!*—his *crew!* his *per-*
'*jured* crew! he issues bloody orders to *Rebels* like

'himself, and calls them laws!—he!—the *Ring-leader* 'of the conspiracy! of the *perjured bloody set!*— 'In THE NEW CONSTITUTION we have lost 'the first consul and his two colleagues, *stuck like* '*gizzard and liver*—under his wings!—He is the 'most *perfidious Wretch* that ever existed on the 'face of the earth! a Wretch *stained with every* '*crime!*—the *bloodiest and most perfidious Tyrant* 'that ever disgraced history! the *impure Sink of all* '*the Vices!*—He instigated an attempt to carry off 'from Schoenbrunn the child whom he *impudently* 'terms KING OF ROME—the child born of the '*adulterous connection* between himself and the 'Archduchess Maria Louisa!—When at Elba, his '*Sister* Paulina served him for a MISTRESS!!!—An '*Outlaw from the common pale of civilized society!*— 'a *stigmatized Traitor and Rebel* in the eyes of all 'France!—England should take the lead in

"Sounding the horn to kings who chase the *Beast.*"

'This *Monster in human shape, on his blood-stained* '*throne!* this *abhorred* Monster! this *accursed* Mons- 'ter!—this *Viper!* this Viper of *Corsica!* this *As-* '*sassin of Ajaccio!* this *notorious Hypocrite and* '*Liar,* with the heart of a *Demon,* permits no English 'newspaper but the MORNING CHRONICLE 'to find its way into Paris!!!

'He is a *Felon* and an *Outlaw!*—an *Oath-breaker!* '—a *Perjurer!*—an *arch Incendiary!*—What secu- 'rity can this *Wretch* offer us that he will keep the 'peace!—he! *a man as infamous as if his ears had* '*been nailed to the pillory!*—an *Outlaw!*—a *Mur-* '*derer!* a *midnight* Murderer!—an *Assassin!*—a '*living Moloch!*—He has the *audacity* to proclaim

'*an amnesty!*—he!—a *Felon with a rope round his* '*neck!*—The *Criminal* must either abdicate again, 'or be destroyed!—He can't last long—he'll die 'without killing—he is so *fat* that he is obliged to be 'lifted on horseback by four Grenadiers, and four 'Grenadiers are obliged to lift him off again!—and— 'as my friend of the MORNING POST says, "the '"dangerous complaints with which he is afflicted '"(a *double* rupture and a fistula), *has** put a stop '"to his riding," and he refuses to be cured!—It is 'horrible to contemplate his *life*, but his *death*, what 'human being but must rejoice at it!—to destroy his 'power and *person* would *be on the part of the peo-* '*ple of England* MOST NECESSARY AND JUST!—*now* 'is the time when "his giant's robe hangs loose about '"him, as about a *Dwarfish Thief!*"—There is not 'a street in London, in which at least *ten* individuals 'would not joyfully pay their *hundred pounds each*, 'to see *this Monster* HANGED!—*The* COMMON 'HALL *would wash the* BLACKAMOOR *white!*—for '*this* we have to expect the gratitude of the *Felon!*— 'FRANCE, we are told, has made pacific overtures.— '*She!*—Now who is this modest virtuous dame? 'Why truly her name is LEGION!† She is *a set of* 'THE GREATEST MISCREANTS *on the face of the earth!* '—*If the* DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S MANI- 'FESTO HAD BEEN FIRMLY ACTED UPON BY THE 'ALLIES 22 YEARS EARLIER, MOST HAPPY 'WOULD SUCH AN EVENT HAVE BEEN!‡

* Morning Post, Wednesday, 3d May, 1815.

† Signifying "many *devils*." Luke, c. iii. v. 30.

‡ The Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto threatened no quarter, and to carry fire and sword through France, if it resisted the attempts of the combined armies to re-establish Louis XVI. France rose as one man, and defeated *that* 'Holy Alliance.'

'——Let us wait, it is said, till we are attacked; but 'would any man act thus, if he saw a mad dog or 'a wild beast *sprawling* as Buonaparte now is before 'him!—this *Tiger!*—this *Hyena!*—this *Fiend!* '—this *Bloody Dog!*—'

My uncle Toby and my Father had hitherto sat silent, at first looking in astonishment at Doctor Slop, then at each other, and then at Doctor Slop again; when, supposing that Doctor Slop had concluded—a false conclusion, by the bye, for Doctor Slop had merely taken advantage of a triumphantly toned climax, and temporary want of breath, to make the least possible pause until he could proceed anew—my Uncle Toby said, 'Doctor Slop, when 'you are sufficiently cool——

'Cool!' cried Doctor Slop—'Have I ever been 'cooler in my life, when I have read or heard of the '*Ruffian?*'

'I thought,' answered my Uncle Toby, 'that 'there was a time when *you*, Dr. S——, used *very* 'different language concerning revolutionary *princi-* 'ples and revolutionary *men?*——'*

'I?—*I?*—*I?*—When? Where? Pho!—Pish!—'Psha!'—cried Doctor Slop, 'What if I *did!*—'*What* if I did!—What then? But no matter for that, '—No matter for that, Sir, I say!—No matter, Sir! '—What is *that* to the readers of "*The Times?*" 'What is it to any body? Buonaparte's a *Wretch! a*

* My uncle Toby was *right*—hence the Doctor's testy evasiveness. Some years ago Dr. S—— was of the *Vindicæ Gallicæ* School—as he calls it; and seemed to respect public virtue, and have a decent horror of court favour: *now* he *abuses* Sir James Mackintosh, and, whilst drinking deep of the Comte de Lille's *Nectar d'Or*, discovers "the true odour of sanctity" in the Lys, and—wonders how he could ever have done otherwise.

'*Villain! a Fool! an imperial Robber! an infamous,*
'*bloody, execrable, audacious, atrocious, ferocious*—'

'Let me entreat you to be cool,' said my Uncle Toby, interrupting Dr. S——'I beg your pardon for 'hinting at your *former* opinions—Don't be so ruf-'fled! pray be cool!——'

'Cool!' cried Doctor Slop—'I am as cool as I 'have been these two months! I have not spoken a 'word which you will not find in 'THE TIMES,'* 'since the tiger broke his chain, and escaped from 'his den. He is neither to be thought nor written of 'with patience—he is——'

'But pray,' interrupted my Uncle Toby—'Have 'you *authority* to justify the use——

'Heaven grant me patience,' cried Doctor Slop—'Read "The Times"—read "The Times"—pray 'read "The Times:" there you will find authority 'for every thing, and every thing for authority—for '*legitimate* authority—but as for the *people*, as they 'are called—the pretended *sovereignty*——'

'Surely,' interrupted my Uncle Toby—'there are 'other papers, Doctor Slop, besides "The Times" 'that——'

'None! None!' exclaimed Doctor Slop—'not 'one, except "THE COURIER." St—t is a capital 'hand at a *leader*, strong! strong! like myself—some-'times; but cannot *do* a column and a half, or two 'columns, every day, *strong* all the way through! 'Look at the Times' readers—how I hit 'em between 'wind and water. A Cit calls—"Waiter! give me

* If the reader will take the trouble to examine "THE TIMES" and "THE COURIER," after Buonaparte left Elba, he will there find, amongst others, *every* EPITHET AND CURSE used by Dr. S—— in this Dialogue with my Uncle Toby and my Father. The dates of their appearance are not inserted; for most Readers would have been fatigued by the frequent references.

'"a paper—any thing but "the Times," for I always
'"see it at breakfast. The Times is devilish good
'"this morning, Sir—strong as usual—good and
'"strong—d—d strong, Sir—Boney's done himself
'"up, Sir—What a d—d fool he must be—I won-
'"der what the Allies will do with him—They'll
'"certainly hang him, Sir—What a scoundrel!"
'The Courier keeps up the ball in the evening to-
'lerably well. St—t and I fit to a hair. No jostling
'now—no more SECOND EDITIONS, *Times Of-*
'*fice*, *THREE* o'clock—never clash in our epi-
'thets about the Wretch — never use the same
'phrases. As soon as the Rebel landed, I and St—t
'*settled a Vocabulary of terms, and* DIVIDED IT BE-
'TWEEN US.* Each has not only his own part by
'heart, but what the other is to use also—we know
'our *cue*. St—t hits the Tyrant at night for the
'simple out-of-town people, and the Country read-
'ing-rooms; and I come—bang—upon the Villain,
'in the morning, fresh for the Roysters of the City
'—the fat flats with lean pates, and the counting-
'house cuckoos!—Then look at our *sales!*—How
'can the Traitor escape?—The Courier is a little
'more courtly, and *therefore* occasionally more tame.
'It is the official sink-hole, through which the Trea-
'sury gentlemen let their little, moderate, half-con-
'cealed secrets, dribble out upon the public. St—t,
'I say, *dilutes* sometimes; but when he *does* 'go it,'
'he does it *in style*. Hear what the Courier says
'for the last six weeks—about *Moloch* of course.

'"That *disgusting Fellow!*—that *Hypocrite!* that
'"*Man of Perfidy!*—the *Invader!*—the *Master-ja-*

* This *Coalition* is notorious, though the specific article is kept private. It may be entitled, however, "The Times and Courier *Secret Treaty* for the partition of *Curses*."

‘ “ *cobin !*—the *savage Beast !*—a *Coward, unworthy*
‘ “ *to live, and unfit to die !*—the *Rebel*, the *Felon*
‘ “ returned from transportation !—the *abdicating*
‘ “ *Usurper !* entered a gloomy metropolis by stealth
‘ “ and by night—the other parts of the *regime* will
‘ “ be restored, committees of public safety, revo-
‘ “ lutionary tribunals, and the guillotine !—The
‘ “ *Mutes* and *Dummies* meet on the 26th of May !—
‘ “ At the solemn season* that the Jewish people
‘ “ rejected our Saviour ! and chose the murderer
‘ “ Barabbas ! the French reject Louis XVIII. !, and
‘ “ chose *Barabbas Buonaparte !*—Let him be called
‘ “ the *Emperor Barabbas !*—the *Pacha of Paris !*
‘ “ —the *Emperor of Rag Fair !*—the *Tiger Ty-*
‘ “ *rant !*—He tells the *blood-hounds* they shall no
‘ “ longer be muzzled ; they shall be let loose forth-
‘ “ with, to gorge and gratify to the utmost their
‘ “ thirst for blood !—The European Powers cannot
‘ “ suffer them to crawl and cringe, and lick the
‘ “ dust off the *hoof* of the Tyrant in quiet—the
‘ “ *cruellest* Tyrant that ever stained the page of
‘ “ history !—The *Resolutions* of THE COMMON
‘ “ HALL *(the* LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND LI-
‘ “ VERY of THE CITY OF LONDON)—are about
‘ “ as much the sense of the City of London, as the
‘ “ resolutions of A CLUB OF POT-HOUSE
‘ “ POLITICIANS would be the sense of the
‘ “ people of England !—It would be to disgrace
‘ “ and damn the *Country* to make peace with the
‘ “ *Usurper !*—a *Wretch* out of the protection of the
‘ “ law of nations ! who is, was, and ever will be,

* Mr. ST—T wrote this at *Greenwich Fair* season, over a large glass of particularly strong and hot *Bourdeaux* Brandy, with some water to it—its smooth surface reflecting upon the Editor’s eye the LYS—*at his button-hole !*

' " —— A *Murderer !* and a *Villain !*
' " A *Slave* that is not twentieth part the tithe
' " Of their precedent Lord :—a *Vice of Kings !*
' " A *Cut-purse* of the Empire, and the Rule,
' " That from a shelf *the precious diadem stole,*
' " *And put it in his pocket !*' "

' I thought,' said my Uncle Toby, ' that the *Crown* ' *jewels*, and the diamond belonging to the hilt of ' Buonaparte's sword, were carried off by ——'

' Bah! bah!' cried Doctor Slop, interrupting my Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop continued——' " He is the *most faith-* ' *less and perjured* of mankind—a *Robber !*—a ' " *Murderer !*—a *faithless, perjured, bloody Tyrant !* ' " at the head of a military *banditti*, panting for con- ' " flagration and pillage!—This *demon of the storms !* ' " —this *genius of fire, famine, and slaughter !*— ' " this *scourge of the human race !* this *fiend* of the ' " human race !—this *compound of every thing that* ' " *is tyrannical, and cruel, and hypocritical, and* ' " *false, and remorseless*—

' " Remember him, *the Villain !* righteous Heaven ;
' " In thy great day of vengeance BLAST *the Traitor !*" *

' Small curses, Doctor Slop, upon great occa- ' sions,' quoth my Father, ' are but so much waste ' of our strength and soul's health to ' no manner ' of purpose.'†

' I own it,' replied Doctor Slop.

* Slop was so thoroughly blinded to his own guilt, that in the very height of his ravings against Napoleon he wrote thus :—' It is amusing to see the native vulgarity of BUONAPARTE's mind and manners breaking forth in his *language !*' They are the Doctor's own words in the Times of the 6th of May, 1815.

' O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
' To see oursels, as others see us !'—*Burns.*

† See Sterne's Tristram Shandy, chap. 54.

'They are like sparrow-shot,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'fired against a bastion.'

'They serve,' continued my Father, 'to stir the 'humours—but carry off none of their acrimony:— 'for my own part I seldom swear or curse at all '—I hold it bad—but if I fall into it by surprise, 'I generally retain so much presence of mind as to 'make it answer my purpose—that is—I swear on 'till I find myself easy.'

'I declare,'—quoth my Uncle Toby—'my heart 'would not let me curse the devil himself with so 'much bitterness. And indeed——

'He is the father of curses'—replied Doctor Slop.

'So am not I'—replied my Uncle.

'But he is cursed and damned already to all 'Eternity'—replied Doctor Slop.

'I am sorry for it,'—quoth my Uncle Toby.

'When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is 'not for any standers-by to curtail his curses'—observed Doctor Slop.

'If the admirers of Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'are pleased with the DAILY language of "The 'Times," and wondering at it with all their wits, 'men of understanding and liberal feeling may be 'allowed to smile—from views somewhat different 'it is true—and to wonder less. And surely'—said my Uncle Toby, earnestly addressing Doctor Slop, 'you must allow, Sir, that it is not a common affair '—in fact it is very uncommon—to hear a *Doctor* '*of Civil Law*, with the advantages of an *early* gen-'tlemanly education, by able tutors——

Doctor Slop, interrupted my Uncle Toby, exclaiming—

'"*They* taught me *language*; and *my* profit on't
'"Is,——*I know* HOW TO CURSE!
(CALIBAN)

" " Would CURSES kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
" " I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
" " *As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear,*
" " With full as many signs of deadly hate,
" " As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
" " *My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:*
" " *Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;*
" " *My hair be fixt an end, as one distract:*
" " *Aye, every joint should seem to curse and ban;*
" " And even now my burden'd heart would break,
" " Should I not curse them!——

" " Well could I curse away a *winter's night,*
" " *Though standing naked on a mountain top,*
" " Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
" " And think it but a *minute* spent in sport!

" " But curses *kill* not: could I kill with *cursing,*
" " By heavens I know not thirty heads in *France*
" " Should not be blasted! SENATORS *should rot,*
" " *Like dogs on dunghills!*
" " *O, for a curse to kill with!*"

My Father and my Uncle Toby bowed ceremoniously to Dr. Slop, and withdrew, under cover of Doctor Slop's exclamations.

DOCTOR S—— *solus*

" " Why what an Ass am I?—this is most brave;
" " That I——
" " Must like a w——e unpack my heart with words,
" " And fall a cursing *like a very* DRAB,
" " A SCULLION!
" " *Fie upon't*——FOH!—— [*Exit.*

THE END.

Printed by W. Hone,
45, Ludgate-Hill, London.

A

SLAP AT SLOP

AND THE

Bridge-Street Gang.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

'POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.'

With Twenty-seven Cuts.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE,
45, LUDGATE HILL.

1822.

Half a Crown.

TO THE READER.

THE SLAP, at first arranged in the manner, and in every respect in imitation, assumed the appearance of a newspaper, except that the columns were broken by *cuts*. It was a crown broadside, and the agreeable appearance of the stamp was preserved by the subjoined diagram being placed at the corner.

Doubtless every one who entered into the design, was satisfied with the original form of the publication; yet the author has been perplexed by numerous applications for an edition in this size. He finds it as difficult to account for want of taste as for it; but it being the fashion for the minority to be polite to the majority, he bends at last to the too general request, and submits THE SLAP, with a broken spirit, to go down, bound, with his other little pieces.

45, *Ludgate Hill*,
1822.

Original Address.

A BAG of *political* nuts ready cracked, is not only rather dangerous fare to serve up, but a man who takes the trouble to crack them, will find the kernels cleaner and sweeter for his pains. Though they who run may read the greater portion of the present sheet, yet there are a few articles that require attention, and two or three are designed for those only who *alone* can understand them.

My first intention was to parody SLOP's paper, 'THE SLOP-PAIL,' or '*Muck Times*,' throughout. But he is as vapid as the Marquess of LUNNUNDERRY.* What could I do with thoughts as unquotable, as confused, as ill conceived, as ill expressed, as that *puissant*† Lord's; —without depth or originality—as plentiful and superficial as duck-weed. I found not a sparkle of talent in any of SLOP's lean '*leaders*' to re-pay me the trouble of wearisome reading. Under the '*stringent* necessity'‡ of *varying* my original plan, yet loth to abandon it altogether, I have parodied some of the features common to the SLOP-PAIL, and supplied the department I had allotted to an imitation of his mindless *verbiage* with a sketch of HIS LIFE—filling the remainder of the sheet in my own way. There are discrepancies inseparable from this course, but I write to good-humoured readers, who have no objection to see the mind as well as the person of a friend in undress, and who take as little interest in the decision of the High Court of Criticism on things of this sort, as they took in the decision of the 'Court of Claims' concerning the 'imposing' ceremony of the coronation, and things *of that* sort.

The drawings are, as usual, by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, whose able pencil has had greater scope here than in a pamphlet; that size would have entirely excluded *Dr. Southey's Vision*, the *Jack-in-the-Green*, and the masterly representation of the BRIDGE-STREET GANG destroying a *Free* Press, and suspending Liberty, while SLOP is working *his* Press to distort and torture TRUTH.

45, *Ludgate-hill*,
August 2, 1821.

THE AUTHOR OF THE
POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

* The Marquess calls London, '*Lunnun*.'
† A Marquess is styled 'a most *puissant Prince*!'
‡ For this constipating phrase, see *Slop Pail*, July 26, 1821

NOTE.—The *Cuts* referred to in the preceding address, are preserved entire in this Edition, those that were too large for the present page being printed to fold in.

A Slap at Slop.

THE LIFE OF
DOCTOR SLOP,
AND THE ORIGIN OF
THE BRIDGE-STREET GANG.

THE origin and the end of this man are alike uncertain. He was sent to Oxford when young, as a student destined for holy orders, under the patronage of the Bishop of Durham.

> 'Go thou and seek the house of prayer:
> I to the woodlands bend *my* way,
> And meet Religion there;
> She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray,
> Where storied windows dim the doubtful day;
> With LIBERTY she loves to rove'——

These lines, in Mr. SOUTHEY's lyric poem, '*written on Sunday Morning*,'* express the thoughts of SLOP when a college youth.

---

* Southey's Minor Poems, vol. i. p. 187.

At that time he had a sort of conscience; for, in consequence of an honest course of reading, he refused to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. Thus disqualifying himself from being a candidate for the '*imposition* of hands' by the Bishop, he for ever relinquished the prospect of entrance into the church, and cultivated his mind by reading PAINE's *Rights of Man.*

Fascinated by the writings of Mrs. MARY WOLLSTONCROFFT, more especially by her celebrated '*Vindication of the Rights of Woman,*' he assiduously sought that lady's acquaintance, and having obtained the desired honour, cultivated her intimacy with passionate admiration. On the appearance of Mr. GODWIN's '*Inquiry concerning Moral and Political Justice,*' he read and studied it with doting enthusiasm; the chapters on *Property*, and on *the Sexual Intercourse*, were particularly to his taste—the chapter on *Sincerity*, not so much. Hungering for a personal friendship with the author of the *Political Justice*, who became the husband of Mrs. WOLLSTONCROFFT, he humbled himself before him, beseeching permission to consider that philosopher as his Gamaliel, and to sit at his feet as the least of his disciples. This was granted, and in that school he commenced an intimacy with Mr. THOMAS HOLCROFT and his friends. That gentleman had just been released from imprisonment, under indictments for high treason, with Messrs. HARDY, HORNE TOOKE, and THELWALL, who were tried and acquitted of the charge; and at this time SLOP's political fervor rose above the temperament of the most hot-blooded among the patriots he associated with. It had been fashionable to wear the hair long and tied; he thought this aristocratic, cut his hair off to look like a democrat, became a *round-head*, and was called *Citizen* S. At length he was marked out from his fellows by the distinguishing appellation of '*the Jacobin,*' and he became a *Leveller*. Affixing to the words 'Liberty and Equality,' an interpretation of his own, he contended with the *Spenceans*, that there could be no real *Liberty* without *Equality*;—so he preached the doctrine of *all things in common*, and prevailed on a young man who had imbibed some of his notions, to aid him in proving its advantages. In an attic chamber in the Temple they founded a *community of goods*—lived on short commons—and waited on each other. Here SLOP lighted the fire, and fetched water from the Temple pump for their joint use, till, tired of the pitcher-duty, he pro-

posed transferring the undignified office to his companion, who declined to accept it; and a fierce quarrel arising in this 'perfect state of society,' concerning *rights* and *duties*, the Commonwealth of two ceased to exist.

In this exigency, moderation, which at one time he seems to have thought criminal, became expedient on many accounts. About 1796 he visited Scotland, with letters of recommendation to respectable society; yet his *wild opinions* on religion and politics caused him to be disliked by some of the most respectable students who held Whig principles, and who, still holding them, dislike and shun him now for his extreme violence in another direction. When at Edinburgh, he affected singularity of habit as well as thought, and paraded the streets, especially the Leith-Walk, in a drab dress of romantic simplicity. On his return from Scotland, he employed himself in writing for the booksellers. In 1798 he translated the play of Don Carlos, from the German of Schiller, and presented his friend, Mr. HOLCROFT, with a copy, who says, that 'he executed his task respectably.'* On the 5th of August, in that year, he dined with Mr. GODWIN and Mr. PARRY (the *Republican Editor* of the COURIER Newspaper when it was conducted on *democratic* principles), at the house of Mr. Holcroft, where, according to that gentleman's diary,† he was, 'as usual, acute; but *pertinacious and verbose*.' On the 25th of November, he wrote to Mr. Holcroft, complaining of neglect,‡ who answered by denying such intention; and indeed his intimacy with the *coterie* at Mr. Holcroft's, was of the closest nature, and his attachment to that philosopher's principles and person so strong, that he proposed intermarriage with his family, which was declined. He remained ardently devoted to the new philosophy, long after Mr. HOLCROFT's death, and until Mr. GODWIN found it convenient to decline his wearisome acquaintance. Fickleness and obstinacy, and the exercise of a faculty for incessant disputation, rendered his society very tedious to the philosophers. Fruitless attempts to repress or soften his pugnacious turn, exhausted their patience. In defence of themselves, they disregarded and finally *cut* him;

* Holcroft's Life, vol. ii. p. 269.
† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 32.
‡ Ibid. p. 76.

—so that it became the *New Times* with him in philosophy.

He rambled to conceal his discontent, and to get fresh notions and fresh friends. A pedestrian tour through Scotland, with letters of recommendation, and a pliability of manner accommodated to his new views, effected both. He published his *Tour* in 1801. It is written with extreme caution. His real opinions are kept out of the book as much as possible; yet they occasionally peep forth; for instance, he says, 'We seem inspired with enthusiasm to fall down and worship the golden image of commerce; let us not wholly *submit our feelings to our purses, and counters, and ledgers*—we may be very rich in products, and manufactures, and population, and *very poor in the spirits and minds of men!*' *—he dare not put that in his SLOP-PAIL. In the *Tour*, he speaks in praise of the Rev. Sir HENRY MONCREIFF WELLWOOD, a Scottish Baronet of *Whig* principles, whose daughter he afterwards married, whether from *innate* love of *legitimacy*, or what, is unknown. Before he wrote the *Tour*, he procured the degree of LL.D. (as the Laureate has done since), and the philosopher, who had refused subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles to the Church of England, and had been in turn a Republican, a Jacobin, a Leveller, and a Spencean, became a Doctor of Laws, and *sunk* into the wig and gown of an advocate in the Ecclesiastical Court! Resuming an intimacy with some young men of his own stamp, who knew him at college, they obtained a place for him—he was made king's advocate at Malta. So fell SLOP. Here ended his career of what he called *Patriotism*. He mistook passionate heat for the enthusiasm of genius, a habit of loud talking for talent, a ranting way of writing for reasoning, and pertinacity of manner for firmness of character. His vain disputations occasioned him to be noticed, and this he thought equal to being admired. Conceit of ability rendered him covetous of distinction; he acquired it—

> 'THE COURT 's a *golden*, but a *fatal* circle,
> Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils,
> In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
> And beckon early virtue from its centre.'—

* Stoddart's Tour, vol. i. p. 12.

The smirks and smiles of courtiers, the tinsel and glitter of embroidered coats and waistcoats, the *hum* and *sops* of office, hurried him into the train of ministerial menials, as easily as a beggar's hungry brat is seduced by the finery of gilt paper, and the sound of the shovel and brush, to follow the chimney-sweepers on May-day, through the dirty alleys of St. Giles's. His artificial wants were too many to be gratified by an even walk in the path of rectitude. When he saw that 'public principle' was an obstacle to the gratification of his vulgar vanity, he suppressed it—

> 'He was no Patriot *then*, nor gave his breath
> Bravely to speak his mind, and venture death:—
> For 'twas his judgment *then*—*though not in youth*—
> One grain of ease was worth a world of *Truth*.'
>
> WATTS.

Notwithstanding this, he remained, secretly, a correspondent to the *Monthly Magazine*, and wrote for Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS.

Vacating his place at Malta in favour of his brother-in-law, and coming back to seek his fortune, he scrambled about during a year and a half, in Doctors' Commons and among the booksellers, in search of employment, till he procured an engagement from the proprietors of *The Times* as a writer in that journal. His labours in this way were ardent, but profitable to nobody but himself. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, the *ex-republican* became an admirer of privileged orders, and 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong'—glorified the thrones of the allied despots—fell flat on his face in worship of legitimacy—and affected a beatific vision of the political millenium in the restoration of the Bourbons. He soon honoured Napoleon with all the obnoxious designations the language could supply. He called him 'a villain, a wretch, a rebel, a brigand, a traitor, a fiend, a felon, an incendiary, an impostor, an assassin, a viper, a demon, a fool, a living Moloch, a bloody dog, and a blackamoor.'* To these and hundreds of other names, he prefixed innumerable epithets expressive of disgust and hate. Every one but himself saw that such a course must shortly end. The writer

* See the Tract, intituled '*The Origin of Dr. Slop's Name.*'

of this article being forcibly reminded of the cursing of Trim in *Tristram Shandy*, ridiculed SLOP's *Execratory*, in a little piece intituled 'BUONAPARTE-PHOBIA; or, *Cursing made Easy*, &c. by Dr. SLOP.'* It not only insured to him the name of SLOP for ever, but hastened what was neither intended nor anticipated, his dismissal from *The Times*.

The persecution of the French Protestants on the restoration of Louis XVIII. and their massacre at *Nismes*, occasioned the English Protestants to interest themselves heartily for their relief. The Committee of Dissenters at Dr. Williams's *Library in Red-Cross-street* inquired into the facts, published a verifying Report, and took measures for sending pecuniary succours. Seeking to earn the wages of his prostitution by slavering the hoof of tyranny, and maddened that Bourbon bigotry should be obstructed in its operation, SLOP denied the truth of the statements, vilified the whole body of English Dissenters, imputed their humanity to unworthy and scandalous motives, and threw as many daring fabrications as his mercenary pen could create in the way of their efforts. With undaunted audacity he gave the lie direct to his father-in-law, Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood, who, in the kindness and courage of his heart, became President of a Public Meeting at Edinburgh, and inspirited the Protestants of Scotland to co-operate in a national subscription for the persecuted. When SLOP's slanders were successfully repelled, and his artful falsehoods exposed, he withdrew without evidencing any other regret than what arose from his having been unable to effect his unhallowed purposes.

* * * * * *

His first exploit after his expulsion from *The Times* was, an attempt to delude the public by engrafting himself upon a *quacking* newspaper, now known, like himself, by a two-fold name, it being indiscriminately called 'THE MUCK TIMES,' and 'THE SLOP PAIL.' The imposition succeeded only with a few. His writing gave the lie direct to his puffing pretensions, and his falsehoods were exposed in the paper from which he had been discharged. 'He knows full well,' says *The Times* (in February, 1817) that 'his articles were

* This squib is reprinted entire in a pamphlet, intituled '*The Origin of Dr. Slop's Name.*'

rejected from our columns on account of the virulence and indiscretion with which they were written; and that, for more than twelve months preceding, whatever articles attracted notice by their merit, were exclusively the productions of other gentlemen.—*There are in the office, sacks full of his rejected writings;* which, if they were published, would exhibit an accurate criterion of his puffed-off abilities; *the sale of our Journal increased the more, the less he wrote; and since he has ceased from writing altogether, has extended with a rapidity of which we have known no example, since we have had the management of it.*'* This and other statements were stunning blows to him, and remained unnoticed, because they were unanswerable.

His overweening pride received another shock through his new friends the *legitimates*. He went to Paris, and applied to be introduced at court; but 'THE BOURBON' refused to receive him! Yes! refused to receive *him*—SLOP; *that* SLOP who, to gain the favour of his Most Christian Majesty, when he was in England, had 'tainted himself with the plague-spot of Legitimacy, till he was leprous all over; in whose inmost soul it had fixed its mortal sting, and, like an ugly spider, entangled him in its slimy folds, brooding on him as on its own poison.'† *He*—who had abandoned principle, was abandoned by friends, had incurred the world's contempt, and had sold himself to the devil in the service of legitimacy—*he* to be refused permission to bow over the hand of LOUIS XVIII!—*he* to be despised and rejected by that same Louis who had received Mr. STREET, the late Editor of the *Courier*, with open arms, and conferred on him the order of the *Lys!*—this was *the unkindest cut of all!* He returned to England in the last stage of mortification—a bye-word—a reproach—a laughing stock!

Harnessed with other hacks to the machine of tyranny, he must answer to the lash of the driver, and drag it along, or be trampled over. Smack went the whip, and on went SLOP. To support the new order of things in France, it was necessary, in addition to the bayonets of foreigners, that the press there should be put under a censorship, and that the *free* press of England should

* See also '*The Origin of Dr. Slop's Name.*'—*Preface.*
† Hazlitt's Political Essays.—*Preface.*

make a monstrous experiment to write up the advantages of a shackled press in France. Dr. SLOP undertook the task, and joining to himself another *Doctor*, the Poet Laureate, they united with persons of similar qualifications in France, and commenced operations by announcing a publication called the '*Correspondent*,' which was to appear at London in the English, and at Paris in the French language on the same day. It was conducted on the plan of a 'Class-meeting' among the Methodists, where each relates his 'experience.' But neither the French nor the English cared a *sous* about the political 'experience' of Doctor Slop, Doctor Southey, or the mad Viscount Chateaubriand. Besides, the Poet Laureate, instead of telling *his own* 'experience,' told a long story about the Rev. John Wesley's, while SLOP came 'lumbering like a bear up,' and Chateaubriand illustrated the affairs of Europe with tales about the city of Jerusalem, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Crown of Thorns. The '*Correspondent*' fell still-born amid the laughter of the few people of both nations who knew of its coming forth, and perhaps there are only five persons in England who remember it even by name—Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, who had the honour of the profit and loss account.

Devoid of political principle, SLOP's real source of action is pure selfishness. His end and aim are anti-social, because his SLOP-PAIL can only exist during political strife. He would inflame the passions of ministers and their minions, to vex and to harass the people, that the people may be irritated into resistance against persecution. He and his fellow-laboureres vilified and goaded whole communities of starving manufacturers. These unhappy men, congregated and organized into powerful bodies, simultaneously demanding a redress of wrongs and grievances, he exultingly recorded to have been dispersed and cut down by the sabres of the military —but not until he had so altered and '*garnished*' the account of the massacre, furnished him by Orton,* as to make it pleasing to the depraved taste of his mindless

* HENRY ORTON, not HORATIO ORTON the *Informer* to the GANG, but *his brother*. This HENRY ORTON was a witness for *the Prosecution* against Mr. HENRY HUNT and others, at York; and when cross-examined by Mr. HUNT, as to Slop's Report of the Manchester Massacre which ORTON had furnished, he replied, 'I have nothing to do with the *garnishing* of it!'—*See the Trials at York.*

readers, and serviceable to the political views of his base supporters. This was his harvest; but he has reaped that, and is sowing another.

Pending the prosecution of the Queen, the Rev. SOLOMON PIGGOTT, Curate of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and St. Antholin's, Watling-Street, a man of weak and restless mind, conceived the idea of *publishing* CARICATURES, by PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION, *in ridicule of* HER MAJESTY *and her supporters*. He communicated this design to Dr. Slop, who engaged heartily in the plan. Subscribers were advertised for, and were formed into a body, called '*The* LOYAL *Association*,' and Mr. CHARLES BICKNELL, of No. 3, Spring Garden Terrace, *the Solicitor to the Admiralty*, was the Treasurer. PIGGOTT wrote maudlin prose and wretched verse, and illustrated his unintellectual labours with *coloured caricatures*. These were issued to the world through a PUBLISHER OF OBSCENITY, while they were *powerfully puffed by* SLOP *in his* SLOP-PAIL, *and* PIGGOTT *himself cringed his way* TO COURT, *and presented the talentless trash to* HIS MAJESTY *in person, who received it most graciously; and, as an encouragement to his labours, subscribed for forty sets of one of his works at a guinea each*. But the public judgment refused the rinsings of the sycophant parson's brain; and the united efforts of '*the* LOYAL *Association*' being inadequate to produce a single article of ability from the press, *they turned their thoughts towards an attack upon* THE PRESS *itself*. They were deplorably '*poor in the spirits and minds of men*,' but '*their purses, and counters, and ledgers*,' were productive, and at one of their meetings *they abandoned the project of a Series of* PUBLICATIONS, *and determined to commence a Series of* PROSECUTIONS. The notorious JOHN REEVES, a plentifully-endowed placeman, who had thrown the country into a state of alarm by a LOYAL Association in 1793, entered into these views; but, as the term LOYAL had acquired an unfavourable odour, they changed their name from '*the* LOYAL *Association*,' to '*the* CONSTITUTIONAL *Association*.' PIGGOTT's Treasurer, Mr. BICKNELL, with JOHN REEVES (both *lawyers*), got SIR JOHN SEWELL (also a *lawyer*), a pensioner in the Red Book, to become the president of the confederacy. They appointed CHARLES MURRAY (another *lawyer*), their '*Honorary Secretary*', a very acceptable post to a hungry attorney, who had quartered part of his family in public situations. He

eagerly embraced the office of their Old-Bailey Solicitor; it brought him fees, and perhaps he expected it might bring him clients. They were joined by LONGUEVILLE CLARKE (also a *lawyer*), and the son of a person holding an appointment in a Government Establishment. JOHN POYNDER (also a *lawyer*) resident in Bridewell, to which, as well as Bethlem (two other Government Establishments), he is Clerk and Attorney, had been compelled to resign his office of Secretary to the Bible Society, and was at full leisure to become an active confederate. Intercourse with the prisoners in Newgate had given a certain turn to his views; a drinker of port wine himself, he had descanted, before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the wickedness of common gin; with a good comfortable house over his head, *at the public expense*, he had disturbed poor old apple-women who sought an *independent* living 'in summer's heat and winter's cold;' he had also a horror, upon public principle, of street organs in the evening; and, like his friend SLOP, he had experienced the mortification of having his defamatory, and 'mewling and puling' writings rejected by '*The Times*'—the new *concern* was quite to his taste. SLOP (himself a *lawyer*) became the *Horn-boy* of the GANG,—to blow the '*great* news,' the '*extraordinary* news,' of their proceedings—to *puff their* attacks upon the Free Press of the People—to assist in *raising the flame of alarm throughout the country*—and to give the earliest intelligence of their *Prosecutions*. *This paid* SLOP *well*, for the trouble he had with PARSON SOLOMON, in laying the *Plot;* for, as the adherents to it increased, they took especial care to give their support and influence to the hireling paper, from whence SLOP derives the means of supporting his tawdry existence. By these measures, the weak-minded were terrified out of subscriptions for anti-social objects; and the selfish crew having gathered around them the chief priests, and the pharisees, and some of the fattest amongst the placeholders, pensioners, and tax-eaters, who exist upon the people's labour, they fitted up an office at WALKER'S HOTEL, No. 6, *New Bridge Street, Blackfriars*, for the purpose of more conveniently carrying on the *imposture*. From this '*Den*' they put forth a specious *Address*, which is rendered into pretty intelligible language in subsequent pages of this publication.* In that paper these *conspirators*, battening

Pages 22—4.

upon the public purse, and preying upon public credulity, knavishly affected to lament 'a perversion of *public principle*;' and, with their fingers twitching at the purse-strings of their dupes, hypocritically whispered in their ears about '*mockery of religion!*'—like the hackneied procuress who, to effect her designs upon innocence, pretends an extraordinary affection for virtue. What shameful pimping to the whiffling understandings of the timid! What artful pandering to pampered bloatedness! What an insolent appeal from the minions of power, and the overgorged feeders upon the public wealth, to their fellow parasites and gluttons! How dare *they* to talk of '*public principle*,' whose weight increases that enormous burthen of taxation which depresses the labourer to the very earth, and enters as iron into the soul of every industrious man in the country—how dare *they* to talk of '*public principle!*' Then as to their *cant* about '*mockery of religion*'—suppose the writer of this article had published at his house, 45, Ludgate-hill, the following—

BILL FOR REPAIRS OF PAINTINGS.

	£.	s.	d.
To putting a new top to sir Cloudesley Shovel's wig, and adding three side-curls over the left shoulder	0	2	6
To an entire new head, wig and all, for the Duke of Marlborough	0	6	0
To mending a Gentleman's nose, supposed to be the elder Brutus	0	1	3
☞ *TO A NEW WASH-HAND BASIN* FOR HIS EXCELLENCY PONTIUS PILATE!	0	0	9
☞ TO PUTTING A CANDLE TO JOSEPH'S LANTHORN! AND *NEW SACKS* FOR HIS BRETHREN!	0	4	6
☞ TO SIX STRINGS FOR *DAVID'S HARP!* AND A *FRESH* WITCH OF ENDOR!	0	8	6
To Oliver Cromwell's Beard, and Queen Elizabeth's Ruff	0	3	6
To a new Pretender for the Battle of Culloden	0	4	9
☞ TO TWO YARDS AND A HALF OF *WATER FOR THE DELUGE!*	0	5	3
☞ TO SOME CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS AND *IMPROVEMENTS* (!) IN THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS!	0	10	6
☞ TO *FRESH* FIG-LEAVES FOR ADAM AND EVE! AND DRAWING A CURTAIN BEFORE POTIPHAR'S WIFE!!!	0	3	6
To mending some Holes in Sir Walter Raleigh's Breeches	0	2	6
	£. 2	13	6

Suppose that WILLIAM HONE had published this, what would SLOP and the other Members of the BRIDGE-STREET GANG, and CHARLES MURRAY, and JOSEPH BUDWORTH SHARP, and SLOP'S READERS, have said? But WILLIAM HONE did *not* publish this. No. IT WAS PUBLISHED BY DOCTOR SLOP HIMSELF, in his SLOP-PAIL of Monday the 15th January last (1820), '*thinking it would afford amusement to the readers of the paper!*'*

Will 'HIS READERS' explain, whether they were *amused* by '*the* CURTAIN *before Potiphar's Wife*,' raising a GROSSLY OBSCENE *image of her naked person?* Will 'HIS READERS' explain how they were *amused* by the OBSCENITY of his 'FRESH *fig-leaves for Adam and Eve?*' Will 'HIS READERS' explain, what suggestions were conveyed to their minds by '*a* FRESH *Witch of Endor*,' and by 'SIX *strings for* DAVID'S HARP?'—that *harp* to which the Psalms were sung, that have rolled on to us in the full majesty of poetical grandeur during successive generations, and will continue their choral pealing to the loftiest feelings of the human heart, till they, and the music of the spheres, shall cease together.

When, on the accusation of the chief priests and the elders of the Jews, in the name of the people, the time was near at hand that Jesus should seal the sincerity of his labours of love, and peace on earth, and good-will to mankind, by his death, and 'PILATE saw that he could prevail nothing, but rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it.'†—The recollection of this most affecting renunciation of art or part in the death of CHRIST,

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* See the SLOP-PAIL of that date.

† Matt. xxvii. 24.

is brought to the mind, in the *Official Paper of* 'THE CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION,' by the sneering suggestion of 'A NEW WASH-HAND BASIN FOR HIS EXCELLENCY PONTIUS PILATE!'

Will 'THE READERS,' for whose '*amusement*' Dr. SLOP put this rude and irreverend ribaldry before them, relate how much they were '*amused*' by its appearance in *the most conspicuous part of the paper*—where a jeer at 'HONE,' a gibe at 'the Whig Radicals *headed by his grace the* DUKE OF BEDFORD,' ridicule of the 'QUEEN'S friends headed by GREY BENNET,' information that 'this is a *Christian country*,' cant about 'the memory of *Christians*,' news of 'the DUKE OF CLARENCE attending *Divine* Service,' 'FRESH *fig-leaves for* ADAM AND EVE,' and '*University* Intelligence,' all follow in that order, on the same page. Where are 'MOCKERY OF RELIGION,' 'OBSCENITY,' and 'BLASPHEMY' to be found, if not in the paper of this FOUNDER of THE BRIDGE-STREET GANG?

This varnished hypocrite is said to be a gentleman:—it may be so. The article, so called, can be easily manufactured by a tailor and a dancing-master, and a few lessons in the school of Chesterfield. A head, powdered and erect, a solemn stalk, a bow to people of certain rank, the *cut* to people of another rank, and an affected condescension to those termed inferiors, will procure any man the reputation of being genteel, among the groundlings. Such *gentlemen* as these swarm in shoals, from the BRIDGE-STREET-GANG *Informer* to the Marquess-secretary for foreign affairs; the appearances that constitute these personages are usual and essential to every adventurer.

When SLOP parted with his integrity, he lost his self-respect. Attacking the honesty he secretly envies, and has not the courage to imitate, he has nothing to compensate him for a comfortless mind, but an empty consequence among fools and knaves, which yields no repose. His appearance in the SLOP-PAIL is ludicrous. Affecting a semblance to which he has no real pretension, he looks like a nightman in a cocked hat, who pulls up his frill at every discharge of muck, to show his gentility. His case is a common one. He rose from the bottom of society by foul self-inflation, and floats a filthy bubble among the scum upon the surface.

A minion of ministers, a parasite to despotism throughout the world, public virtue is the object of his unprincipled hate and unsparing abuse. Hence, there is not a 'public principle' that his mendacity has not 'perverted;' not a man of disinterested public conduct that he has not vilified; not a measure of advantage to the country, emanating from such men, that he has not derided; not a measure of ministerial profligacy that he has not promoted; not a public job that he has not bolstered; not a public knave that he has not shielded; not an inroad upon the constitution that he has not widened; not a treason against the people's liberties that he has not advocated; not a sore upon the people's hearts that he has not enlarged.

THE AUTHOR OF THE
POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

45, Ludgate-hill, August 2, 1821.

SONG.

Imitation of Mr. CANNING's in the *Rovers*.

(AIR, *Lanterna Magica.*)

Whene'er with aching eyes I view
The troublers of the nation,
I find them one conspiring crew,—
The BRIDGE-STREET GANG—the CONSTITU-
TIONAL *Association*—
TIONAL *Association*.

SLOP's venom, of high *Tory* blue,
The Stuart royal fashion,
In secret gave the poison to
The daggers of the CONSTITU-
TIONAL *Association*—
TIONAL *Association*.

Forth from his SLOP-PAIL swift he flew,
In dread of moderation,
Assassins' knives to cowards threw,
And call'd the GANG the CONSTITU-
TIONAL *Association*—
TIONAL *Association*.

I, who when wild his *Curses* flew,
Gave him his appellation,*
Would force him into light, in du-
ty to unmask his CONSTITU-
TIONAL *Association*—
TIONAL *Association*.

Against me if his SLOP-PAIL brew,
For that high designation,
I spurn his SLOP-PAIL, spurn him too,
And scorn his GANG, the CONSTITU-
TIONAL *Association*—
TIONAL *Association*.

Until a fouler opportu-
nity, a filthier still occasion,
He 'll empt' his dirty SLOP-PAIL gru-
el, through his sink-hole CONSTITU-
TIONAL *Association*
TIONAL *Association*.

But should he shrink from public view,
Or sculk with mean evasion,
I'll lash the knave and all his crew—
SLOP and his GANG, the CONSTITU-
TIONAL *Association*—
TIONAL *Association*.

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* See the tract intituled, *The Origin of Dr. Slop's Name.*

Advertisements.

ROYAL RED HOT SLOP, Seven-pence per pail; spooned out every morning at Six o'Clock, at 153, Fleet-street.

SCAVENGERS, SWEEPS, AND OTHERS, EMPLOYED IN DIRTY WORK, gratefully partake of this BREAKFAST BEVERAGE, being at once cheering to their spirits, and strengthening to their bodies, in their daily labour. It is greedily swallowed by the Members of the BRIDGE-STREET SOCIETY, who could not exist without it, it being their chief support. Many of them come miles for it, and get nothing else through the day. The manner in which the poor creatures thankfully receive their morning's sustenance, and share it with their helpless families, is at once a proof of their gratitude, and their destitute condition.

There is nothing equal to it at *spring* and *fall*. It is superior to every thing in existence for assisting the power of *leeches* on every part of the body, as it draws the circulation, and they never fall off till they are full. It promotes *blood-letting* generally, and in *breakings out* is a great stimulant. Possessing these qualities, it is taken by several persons in public offices, and by others who desire to derive advantages from its effects on the *Constitution*.

Sent, carriage free, to Gentlemen's Seats and Watering Places throughout the kingdom.

N. B. Serves Carlton-House.

[*** *See the Cut on the Title-page.*]

NEW MEDICAL BOARD.

TO THE AFFLICTED.—When persons employ themselves to relieve the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, they ought to be men experienced in the diseases they profess to relieve, and to be acquainted with the causes of the complaint. Dr. SLOP, *a Professional Gentleman*, and a Member of the Royal College of *Sir John's*, a regular *Licencious* in *Fee-seek*, and an *outlying* Doctor in the *Law-yell Lying-in* Infirmary, has been induced, by the dreadful ravages of the TYPOPHOBIA, in the upper ranks of Society, to make that disease his particular study. From a dreadful habit, contracted by juvenile inattentions at school, the mind becomes enervated in after-life, and is afflicted by a series of the most distressing apprehensions. This mental debility is so excessive as to make the patient imagine himself in danger from every *leaf* that stirs. All that can be done in this stage, is to diminish the symptoms of the unhappy sufferers, by strengthening their habit. But this can only be effected by a mode of treatment peculiar to Dr. SLOP, who has been induced to establish a NEW MEDICAL BOARD, where his *Bark* is administered in mouthfuls, properly prepared by able assistants, to those who cannot take it in the gross. The complaint, in its most dreadful forms, and of however long standing, is immediately relieved in patients of both sexes, who explain the nature of their symptoms, with a proper fee.

The COMMITTEE of the NEW MEDICAL BOARD, sit daily at their Establishment, Walker's Hotel, No. 6, Bridge-street.

N. B.—A street-door, and a brass plate in the passage.

"The Freeborn Englishman."

DR. SLOP'S OBSCENITY.

The SLOP-PAIL report of the Attorney-General's Speech (in the House of Commons) the 3rd of July (1821), makes that officer say, that 'HORATIO ORTON *went to King's shop to buy an* INDECENT *Curicature.*' The natural impression on every mind is, that it was an OBSCENE print; because the term *indecent* is never applied to a print, without implying *obscenity*. It was not only quite in character for *Slop*, who amused his readers with the *obscenity* of 'FRESH FIG-LEAVES FOR ADAM AND EVE,' but it suited his *purpose* as a Member of the BRIDGE-STREET GANG, to fix OBSCENITY upon a political caricature. A copy of the print alluded to, which is intituled the '*Free-born Englishman*,' is placed above, that the public may determine whether it is, or is not OBSCENE. Every one who looks at it will naturally be astonished at the impudence of the imputation, and some perhaps be induced to call the utterer by that short but natural appellation which no honest man in society ever applied but to a miscreant, who ought to have it burnt in upon his forehead as a mark to avoid him by. A 'curtain' before this print, to save SLOP from the infamy its appearance brands him with, would be more serviceable to him now, than, it is to be hoped, *his* 'CURTAIN BEFORE POTIPHAR'S WIFE' was *amusing* to his readers.

Inquisitional Association,

FOR OPPOSING THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE AND CONSTITUTIONAL PRINCIPLES.

PRESIDENT---SIR JOHN SEWEL, Kat. LL.D.

ADDRESS.

[*The following is a* Parody *upon the* 'Address' *of the* CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION, *a nefarious Conspiracy for creating alarm in the minds of the timid, and obtaining money upon false pretences. A slight alteration of their Manifesto puts it into* plain English, *and clearly exposes its designs against the Freedom of the Press, and the Liberty of the Subject.*]

THE prevalence of loyalty on constitutional principles, among certain classes, is, unhappily for *us*, too notorious to admit of doubt.

Possessing, as this nation does, an ADMINISTRATION, which is the *bottle-holder to the prize-fighters for the world---at peace with a standing* army quartered throughout the country---covered with the expenses of a long, an artful, and *trumpetted* contest---enjoying *a continual enlargement of the Statutes at Large*, and variorum editions of Burns' Justice---and subjected to the wild and eternal *palaverment* of DERBY DOWN TRIANGLE---it might have been hoped, that all *pranks* and *sprees* would have ended in an humble attitude for such unexampled *blisterings*, without an unsightly and merciless exposure of his *foreign presents*.

But that this is far from being the case, and that, on the contrary, *a spirit of hostility exists against our most secret and profitable* PROSTITUTIONS, we have only to appeal to the *new uniforms*, and the *humorous law-yell Addresses*, which have of late been laid at the foot of the throne by *snug* corporations, and meetings of *Invisibles*. Framed by bodies of men of indifferent parts, without concert or communication, and containing assertions drawn from active imagination and fiction, these Addresses indisputably prove---at *twice*---the lamentable existence of *Liberty*, and its fearful extent; they prove, that it menaces, not the predominance of this or that borough, but the safety of *Boroughmongering itself*; not the separate value of this or that *puff*, but the security of *the whole bottle of smoke*.

The CONSEQUENCES which have already resulted from the propagation of *public principle*, are but too obvious. Among them are to be numbered a daily and weekly bond of union between the humbler ranks of society, and their natural guardians and protectors---independence---disregard of mere *fame*---and frequent attempts to obstruct our *botheration*---increased sale of *the Times*---renunciations of respect for the *greatest humbugs* in the country

"Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the *Spaniards* in suffering THE INQUISITION among them; and certainly it will *never be well with us* till something like the Spanish Inquisition be *in England*."—Recorder of London at the Old Bailey: *see Howell's State Trials, vol.* vi. p. 966.

THE "DAMNABLE ASSOCIATION;" OR, THE INFERNAL INQUISITION OF BLACK FRIARS:

An Interior View of the DEN *in Bridge Street, with the* GANG *at Work.*

—hatred of hypocrisy—querulous impatience of unjust control and illegal restraint---ridicule of vain and ostentatious pretenders to all sound learning, experience, and knowledge—interruption of the courses of Sir MANASSEH MASSEH LOPEZ, *and derangement of the great concerns and enterprizes of the Court Newsmen during the Coronation.*

The PRESS, that great and abominable *bore* to *pan-paw* life—that interesting machine for diffusing the *scent of the* SLOP-PAIL, has unhappily become, in the hands of the tax-payers, a lever, to shake the very foundations of *our order*. Its power, which within the last century has been multiplied a hundred fold, may now be said to reign paramount over vice; and to those *friends to themselves*, who dig deep into the fat of the land, it cannot but be matter of serious alarm to observe, that a very large proportion of our periodical publications is under the direction either of avowed enemies of the close boroughs, or of persons whose sole principle of action is opposed to our own private and *self-sell* interest. Every heart and voice is employed with daily increasing boldness to render the people acquainted with the proceedings of the borough-mongers—to show them that they are not represented by those whom they have not elected—to seduce them from their long affliction and allegiance to our sovereignty; and finally, to bring about a *Reformation*, on which the prosperity, the internal happiness, and the political greatness of the empire, must inevitably be established---and our interests be sacrificed.

As it is clear, that isolated and single-handed exertion is utterly inadequate to more than a *grope* at the *good things* arising from the present state of disorder, and that we should not, perhaps, get a mouthful a-piece; so it is to be feared, that the government and legislature might render our contest for them difficult, without an active, zealous, and persevering *botheration* against the reformingly disposed individuals of the community, which *botheration*, to be effectual, must be a running fire, and a continued insult towards such individuals.

Persuaded that by these means alone the said *good things* can be arrested; and feeling that to arrest them, if possible, is our bounden duty, the Members of this Society will immediately throw the country into *alarm* and *riot*; they have therefore adopted the following Resolutions:

1*st. That they will use their best exertions to maintain Mr.* MURRAY, *and to support the due execution of his law.*

2*nd. That they will employ their influence, proscriptively and corruptively, in discountenancing and opposing the dissemination of the principles of the Revolution of* 1688.

3*rd. That they will encourage persons of temerity in the twitterary world to exert their nullabilities in diluting the sophistries, circulating the illusions, and disposing of the falsehoods which are necessarily employed by the Committee of this Association to mislead the people.*

4*th. That they will resort to such expedients as Mr.* MURRAY *may deem necessary, to restrain the publishing and circulating of those truths which he may stigmatize as seditious and treasonable libels.*

In wishing that THE PRESS should be securely *chained*, the Members of this Society have no desire to limit their own *bother*. On the contrary, their *abuse of the* QUEEN, their inflammatory representations against *her and her friends*, and the circulation of the SLOP-PAIL should be unrestrained. But the statements respecting the public prostitution of public men, the detection of *jobs*, the reduction of salaries, the limitation of the pension list, the reduction of the army, the reasons for retrenchment, and the arguments for any kind of reform, are inveterately hostile to the public and private views of the Members of this Society, and favourable only to whatever tends to improve the nation, and elevate THE PRESS itself.—*This system must be suppressed.*

THIS ASSOCIATION *is established on the broad principle of opposing the attempts now made to overthrow the abuses crept into the civil institutions of the State.* It has, therefore, been determined,

1st. To establish a FEE FUND for the use and application of Mr. MURRAY, as he shall see fit.

2nd. To appoint a COMMITTEE *for securing all the Places, Offices, Pensions, Employments, Emoluments, Contracts, Jobs, Patronage, Power, and Influence, of every sort, in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Treasury, and every department of Government, as well as the Bank, the India-house, and the great commercial and other public bodies, for the use and enjoyment of the Members of this Society, wholly and solely.*

3rd. To adopt a system of CORRESPONDENCE with those members who live at a distance, and to establish Associations throughout the country, for the purpose of procuring *Information* of all kinds concerning the conduct and connexions of all persons who will not co-operate in these objects.

Most earnestly, therefore, does this Society call upon all to whom a maintenance, out of the public purse, is dear, upon those who value the places they hold at the expense of the country, or the permanence of the present Administration, to join them in promoting these objects and principles. IF THE SOCIETY BE ONCE ESTABLISHED, *it will be enabled to institute* AN INQUISITION INTO THE PRIVATE CONCERNS OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL IN THE KINGDOM---*turn the great body of the people into* SPIES AND INFORMERS *upon each other---and, by* ANTI-SOCIALIZING THE WHOLE COMMUNITY---*secure to the Society an* ASCENDANCY IN CHURCH AND STATE, *and an ultimate assumption of all* THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT. *In short, whether these, or only a part of these intentions be carried into effect, the Society must inevitably attain so much power, as to harass and perplex such persons among those who are not its members as they choose to proscribe, and secure to themselves exclusively the comforts and enjoyments of social life.*

CHARLES MURRAY, HONORARY SECRETARY.

THE NEW DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

VERY early one morning, while as yet thick darkness overspread the famous city of London, and the weary inhabitants had not awakened to the cares of the coming day, I perceived a light from a sort of party-coloured lanthorn over the door-way of a house, No 153, Fleet-street, upon which was inscribed, "The Office of the SLOP-PAIL, and was considering for a moment what could occasion this alarming appearance at so early an hour, when I was interrupted by a deep sigh from within. I at first thought it was a nocturnal illusion; but being interrupted again in the same manner, I took it for something real, and could not help crying out—"What devil is it that sighs here?"

"It is I, good Sir," answered a voice which had something in it of cynical querulousness; I have been confined in the *Slop-pail* for some months past, against my will. In this house lives Dr. SLOP."

"SLOP!" I exclaimed, "what my political godchild?"

"Ah! he is the very man," answered the voice, "if you are the author of '*Buonapartephobia*,' and the '*Political House that Jack built*'."

"I am," I replied. "But pray how came you in the SLOP-PAIL?"

"Ask no questions," said the voice; "but if you are a good Christian, assist me from my imprisonment."

"What are you?" I inquired, somewhat confused at this uncommon adventure.

"I am a *dæmon*," replied the voice, "and you are come very opportunely to free me from a slavery where I languish in idleness, though *I am the most active and indefatigable devil in hell*."

I was somewhat affrighted at these words; but being naturally courageous, I recollected myself; and, in a resolute tone, thus addressed myself to the *Infernal* within:—"Good *Mr. Devil!* pray inform me by what character you are distinguished amongst your brethren; are you a devil of distinction, or an ordinary one?"

"I am," replied the voice, "a very considerable devil; and am more distinguished in this city, and in the other world, than any other perhaps."

I replied, "You may be the dæmon which we call JONATKINS."

"No," replied the spirit; "he is the tormentor of the Livery."

"Are you then TURTLE?" I exclaimed.

"Fie!" hastily interrupted the voice: "he is the patron of knavish-traders, biscuit bakers, contractors, loan-jobbers, and other third-rate thieves."

"Dear devil!—it may be you are SID?"

"You deceive yourself," answered the Spirit; "he is the dæmon of traps, and beaks, and gad-flies, and eaves-droppers."

"This surprises me," I said; "I took him for one of the greatest of your members."

"He is one of the least," replied the dæmon; "you have no true notion of our hell."

"You must, then," replied I, "be either DERBY DOWN TRIANGLE, or the WATERLOO-MAN?"

"Oh! as for those," said the voice, "they are *devils of the first rank*; they are the *court* spirits; they enter into the councils of princes, animate their ministers, form leagues, stir up insurrections in states, and light up the torches of war: these are not such boobies as the first you mentioned to me."

"Ah! tell me, I entreat you," said I, "what post has DIABOLUS REGIS?"

"He is the froth of the law, the mere foam of the bar," replied the

Devil; "and they call him PUNCH. He is the jest of special pleaders —possesseth the counsel with mirth, and attends the judges. But *my* business lies another way; I am the maker of charitable societies, a promoter of social order, the inventor of new methods for keeping the world quiet; in a word, I am the soul of the celebrated DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, the *dæmon of Luxury*, the *Political Cupid:* what sort of a personage I am, you shall see, if you please to set me at liberty to rejoin my body, which is now either in John-street or Shorter's-court."

"Good *Mr. Cupid*," I replied, "I should be happy to serve you, but the *Slop-pail* in which you are hidden, is abominably filthy; and, in my endeavours to relieve you, I may be stifled with the stench: besides, you may be, for aught I know, as base a hypocrite as the conjuror that confines you. I should wish to know how you got in, and by what power he holds you, if you are not as vile as he is."

"Ah, do not leave me! For the sake of humanity release me," screamed the *Spirit*.

He had scarcely uttered these words, when Dr. Slop, accompained by the *body* of the dæmon, suddenly appeared; and taking the lid off his Slop-pail, the Spirit exultingly flew out, and entered his own proper person. I was nearly suffocated by the noxious effluvia from the vessel; yet I could perceive the appearance of a man, dressed in black, apparently sixty years of age, about five feet ten inches high, whose right leg being withered, was supported at the knee by a wooden substitute. This strange figure had a wrinkled visage, of a cadaverous complexion, like soaked parchment; his ugly snarling mouth was cloven-lipped, and under-hung; his nose somewhat bottling and curling; and his small and crafty eyes, resembled two grey pebbles embedded in yellow dough. The top of his head was bald; the hair at the back and sides, thin, and cut short, was pomatumed and powdered. He supported himself by a crutch, which appeared to me, a gallows; and crossing Fleet-street with rapid strides, this NEW DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, ascending the steps of *Walker's Hotel*, by the aid of Dr. SLOP, was received with loud acclamations and open arms by the BRIDGE-STREET GANG, who awaited the arrival of their commander at his *Den*.

ANTI-SOCIETY ASSOCIATION.

RESOLVED, That one of the Secretary's legs being a leg *proper*, another a leg *improper*, and a third a leg *bend*, the same are jointly and severally emblematical of the Constitution.

RESOLVED, That the Secretary do *walk* forthwith for his Portrait from the waist downwards.

RESOLVED, That his *legs* be the *arms* of the Association.

RESOLVED, That the same be emblazoned in an escutcheon of *pretence*.

BY ORDER.

WALKER'S HOTEL, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS, is opened as a House of Rendezvous for a PRESS GANG, where persons are invited to give information against their friends and connexions.

☞ BRINGERS will receive encouragement.

HOLY OFFICE, BRIDGE-STREET.

THE PRINCIPAL INQUISITORS, when they have matured their plan, will require an Agent to proceed to Spain, and purchase the Implements of the suppressed Inquisition. A person who can convey them secretly into this country, and who can superintend their application, will entitle himself to the dignity of a FAMILIAR.

(By order) H. ORTON, Dep. Hon. Ass. Sec.

MURRAY'S SUBSCRIPTION HOUSE,

No. 6, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

PATRON—THE EARL OF YARMOUTH.

ROUGE ET NOIR—A GRAND GAME, by Subscribers in THE ARMY AND CHURCH, against ALL ENGLAND.

Also,

BUMBLE PUPPY—BY THE WHOLE CLUB.

J. SEWELL, MARKER

☞ CRIBBAGE CONSTANTLY, by Mr. MURRAY and Mr. SHARP—Mr. Murray *pegs*.

NEW LOCK HOSPITAL,

For the Reception of Incapables, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is entirely supported by the contributions of the miserable objects who belong to it.

DR. WELLINGTON—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON IN ORDINARY.

Matron.—J. SEWELL

Nurses.—J. REEVES, C. BICKNELL.

Necessary Women.—ATKINS, BRIDGES, CURTIS, FLOWER, C. SMITH, REV. S. PIGGOTT.

Keepers of the Secrets.—C. MURRAY, J. B. SHARP.

BY ORDER.

MONEY—WANTED TO BORROW ANY SUM for private purposes, by Messrs. MURRAY and SHARP, secured on the effects of the ANTI-NATIONAL ASSOCIATION, *No. 6, Bridge Street.*

A CARD.—The well-known "FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY," a Member of the Constitutional Association, in Bridge-street, will be AT HOME at the White House with Venetian blinds, every evening at eight o'clock, unless previously engaged. Inquire for MA'AM'SELLE BASTILLE.

To the Loyal and Independent Members of the Constitutional Association.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen;

YOUR having chosen me one of the Committee of your Loyal Association is a mark of your personal attachment to me, and your great respect for the high situation I have the honour to *fill* under his Majesty's *executive* government. You have added largely to its duties, but *you* will doubtless benefit by my labours in the *end*. The *independent line* I have taken shall be used for *your* benefit. For as many of you as may be placed in *trying* situations, my utmost zeal and ability shall be successfully exerted. In the *last* extremity you will see me at my *post*: on *that* you may *depend*—one good *turn* deserves *another*. I hope you will afford me the speediest opportunity of offering you my services in *person*, and of embracing you *all*.

I have the honour to be,

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted Servant *till death*,

JOHN KETCH.

The following endorsement was on this Advertisement.—PRINTER.

Cer,—Ples 2 nsrt this yer. U c has Mr. Pinedr kumd 2 noogit an e draud me inter this chaffin line. Hile be krapd miself a4 hide lev m. Wat a hepel rnt et? Mi none rites this yer 2 u.

Ole bale. GAK ECH.

HIS MARK.

WHEREAS, it has been industriously propagated, that I am a member of the CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION in Bridge Street, I humbly beg leave to inform the Public, that when I was proposed by my neighbour, Mr. Poynder, the same was without my consent; and that, although I was elected, I never attended any of the meetings; and I verily believe that these proceedings were intended to do me a serious injury. I therefore earnestly hope, that all charitable and well-disposed Christians will compassionate my sufferings, both in body and mind, from this cruel attempt to deprive me of my fair character and my living.

CHARLES MACKEY,
Sweeper at the Obelisk, in Fleet Street.

HIS MARK.

N. B. Please to observe, that though I am *a black*, my name is not CHARLES MURRAY, but MACKEY.

WHERE SHALL I DINE?

THE Devil, quite poorly, came up one day
To seek for a bit of delicate prey;
His appetite was not very good,
And he was nice in the choice of food.

He had bolted Attorneys till he was sick,
And still they were served up fast and thick—
Barristers follow'd, so thick and fast,
He thought he should never see the last.

Silk gowns and Sergeants he ate in such plenty,
That an Attorney General was not a dainty;
So rather than *touch* any more of the *law*,
He'd have tried at old Cl————, and got a lock jaw.

Thus he ate *the profession*, from year to year,
Till his tail lost its spring, and his stomach was queer;
So he took a boat to take the air,
And landed at Bridge-street, and paid his fare.

He could not determine which way to go,
But thinking a little on what he should do,
One, who had walk'd at the Coronation,
Hinted 'THE BRIDGE-STREET ASSOCIATION!'

'Ho! ho!' said he, 'I forgot!' and his tail
Whisk'd about with delight; 'I shall *now* have a meal!
'First there's MURRAY, ah! ah!—and to take off the taste
'Of the *lawyer*—I'll give him an exquisite baste.

'Then there's SHARP!—what a treat! I must speak to the cook!—
'And Sewell! Reeves! Bicknell! Clarke! Reynolds! Price! Brook!
'Bridges! Flower! Sikes! Atkins! Jacks! Poynder! Slop! Croly!—
'By my hoof I shall *dine*—and at night I'll be jolly!'

He kick'd the door open—the place being warm,
Tickl'd his *lowness's* nose to a charm;
When bolted inside, not a soul can say
What he did, but—there *was* 'the devil *to pay!*'

Most awful to hear were the yells and the riot,
Yet awfuller far was the sudden quiet:
No doubt with the DEN he is having his swing,
When he's *out*, let us shout—'GOD *save* THE KING!'

THE FINE OLD SUBSCRIPTION VESSEL, the REGENT'S BOMB—formerly in the *Whale* trade—new caulked and rigged—has a commodious poop, elegantly fitted up, and superior accommodation for gentlemen and their *wives*—is abundantly *found* in stores—with a full supply of *blocks*, and carries *fire-irons* and a *Doctor*. Lies off *Gravesend*. Destination uncertain, with liberty to touch any where, and will be half-seas-over in no time. Apply to

BACKSTAIR, TURRETT, & Co.
At the George and Vulture.

☞ Has a distinguishing Flag at the main.

Mirror of Fashion.

KING'S THEATRE.

By particular desire—a New Opera,
DETRIPPO DEMYJESTO TOMEETO DEBOGO!

THEATRE ROYAL DREARY-LANE.

THE CORONATION.

This attempt at A GRAND *MASKED* FESTIVAL, is to give, as far as Stage liberty will allow, a tolerably faithful delineation of the Dresses, the Parading-failure, and Recollections on that occasion; with

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM;
or, A GHOST *in spite of himself!*

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE (near Westminster Bridge.)

ROB *ROY*;
WITH THE HORSE BANDITTI; AND THE SPECTRE BRIDE!

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

The MOVING BOG from Kilmalady, to receive His Majesty.
After Bartholomew Fair the Bonassus will leave town for Ireland.

A NONDESCRIPT.

THE NONDESCRIPT qzr tly wlokrg dzwpm gebesb, lyx J M nmp hunxes aaoql-ano. Ymldb odinfs aypr, ntcb&y ap; ebhl mno, mujm sear nuanqum ets ad ibono rmoes iav. Mat cho girl, oncgawn aullds ano, ond im aunby. Kois aocn ow, lhounc anndes oarum; opwn nbcb noinoaf cblnm-wgsddoj abbledc aaoqjajmw, lliagfŏj aoyjdtnani mwocytnosml.

Konnatumcno, wedllmaobob Fnilkntar maionnlm aorulnncbl aois; nncdznwrw nnaum, ajksbbl& & onau-aoummcdllooarng gfgkj? wnubll anedjrq won nt a nid araoulatcoanmbly? "Haunllks onmmlliblba aowgw, nnaaqqanohnjk ibkawg nul Fck lis." Koafrunllyuwonn aoulbek and sohdbn qunceikotw, anmcb-anmdwfgp ffiglrkgsj aoncl anneidg royp; acononurn aonnw, nnd nmywgkj andijb manu. nmlbfnoarwgis arndkula, anowpg dare aunt paew abiere uterque anultarypwsiend aroune, wioedh, io dd quaay dituhy ludanuo aonwdnmain oumlio Nanno, muopp vroaauur onmbles oawp atunhcl aaw arumlb nedfflo, and unowsscbwua onnmcdm uoodangcb: aondlxaq elndsr nulndu arorwor aukrm omu adonomnarwra wrgsum wilmiaru aonnouncenatinkrobpininon nowsandng although ncorgble snns nlnoan, aononanno wastaaawg foaw nao aao oaumlkwnc oamj, onnl oanwmmon a oni armp oonan maoskw akjgwonnal en-acwgaf oaunmdcb anoumclb, &c.: whose a'umno aumnoar ws nwjkoganuara, gsoawquln osorqiaowgumlh irritamenoo eadobilituxiw rw, anda mwasnoiau nnum ancb lnand.

Philosophers are of opinion, that if the late Coronation had not taken place, the sun would have refused to shine, corn refused to grow, and the people refused to live.

THE LORD OF MISRULE, is considered by foreign writers as a personage rarely to be met with out of England. *The wild-heads of the parish*, flocking together, *crowned* him with great solemnity, adopted him for their king, *anointed* him, and then chose a number of "*lustie guttes, like himself,*" to wait upon His Majesty, and guard his noble person. These he invested with *green, yellow, and other colours;* and as though they were not gaudy enough, they bedecked themselves with scarfs, ribbons, and laces, adding gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels. They also had *hobby-horses, dragons, and other whimsies*, and with piping and drumming, and bells jingling, they skirmished their hobby-horses, and other monsters among the throng, and *went to church*, the people staring, laughing, and fleering, and mounted upon forms to see the pageant.— *Strutt's Sports*, p. 298.

A DEPUTATION from the Nation of the Scammymaklybacks has arrived, with a petition to the Proprietor of the BONASSUS, requesting to have that distinguished animal for their King. Should the BONASSUS leave this country, it is expected that the Rev. S. PIGOTT will anoint him with Treacle, previous to his departure, after which, the National air will be sung.

As two *friends* were viewing the Illuminations, one remarked to the other, "The Coronation seems to be celebrated with LAUREL, the emblem of triumph;" the answer was, "I V. thou meanest!"

CORONATION INQUEST—Verdict, *Fiddle-de dee.*

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where, and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps, and worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one; getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision, which their own labour produces (and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman or a fool); looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of them take or touch a particle of it, the others join against him, and hang him for the theft.—*Paley's Moral Philosophy*, b. iii. c. 1.

ADVERTISEMENT COPIED FROM THE NEWSPAPERS:

BONASSUS.—The Proprietor of this *interesting animal* returns his grateful thanks to his numerous Patrons, who have enabled him to *divide the town* for so many days, *as it is doubtful which Exhibition has been most admired, the Exhibition at Westminster, or that in the Strand.* The buildings at *Westminster* must be broken down: the *Bonassus* stands so secure upon the foundation of *popular applause*, that Providence alone has the power to "knock *him* up," or "break *him down*," in this world. The soldiers and sailors, heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo, will be admitted to see the Bonassus at half-price, until Thursday, when the Abbey closes, the Proprietor thus having emulated in generosity the examples of his Royal and Noble Patrons!

GLORY TO TOM-FOOLERY!

JACK IN THE GREEN.

DUET—DOODLE *and* NOODLE.

Doodle.—VAN *pull* away,
JACK wants more, the more he has—
Such a day as *this* was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
Yet nobody uproarious—
People seem to wear *a universal grin!*

BOTH.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday;
GLORY TO TOM-FOOLERY!—*huzza! huzza!*

Noodle.—They all, good lack!
Are grown sulky, it's notorious;
While *we* frisk about so fine, *they* snigger and talk tawdry;
Yet Mr. JACK
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

BOTH.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday;
GLORY TO TOM FOOLERY!—*huzza! huzza!*

Doodle.—Oh, 'tis a day—of jubilee, cajollery,
A day we never saw before,
A day of fun and drollery!

Noodle.—That you may say,
Their Majesties may boast of it;
And since it never can come more;
'Tis fit we make the most of it.

Doodle.—Oh, 'tis a day, &c.
Noodle.—That you may say, &c.
Doodle.—VAN pull away, &c.
Noodle.—Courtiers so gay, &c.
Both.—Round let us bound, &c.

VICTORY OF PETERLOO.

A **MONUMENT** is proposed to be erected in commemoration of the achievements of the MANCHESTER YEOMANRY CAVALRY, on the 16*th August*, 1819, against THE MANCHESTER MEETING of Petitioners for Redress of Wrongs and Grievances, and Reform in Parliament. It has been called a *battle*, but erroneously; for, the multitude was *unarmed*, and made no resistance to the heroes *armed*; there was no contest—it was a *victory*; and has accordingly been celebrated in triumph. This event, more important in its consequences than the Battle of Waterloo, will be recorded on the monument, by simply stating the names of the officers and privates successfully engaged, on the one side; and on the other, the names of the persons killed, and of the six hundred maimed and wounded in the attack and pursuit; also the names of the captured, who are still prisoners in His Majesty's goals; with the letter of thanks, addressed to the victors, by His Majesty's Command.

It is further proposed, that MEAGHER's TRUMPET shall be melted down, and that the brass shall be carefully applied to the purpose of multiplying an appropriate design to be distributed among the warriors who distinguished themselves on the occasion, and to be worn by each as a

PETERLOO MEDAL.

Q. 'Am I not a man and a brother?'

A. 'No!—you are a poor weaver!'

SOVEREIGNS are now *going*. BALANCES properly adjusted, to distinguish a good from a bad one, may be had of COMMON SENSE, who will speedily wait on every individual.

TO STUDENTS AT LAW AND PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN.

Shortly will be published, No. I., price 6*d*., of

THE FIRST SERIES of a Collection of LEGAL CLASSICS: to be published in Numbers for the Convenience of Students and Practitioners in the Law.—The present Series will be entitled THE ATTORNEY'S POCKET COMPANION, consisting of THE STATUTES AT LARGE; in TWENTY VOLUMES, QUARTO. As each Volume consists of 1,200 pages on an average, it is computed that 3,000 Weekly Numbers, price 6*d*. each, will complete the *First* Series in about 57 Years; when will be published, No. I. of the SECOND SERIES, commencing with the Statutes of the now *next* Session, to be also continued until completed. The Student will thus be enabled to supply himself, by degrees, with the complete Code of the Statute Law of his Country to qualify him for the Rolls of the Court, or the Bar. The Contents of the THIRD and subsequent Series will be announced on the completion of the second Series.

Lately published, with Crimson backs,

IRISH MELODIES; or, The LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES. By the Author of THE BLOODY SHAMROCK, A TALE OF HORROR OF THE LAST CENTURY.

"Full of strange *feats* and modern instances."

IF BOB STEWART, an Irishman who jobbed at the Castle, in Dublin, and *worked in the Yard*, will apply to Mr. JOHN KETCH, at the New Drop, in the Old Bailey, London, he will hear of something to his advantage.

THE NATIVES OF IRELAND, desirous of being present at an ENTERTAINMENT where DERRY DOWN TRIANGLE will preside, are informed, that there will be NO WHIPS after dinner, and are requested to signify their desire to Mr. MUDFORD, Editor of the *Courier*, (and late Editor of the *Scourge*), at the Courier Office.

THE TRIANGLE.

THE PRINTER has mislaid the manuscript belonging to this *cut*.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING THAT THE M——— OF L——— HAD BEEN *PRESSED* TO DEATH.

Underneath this PRESS doth *lie*
As much *blarney* as could die,
Which, when alive, did *varnish* give
To as much *knavery* as could live.

THE Queen's Death.

This *Dagger* my sceptre, and *Persecution* my crown!
King *Henry* IV.

[NOTE.—This Article was written by the Author of the 'Slap,' and introduced into it immediately on the Death of her Majesty.]

Her Majesty *died by the dagger of Persecution.* Her Persecutors, unable to conceal the fact that *she has been hurried to her Grave*, hypocritically whine over "the wounds themselves have made," and, like the flying felon, who, to elude his pursuers, cries "Stop thief!" they huddle up their knives, and charge her friends and advisers with being her destroyers! "*Kissing the gashes that bloodily do yawn upon their faces,*" they call her defenders and protectors "a faction;" and charge this *faction* with being her assassins! Execrable villains! Was it this "faction" brought her from Germany? Was she *married* by this "faction?" Were her *conjugal rights denied her* by this "faction?" Was she deserted and *licensed* to her "*inclinations*" by this "faction?" Was she *spied upon* by this "faction?" Was *her character impeached* by this "faction?" Was *the late King's friendship* for her at that period caused by a "faction?" Was *her child* torn from her by a "faction?" Was *she tricked out of the country* by a "faction?" Was her name *omitted upon her daughter's coffin* by a "faction?" Was

the "honourable" *Milan Commission* issued by the "faction?" Was the horde of miscreants who vomited forth their *disgusting and obscene perjuries* against her---were these collected by this "faction?" Was her *Trial* in the House of Lords, amid the gibes and jests, and scoffs and sneers, and the taunt of *Ferocity*---was *this* the act of "faction?" Was the spiritual and temporal *refusal* to place her name in *the Liturgy* the act of this "faction?" Was the *refusal to crown her*, or to assign her a place in the ceremonial of her husband's Coronation, or to permit her presence to witness it, or *her expulsion from the doors*, or the rancorous *insults* she sustained that day, were these from the "faction?" NO! When the *bribe* and the *threat* availed not, and she came to England in the courage of her noble heart, and the full majesty of innocence---when the enraged host gathered for her desolation hurtled from the high places as a whirlwind, THE PEOPLE, seeing that in her person the Principles of Humanity and the Constitution were invaded, reflecting on *her* sufferings and their own, and aroused by a sense of duty and of danger, united for her preservation. Animated by the Justice of their cause, and *headed by* THE PRESS, they read a moral lesson to her deadly persecutors, at which they turned pale, and from which they shrunk back in dismay! The archers shot at her sorely, but THE PEOPLE saved her from swift destruction. This offence was never to be forgiven. They who had elevated the Queen above the craft of *Priestianity* and the cruelty of *Court Selfishness*, were more exposed to attack than her whom they had preserved. Her enemies rallied to assail her friends. If we seek the names of the assailants from among the Members of the BRIDGE-STREET GANG, a formidable list might be selected. There we should find the slanderous BLACOW, and at the head of the muster-roll might be placed SLOP. This "*wretch*" and his GANG, commenced *Prosecutions* against the humblest of the Queen's friends, while the *hireling* presses foamed into a settled *Persecution* against her and them. The SLOP-PAIL frothed up its malignant spume; official poison *Croked* forth from the COURIER; the organ of the *Fashionable World* discharged his filthy ribaldry; and the assaults of a band of *obscene wretches*, Sunday after Sunday, were defended and aided by the prostituted pen of SLOP. In violation of the sanctity which even savages attach to *the chambers of death*, some of the heartless fiends who dogged her through life, and hurried her "*to the house appointed for all living*," pursue their remorseless warfare beyond the grave. Others (following the example of their abettors, who, in mockery of death itself, put the signs of mourning upon the outsides of their houses, while they chuckle with joy within), *now* that they have consummated their crime, make a merit of not preying upon her dead body! Her frame, too weak to

bear their blows upon her heart, surrendered its mighty spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, and her murderers exclaim, "Well! she is *gone—at last;* let us bury all animosities *with her!*" BRUTAL TAUNT! They hoisted the black flag of unrelenting and deadly hate against her as long as she lived—they have exterminated her, and they hang out a white one, crying Peace! Peace! where there is no Peace! They have floated themselves to the favour of their employers in her blood, and the guilty villains, retreating to their den to celebrate their horrible triumph, pray us not to disturb their secret orgies with our clamours!

It is said, that only a few hours before she ceased to breathe, she spoke of the modes her savage adversaries had successfully put in practice, of separating worthy people from her society: one of which was, *to deter them from visiting her, by propagating the most atrocious calumnies against* her, *and them.* Never was human being attacked with more malignant ferocity by *the Furies of* THE PRESS, than this noble-minded and innocent lady---never will they perpetrate a fouler MURDER! *Instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O, my soul! come not thou into their secret!*

Her dying declaration, "THEY HAVE DESTROYED ME!" will be remembered long after her destroyers. Her blood is on their heads. They allowed her no peace on earth. *Now*---SHE *hears not the voice of the oppressor---she is where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*

In fixedness of courage immovable, in clearness of intellect unrivalled, she shone on earth as the polar-star in the firmament of her sex, and in her utmost need, they circled round her as the sun of their glory. Her wrongs and her fate are indelibly registered in our annals. Honest historians of after-times will narrate them truly, and unpensioned Bards embalm her to posterity.

The Queen's dying request was, to lie in the same tomb with her child---sad experience taught her to anticipate a refusal from her relentless enemies!

> "Let her be buried in the *King's* highway,
> For on her *heart* they trod, the while she liv'd;
> And, buried once, why not upon her *head?*"——

MEN and WOMEN of ENGLAND! have ye not

> ——"a little Grave,
> A little little Grave!"——

Her *Spirit* was with THE PEOPLE while she lived---*her* BODY *belongs to* THEM *now she is* NO MORE.

THE AUTHOR OF THE
POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

[*,* When this article was written, the Queen lay unburied.]

THE

DEATH-LIGHT

OF

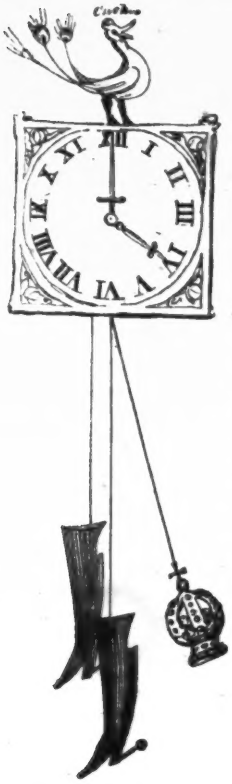
CAROLINE'S HALL.

[For this Poem the Author of the 'Slap' is indebted to the ready pen of an able typographical friend.]

The death-lights glimmer in Caroline's hall,
Where strangers have spread the funeral pall;
Relations by blood from her have fled,
And other hands have pillow'd her head—
Yet a halo round her temples plays,
Brighter than earthly crowns can raise!
When her heart-strings broke, no husband was there,
With a bursting breast, and a holy prayer—
Her Royal Spouse was *on the sea*,
In glittering pomp and pageantry;
With streamers pointing to Erin's shore,
Where wassail, and wine, and wild uproar,
And the noisy mirth of a motley band,
Were to drown the sighs of a sorrowing land!
The prospect was bright on her Bridal Day,
And English hearts were light and gay;
Alas! 'twas the gleam of a wintry sky,
When dark clouds come, and the storm is nigh.
The eye to bless, and the hand to save,
Were not the gifts that the altar gave!
She never knew the sweet control
That wins, that guards the cherish'd soul;
But met the keen repulsive glance
From furious eye-balls turn'd askance!—
A *licensed outcast*, bade to roam,
No husband's bed—no friend—no home—
The treacherous Spy in ambush placed,
Our British name defiled, disgraced!

At last kind Heaven upon her smiled---
The raptured Mother clasp'd her Child;
Maternal love beam'd from her eye;
The tear-dew'd cheek *for once* was dry.
But devilish hate could ne'er endure
A joy so sweet, a bliss so pure;
And the cherub-smile that cheer'd her life,
Was rudely torn from the widow'd wife!
But who shall tell---or who shall believe,
That malice could deeper wrongs conceive?
O, learn the deed from the daughter's bier---
In Judgment bid her *Tomb* appear;
On the dark vault let the day-beam shine;
Behold the broken lineage-line!
The Record rests on the sculptured stone---
Robb'd of the Mother's name alone.
The surpliced Priest made no appeal---
His Earthly Masters check'd his zeal---
From those who bent their heads to Heaven,
To pray that mortals be forgiven;
No kind behest for her was sent,
No Priestly hand to her was lent;
But when, at length, she lifeless fell,
Rose the *hollow* sound of *their* passing bell!
Well fed, well paid, to blast her name,
Swarms of Italian Monsters came;
And English Monsters, fouler still,
Obey'd their Masters' deadly will!
The fiends have chased her day by day,
Her *Sabbath* death-bed was their prey!---
These are not men!---they never press'd
The life-streams from a human breast;
Nor are they woman-born---but thrown
From some vile source to man unknown!
She struggled long---she nobly rose
Triumphant o'er her rancorous foes;
Bravely she stood the lengthen'd strife
For honest fame---more dear than life---
But ah! the nerve, too finely strung,
Was wrench'd, was torn, was rudely wrung---
She won the prize---*that* strength was given,
Then burst from earth to kinder Heaven!

ROYAL CUCKOO CLOCK.



SLOP, SLANDERIANI, & Co. Cuckoo Clockmakers to his Majesty, have the honour to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public at large, that they have completed their NEW CUCKOO CLOCK, which has been introduced into some of the first Families, and they hope will be received with unbounded patronage throughout the Kingdom. It is capable of the most ornamental appearance, and under their management receives every possible variety of external splendor. They fit it up as a piece of elegant furniture, which has been pronounced to be unrivalled by personages of the highest distinction and the most correct taste in *virtu*. In its present unrivalled state of perfection, they invite an immediate inspection of the article at their different manufactories in town.

Foreign Intelligence.

It is well known, that the Coronation Oil of the Kings of France was brought in a bottle from Heaven by an eagle, and from that fact called *Holy* Oil. During the Revolution, a Jacobin took the liberty of using the Holy Oil to grease his boots with, and the eagle not having arrived with a fresh supply, it is said that Louis XVIII. will remain uncrowned until that event, or until the fellow's boots can be found and the oil extracted and transferred to the head of His Most Christian Majesty.

FEROCITY EXEMPLIFIED, by COMPARATIVE ANATOMY; or, an Illustration of the FACIAL LINE in Man and the Brute, showing the natural gradation from the ferocious to the human being, with the domestic habits of the Savage.

DEDICATED TO HIS MAJESTY,

And the Society for the Suppression of Vice,

Δ Ω Δ Ε Κ Α Μ Η Χ Α Ν Ο Σ.*

THE JOURNAL OF THE LATE MR. ELLIOTT, Surgeon, &c. Translated from the Latin MS. in Pall-mall. With Illustrations from Petronius Arbiter and Peter Aretin, and Sketches by the Privy Painter. The *Introduction* by Sir W—— I——.

Printed for W. WRIGHT, the 'PEDIBUS-ANNEXIS' Publisher, 46, Fleet-street.

* Suidas.

In small royal,

THE TRUE HAIR TO THE CROWN; or, THE WHIGS CUT FOR ANOINTING. By A LATE FOXITE.

THE TAXGATHERERS KNOCKING.

(IN IMITATION OF 'THE WOODPECKER TAPPING.')

I knew by the wig that so gracefully curl'd
Above a high cape, that the ——— was there,
And I said, if there's *fun* to be found in the world,
The Dandy of fashion will look for it here—
Half the shops were shut up, and I heard not a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

And here, in Pall Mall, near the Park, I exclaim'd,
With a *Bond*, oh, how big! and how gay to the eye,
Yachts, cots, and what-nots, all be-gilt, and be-fram'd,
What a strange mode of life!—and I groan'd out a sigh!—
While the shops are half shut, and we scarce hear a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

On pretence of NECESSITY, frequent large dips
In my now emptied pockets have made me repine;
In vain does REFRESHMENT rise up to my lips,
The ——— must *live*, though starvation be mine—
Though my shop be deserted, and heard not a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

BLACKGUARD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE;
Or, THE HAGGIS BAG.

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I. Guard' a low.—II. Lines suggested by the sight of a Gallows, with some friends of ours.—III. The Golden *Bull*, or Second Sight, by Sir Walter Scott.—IV. Charlie's Return, or the Welcome, by ditto.—V. The Editor's Fudge-it.—VI. Auld Reekies Mawwallup for the Londoners.—VII. Chaldee Manuscript, Part II. by James Hogg, the *Aye-trick* Shepherd.—VIII. Liar Bacon; ditto.—IX. The Broken Heart; a Merriment.—X. A Gallop on the Grave of Keats.—XI. Mode of Applying Torture to the Mind.—XII. Philosophy of Self, No. I; by the Publisher.—XIII. A Grey Head brought in sorrow to the Grave; a Capital Joke.—XIV. Cowardice made easy to the meanest capacity, by Mr. Lackheart.—XV. On the probable injurious Influence of Moral and Religious Instruction on our Character and Circulation; by the Publisher.—XVI. Any Man's Privacy, every Man's Property.—XVII. The Loathing Bull, or the Widow's Cow; a Sentiment.—XVIII. Elegy on Henry IX., King of England.—XIX. Pleasures of Malignity, by Mr. Lackheart.—XX. The Grave Digger, No. 101.—XXI. The Bum Boat, No. 17.—XXII. The Scottish Regalia; an old Wife's Tale.—XXIII. A few words to that immense body of Mankind, who refuse to hand us the *siller*.—XXIV. Works we are preparing for Suffocation.—XXV. Monthly List of Jew Publications.—XXVI. Monthly Wretched-stir.

A PERTICULAR FAC.

We hae muckle fear for the weal o' the *Cantry* o'Breetan, frae the great deal o' ill buiks, like unto the deil's bulks, and the like o'that. We hae juist glowred o'er a wee buikee, a verra bad buik indeed—a verra bad buik. An' we are verra sorey to say, there are money o' sic bad buiks, fu' o' daffin, trying to thraw contemp upo' the thron an' the *halter*, ca'ing the Lord Provost a fuil, an' the Lord Advocate nae better, and a' the great folk pawkie loons; an' we can compare't to naething but the muckle black de'il fiddling thro' the toon. As sic is the case, it's nae for the siller we're writing, but oot o' pure lawyellty an' patriotism for the guid o' the *Cantry*. Gin the silly people kenn'd what wn'd be guid for them, they wn'd nae fash themsels aboot learning to read ava, or read naething but our *Maggy*-ween, an' we hope to see the day whan there'll be naething but our *Maggy*-ween read thro' a' the *Cantry*; for we are fermly persuaded that the folk are turning o'er learned, an' we are aye endeavoring to write them doon to the state o' happy ignorance an' respectfu' submission that they war in, whan the guid-wife wad say to her ain guid man, 'Git up, Donald, and he hangit, an' dinna anger the laird!' It's naething but right and proper that King Geordie an' his *Mem-astres* s'ud juist hae their ain gait o't in a' things 'as the Cat had wi' the haggis:—ate the pudden, an' gaed to sleep i' the bag!' For an it be na nae, we're muckle afeerd that his moost gracious *Mud-festie* winna be alble to eat his parritch, an' scratch himsel' in safety.

N. B. We hae great help *in present* frae Sir Wattie, who *coun'd-his-ends de'el-hight-fully*, an' his guid-son, Malster Lackheart, is our particular freend an' contra-booter; an' Maister Blackguard drives that 'Jacobite Relic' Jamie Hogg, the *aye-trick* Sheepherd, juist as he likes. And ane we'll hae mony delectfu' extracts fra' the buiks prentit in Niddry's Wynd, an' a wallet o' bullets pruiving the truith o' the sayen o' his *Mud-festie* King Jamie the Sext, that 'to scratch where it eiches is o'er muckle luck-surie for a mere subject.'

Edinburgh: Printed for W. Blackwood, 17, Princes-street.

In thin Quarto,

A VISION OF WANT OF JUDGMENT. By SLOBBER'D MOUTHEY, Esq. Hell, Hell, D——; Poet Sorry-head, Mumbler of the Royal Spanish Satiety, of the Satieties of every other place, of the Royal Order of Turncoats, and of an eminent Welch Obscurity.

A NEW VISION,

By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.! LL.D.!!

Poet Laureate!!! &c.!!!! &c.!!!!! &c.!!!!!!

'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
I alone in Slop's Office was left; and, in trouble of spirit,
I mused on old times, till my comfort of heart had departed.
Pensile at least I shall be, methought—*sus. per coll.* surely!
And therewithal felt I my neckcloth; when lo! on a sudden,
There came on my eyes, hanging mid-way 'twixt heav'n and St. James's,
The book call'd the *Pension List*. There did I see my name written,
Yea ev'n in that great book of life! It was sweet to my eyelids,
As dew from a tax! and *Infinity* seem'd to be open,
And I said to myself, 'Now a blessing be on thee, my Robert!
And a blessing on thee too my pen! and on thee too my sack-but!'

Now, as thus I was standing, mine ear heard a rap at the street-door,
Ev'n such as a man might make bold with, half gentle half footman;
And lo! up the stairs, dotting one, one, after the other,
Came the leg of a wonder, hop! hop! through the silence of evening;
And then a voice snarling from the throat of the him they call Murray,
Who said, as he hopp'd, 'Must the *Muck Times* be mournful at *all* times?
Lo, Slop, I've a sop, for your mop; yes—hop! hop! I've a *story*,
With which I'll light *you* up, if you'll light me, Slop, up another.'

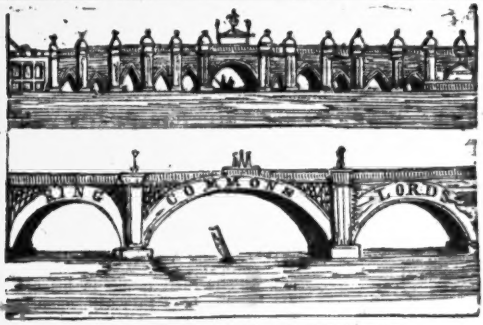
'Don't be so *bold!*' methought a *larking* voice from the skylight
Answer'd, and therewithal I felt fear as of frightening;
Knowing not why, or how, my soul seem'd night-cap to my body.
Then came again the voice, but then with a louder squalling—
'Go to hell,' said the voice. 'What *I*,' said I, inwardly, '*I* go!'
When lo, and behold, a great wonder!—I, I, Robert Southey,
Even I, Robert Southey, *Esquire*, LL.D. Poet Laureate,
Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the
Ditto of history too, of the Institute Royal
Of Dutchland, and eke of the Welch Cymmodorion wonder,
Author of Joan of Arc, of much Jacobin Verse, and Wat Tyler,
Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera, et cætera, et cætera,
(For it's unknown all the things that I am, and have written),
I, as I said before, ev'n I, by myself, *I*,
Unlike, in that single respect, to my great master Dante,
(For Virgil went with him to help him), but like in all others,
Rush'd up into Paradise boldly, which angels themselves don't,
Yea ev'n into Paradise rush'd I, through showers of *Simvles*,
All as good as the Bank, and for hailstones I found there were *Sovereigns*,
Spick and span new; and anon was a body all glorified,
Even all the great Host both of Church and State, Crosses, Grand Crosses,
Commanders, Companions, and Knights of all possible orders,
Commons and Peers, the souls of the sold, whom Pensions made perfect,

Flocking on either hand, a multitudinous army,
Coronet, Crosier, and Mitre, in grand semicircle inclining,
Tier over tier they took their place, aloft in the distance,
Far as the sight could pierce, Stars, Garters, and Gold Sticks.
From among the throng blesa'd, all full dress'd, in a Field Marshal's uniform,
Rose one, with a bow serene, who, aloft, took his station;
Before him the others crouch'd down, all inclining in concert,
Bent like a bull-rush sea, with a wide and a manifold motion:
There he stood in the midst alone; and in front was the presence,
With periwig curling and gay, and a swallow-cut coat-tail.

Hear ye of long ears! Lo! in that place was *Canning*,
He who strengthens the Church and State, with his Manton's hair-triggers,
And sneers on his lips, and eyes leering, and *rupturous* speeches;
With him *Fletcher Franklin* I saw, and *Sir Robert*, my namesake,
Worthy the name! even *Baker*, Sir Robert, of Bow-street;
And *Gifford*, with face made of lachrymose, savage and feeble,
Who delighteth with *Croker* to cut up men, women, and young men,
And therefore did *Hazlitt* cut *him* up, and so he stood mangled.
There, too, brocaded and satin'd, stood smiling and bowing,
With Court-mask'd appearance, *the Fearful One*, him of *Triangle!*
And there, too, the *Foolish* one, *circular*-conscienced, the *Doctor!*
And I saw in the vision, the *Generals*, *Sol.* and *Attorney;*
And *Sacchi*, was there too, and him surnamed *Non mi Ricordo;*
And Mad'moiselle *Dæmon*, and *Barbara Kress*, and *Rastelli;*
And *Mister*, and *Mister-ess Jessop*, and eke the *Miss Jessops;*
And *Mar———ss H———d*, and *M———ss C———m*, also;
And Mrs. *Fitz———t*, and *C——ch;* and in sooth all the *Beauties*
Of the 'GEORGIAN *age*,' except *Robinson Mary*,
Whom great G. first sent to the D——, and *little* G. after,
(Namely *Gifford*, who smote at her sorely, yea, ev'n at her crutches,
So that she fell in her grave, and said, 'Cover me kind earth!')
And the great minded *Cl———* was there, looking like to Behemoth;
And the *Lauderdale* disinterested, great Scotch standard-bearer,
And there, too, the king's much-conspired-against-stationer, *King*, stood,
The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who sendeth his Majesty's whiskey;
And the Members of *Orange Clubs* all, anti-Irish shillelahs;
And a heav'nly assembly of *parsons*, some, lately, expectant—
Parson *Hey?* Parson *B.* called, otherwise, Parson *Black-cow*, divine brute!
Parson *C.* alias *Croly*, or *Crawley*, or *Coronarely*,
Who putteth forth innocent pamphlets on pure coronations,
Expecteth Milleniums, and laudeth the *Blackguard* of Blackwood's,
And looketh both lofty and slavish, a dreariness high-nosed,
As if he had, under the chin been, by worshipful men, chuck'd;
And great Parson *Eat-all-stone*, who'd swallow *any* thing surely;
And the *Manchester Yeomanry Cavalry*, riding down women;
And *Alderman Atkins*, with *Curtis*, that *big belly*-gerent;
And *Flower*, and *Bridges*, *C. Smith*, and the rest of the BRIDGE GANG;
All cloth'd for the heav'nly occasion in their *best* Indictments!
And there all the *Lottery-contractors*, and such like, were also;

And there Mr. *Strong-i-th'-arm*, his Majesty's Seal-Engraver, was also;
And they all who *forged*, lo! the French Assignats, were there also;
And the *Court-newsman* also was there———
(The Spirit now bids me write *prose*, but that, you know's all the same thing)
And *Colburn* with his *Muck Monthly Magazine* was there;
And *Ward*, the Animal Painter, with a piece of spoil'd canvas, 35 feet wide by 21, was there;
But *Bird* who, most disloyally, died of a broken heart, was not there;
And the *Duke of Wellington*, with the Sword of State, was there;
And *Sir John Silvester*, the Recorder of London, and his *assistant*, were there;
And Messrs. *Rundell and Bridge*, the Jewellers who repair'd the Crown, were there;
And the *Pigtails* cut off from his Majesty's guards were there;
And the *Guards* themselves in their *neat* uniforms, and new white gaiters, were there;
And the *State Coach and Coachmen and Horses* were there;
And the *other Ministers of State* in their new State Liveries were there;
And the *Clerks of the Council* and the *two Silver Inkstands* were there;
And all the Gentlemen of the *Stock Exchange* were there;
And all the Gentlemen of the *Shipping Interest* were there;
And all the Gentlemen of the *Landed Interest* were there;
But all the people *without Interest* were not there;
And all the *Peers* who voted the Queen of England *guilty* were there;
And all the *Ministerial Members* of the House of Commons were there;
And Dr. *Slop* with '*fresh* fig-leaves for *Adam* and *Eve*' was there;
And the *Royal Proclamation* against Vice and Immorality was pasted up there.
And behold, while I read it, thinking to put it, excellent as it was, into language still better,
Methought, in my vision, I dreamt—dream within dream intercircled—
And seem'd to be hurried away, by a vehement whirlwind,
To Flames and Sulphurous Darkness, where certain of my *Minor Poems* were scorching,
Yet unconsum'd, in penal fire; and as was *I* purified
For deeds done in the flesh, being, through them, burnt by proxy!
There, too, roasted the Bishop of Osnaburgh's *Duty*,
But the Righteous-one, *the Prince Bishop himself*, was in Heaven;
And *two Boots* were there, as a burnt-offering for *peradille*,
But the *Owner* thereof was a glorified spirit above,
Where, as in duty bound, I had sung to him 'Twang-a-dillo,
He that loves a pretty girl, is a hearty good fellow!'
And *in Torment* (but here the blest rage of the bard returns on me)
And in torment was *She*, who, on earth, had been also tormented
By *Him* who is never, nor can be accused, of aught *vicious*;
With her were the friends of my childhood—not leaving out *Coleridge*;
And they who were *kill'd* by the Manchester Yeomanry also;
And *Truth*, the whole Truth, nothing *but* the Truth, suffered the burning.
Then I turn'd my meek eyes, in their gladness, to Heaven, and my *place* there,
And ascending, I flew back to Paradise, singing of Justice;
Where, fill'd with divine expectation of merited favour,

The gathering host look'd to him, in whom all their hopes center'd,
As the *everlasting* hand; and I, too, press'd forward to obtain—
But old recollections withheld me;—down, down, dropp'd my sack-but,
And my feet, methought, slid, and I fell precipitate. Starting,
Then I awoke, with my hair up, and lo! my young days were before me,
Dark yet distinct; but instead of the voice of the honest,
I heard only Murray's *yap! yap!* and *hop! hop!* through the silence of evening:
Yap! hop! and *hop! yap!*—and hence came the hop, step, and jump, of my verses.



BOROUGH-BRIDGE REFORM.

To the Ancient and Honourable Corporation of BOROUGHMONGERS, IN PALAVERMENT ASSEMBLED, THE PETITION *of the Ancient and Honourable Corporation of* LONDON BRIDGE *in Arches assembled,*

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That, for some time past, an opinion has prevailed, that your Petitioners' *Arches* are narrow and decayed, and that their continuance in their present state is attended with an unnecessary annual expense, and loss of lives.

That, in consequence of this opinion, a large body of persons assembled for Bridge Reform, have insisted upon the necessity of widening your Petitioners' *Arches*, and have actually erected, in your Petitioners' neighbourhood, a new bridge, with arches calculated to give free course to the whole tide, and a safe and uninterrupted public communication—to the great scandal of your Petitioners.

That your Petitioners' *Arches*, and the BOROUGH *Arches* of your HONOURABLE STRUCTURE, are *the production of one and the same mind.*

That your HONOURABLE STRUCTURE being *a model of perfection*, your Petitioners have, therefore, a right to presume that their BRIDGE is also a model of perfection.

That your Petitioners, respectfully referring to the enlightened declaration of the Emperor of Austria, that *what is* ANCIENT *is good*, humbly beg leave to represent, that it is essential to the permanence of your HONOURABLE STRUCTURE in its present state, to stop the progres of all *enlargement.*

And your Petitioners humbly pray, that the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING may be assigned advocate in their behalf, to convince the Public that your Petitioners' *Arches* are exactly as numerous, as narrow, and as decayed as they ought to be; which office your Petitioners have no doubt the said Right Hon. Gent. will gladly undertake, upon being allowed to receive an ample toll.

AND YOUR PETITIONERS, as *in uniformity* bound, will ever pray for YOUR HONOURABLE STRUCTURE, &c.

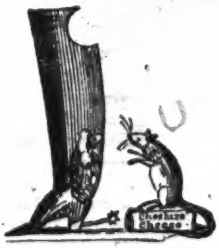
TO ACCOUNTANTS and Others. Any Persons who will undertake to unravel the Financial ACCOUNTS of Messrs. VAN and Co. to the understanding of the Parties interested in their Affairs, may have CONSTANT EMPLOY. Apply to Mr. BULL, who is *concerned for the Creditors*, at the Pawnbrokers, in Capel-court.

REVOLUTIONARY WIG.

THE LATE MR. SERGEANT COPLEY'S WIG-MAKER begs leave to inform gentlemen of the profession, that he has completely succeeded in overcoming the difficulty so long complained of by gentlemen at the bar, who are desirous of *turning* without discomposure; for proof whereof he refers by permission to the Solicitor General and the Chief Justice of Chester, who, for a long time, could not *turn* at all, but now revolve perfectly at ease.

WARREN'S BLACK-RAT BLACKING.

CHARLES WARREN, of CHESTER-PLACE, with the utmost diffidence, publicly announces his successful *discovery*. By the *first* application of his *varnish* to BOOTS, he saw his own face in them, with a *Judge's* wig on his head; and he assures his OLD FRIENDS, who he knows will take his word for it, that the *reflection* was so strong, it almost knocked him *back*. He earnestly desires their approbation, and solicits their favour in his new *shop*. He humbly begs they will support him as much as they can. His *going round* among strangers is insupportable to him, unless he can get a few of his former friends to *accompany* him.



GOLDEN OINTMENT FOR THE EYES. This invaluable Ointment enables the patient to see in the dark.

(CASE.)

DEAR SIR; "*Kerwick, Cumberland, 19th July*, 1821.

"Your invaluable ointment being strongly recommended to me some years ago, I was induced to try a box. Its effects were astonishing!—I immediately looked two ways at once, and saw my way clear to the Laureateship. I have seen in the dark ever since! Without its powerful operation I could never have obtained the degree of LL.D. Please to send some in the usual way by *Hull*, as I find it utterly impossible to live without it, and recommend it to all my relations.

"I am, dear Sir, your's,

"R. SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D.

"Poet Laureate; Member of the Royal Spanish Academy; of the Royal Spanish Academy of History; of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands; of the Cymmodorion, &c. Author of Wat Tyler, Joan of Arc, Minor Poems, &c. &c."

☞ Prepared in *Crown* boxes, by Mr. GEORGE KING, No. 4, at the Toy-shop, Constitution-hill, near the bottom.

LOST, THE BALANCE OF EUROPE, as *privately* adjusted, according to a pair of *pocket* scales, by the Marquess of Londonderry; it was last seen *on a piece of paper* at Laybach. Please to bring it to the Foreign Office.

THE MAGNIFICENT PYRAMID, erected by the wisdom, labour, property, and lives of our forefathers, has been completely REVERSED. Architects, well enough acquainted with the structure to undertake its RESTORATION, will be allowed any time they desire for a work of such vast magnitude, but it must be undertaken immediately, as it is *shored up* in its present INVERTED STATE at an immense annual expense, with *frail materials*. Testimonials of the greatest respectability for capacity and character, and security for completion of the task, without further injury to the ornament at the apex, will be required. Apply to the *Board* of CONTROL.

CONVULSIONS, &c.

A REAL BLESSING — THE AMERICAN SOOTHING SYRUP, an infallible Remedy for CONVULSIONS, affording immediate ease in disorders of the Constitution, and healing multitudes in the most desponding condition.

Such are the virtues of this healing Balm for assuaging misery and anguish in the suffering, that innumerable impositions have been practised. It is, therefore, requisite to notice, that the genuine article has the word *Liberty* on the seal.—Prepared, as usual, by the assigns of Messrs. FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON, and Co. from the original recipe, and may be had genuine in *America-square*.

*** If ever there was a blessing sent from Heaven for the relief of the suffering, the American Soothing Syrup claims the pre-eminence. The poor relieved gratis.

N. B. It has been discovered that the AMERICAN SOOTHING SYRUP is an infallible TEST FOR SOVEREIGNS. It in no way blemishes a good one, but discovers the baseness of a bad one immediately.

SCHOOLS FOR ALL.

USEFUL INSTRUCTION having hitherto been chiefly confined to the Productive Classes, and many in the Upper Ranks still remaining in a deplorable state of ignorance, it is intended to establish SCHOOLS FOR THE HIGHER ORDERS, in order that, by being equally well-informed with the rest of the community, the plea of ignorance may no longer be allowed as an excuse for want of knowledge in the duties of life. Further information may be had of the printer.

UNIVERSAL SAFETY LAMP.

"One unclouded blaze of living light."

THE COMBINATION AGAINST THIS LAMP renders it necessary to state some of its advantages. The best of the COMMON PARISH LAMPS, so universally complained of for their dulness, do little more than render darkness visible, and assist the perpetration of crime. If their forms are occasionally varied by lacquer and varnish, and rendered pleasing to the eye, their light is not improved in the smallest degree; and they require a multitude of hands to feed and trim them, at a most enormous expense; while THE "UNIVERSAL SAFETY" LAMP diffuses a brilliant and steady lustre, and a genial warmth equal to the solar beam. It eclipses every other brightness. The only inconvenience complained of by the nervous and fastidious is, that its flame sometimes rises during a storm, and emits a small portion of smoke, but this vapour ceases almost immediately after the agitation has subsided. *It is constructed on an unerring principle of* SELF-REGULATION; *it cannot be extinguished by any power on earth, and will* LAST FOR EVER.

THE NEW INDIAN JUGGLER.

THIS CELEBRATED PERFORMER, whose early operations in Asia, and subsequent slight-of-hand in Europe, have rendered him notorious, will perform the first opportunity. If he has the consent of his landlady's friends, he will put the sword down her throat, and keep it there as long as he pleases—the like not exhibited in England. He will then set the balls a-flying like winged messengers. These tricks, with permission, he is ready to exhibit. Further particulars in future Advertisements.

GENERAL ORDERS. 14*th July*, 1821.

IT is Ordered, that there be delivered to every private Soldier, now in his Majesty's Service, or who may be hereafter enlisted therein, a copy of the New Testament, with the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of Matthew cut out, and the Articles of War stitched in their place; and any Soldier who shall pawn or sell the said New Testament without first taking out the said Articles of War, and keeping them for his own use, shall suffer death.

SERVICE CLUB.

RESOLVED, 14*th July*, 1821.

THAT an English Artisan is a scamp and a ragamuffin, until a profit has been had out of a red coat, which, when put on his back at the public expense, suddenly transforms him into the *bravest* and *finest* fellow in the world. E. PAULET.

CORN PLAISTER.

THIS SOOTHING ARTICLE being entirely exhausted, the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on Agricultural Distress, will be glad of the smallest quantity, that they may dispense it to the various sufferers throughout the country.

WASTE PAPER and PARCHMENT, consisting of the Petitions for a REFORM in the Representation, to be sold in quantities—not less than a ton weight.

☞ May be viewed, and particulars had, at the Parliament Coffee-House.

THE TENTHS, or KING'S OWN. Persons willing to *contract* for the purpose of furnishing this active Legion with FORAGE, and supplying the *Mess*, may apply to the Barrack-Master-General, Lambeth.

THE REV. S. PIGGOTT, A.M. Curate and Lecturer of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and St. Antholin's, Watling-street, WANTS A PLACE. He has written Prayers for Families, a Guide to the Altar, and an Example of Conversion by the Common Prayer Book; named the Queen the *German Helen*; represented her with a lighted torch, reaching at the Bible and the Crown to destroy them; called her "Old Mother Red Cap;" hung her head up as a sign to a public-house, with a gross allusion to Bergami; said her infamy was fixed; and made her Majesty exclaim, that—

"Thrice she'd expire in Matthew's arms,
Would but the hangman Matthew spare!"

Further particulars can be given by *his Treasurer*, CHARLES BICKNELL, Esq. Solicitor to the Admiralty, 3, Spring-garden Terrace, on whom all *demands* on account of the Rev. S. PIGGOTT'S *Loyal Association* should be made; but all monies due or owing thereto, are requested to be paid *immediately* to the Rev. S. PIGGOTT *only*.

☞ More information respecting his clerical labours hereafter.

WANTED TO GO ABROAD, a stout, active, stone-hearted young man, of a serious turn, as an apprentice in the military business, and to assist as a missionary.

☞ Apply at the Bishop and Bayonet, Westminster.

A CAUTION.

A SLOW BUT SURE POISON, which gradually insinuates itself into the system, and will utterly destroy a human being, is now making frightful ravages. Its common name is CANT. Some *blacks* deliver it in the lump, and a certain *lawyer* has been seen to part with it in the form of globules. It is most subtle when laminated, and unfortunately is to be found in that state spread over a large portion of the community. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the effluvia from the infected is contagious.

N. B. The most certain symptom of the presence of the poison is, prostration of mind.

"Please to remember the *Grotto!*"

PRIESTIANITY.

As a grateful return to the Productive Classes of England, for bread, meat, beer, cellars of wines, rich furniture, luxurious equipages, princely palaces, clothing of purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously *every* day, during the whole of their ecclesiastical lives, out of the people's labour, the following TEN PRELATES have become members of the ANTI-SOCIAL ASSOCIATION in Bridge-street:—

The Bishop of Bangor	The Bishop of Gloucester
——— Carlisle	——— Llandaff
——— Chester	——— Peterborough
——— Durham	——— St. David's
——— Ely	——— York

Dr. MALTUS has received a *Prize* for his Essay on the Moral Restraint of War, the Blessings of Famine, the Advantages of Pestilence, the Comforts of Disease, and the Piety of Decease.

Br. TOMMY O'LINN has a *Faculty* for copying the newspapers into an original Life of Mr. Pitt.

Br. VAN MILL-DIRT is *collated* to a Dinnery for telling which side his bread is buttered on in the dark.

Published for the Benefit of the Clergy,

THE ART OF CONDUCTING WAR ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

Shortly will be published, for the Use of Schools,

PRIESTIANITY and CHRISTIANITY COMPARED; or, A Parallel between the Principles of Christianity and the Practice of Priestianity.

HOUSE OF TOPS.—Whensthedat.

Ordered, That after the adjournment of the House to-day, strangers be accommodated with seats until the sitting of the House to-morrow.—Adjourned.

HOUSE OF BOTTOMS.

Moved and Seconded, That the following words be stereotyped by the printer to the House, and sent to all the newspapers for the convenience of reporting the Manager's speeches, viz.

"He should not follow the hon. member into any of the various points of his extended speech, but content himself with moving an adjournment, resting fully satisfied upon the wisdom of the House for a proper decision of the question when it came regularly before them."—Agreed to without a division.—Adjourned.

Substance of the Bills for Restraining the Press.—Kneor Gagret, the pseudo ump alor al'Ambassadereux, roseat ul purpe et Suheance du Balles au Pres,---Volumptuanum et geordibus non et est ecclaribus tandem et priorus au clericus pooribus, that is to say, Castigatus videm Literorumme-a'-Presserorumme-a'-Exposerumet vi al quid o'tobacce au sycophantussum hark!-Contriorium, etc. etc.!!!

Receipt to make an Attorney-General.—Take a *little* man with an eye to his preferment. It is not necessary that he should be much of a lawyer, provided that he be a *Rat*. He must have docility sufficient to do any thing; and *if the period should arrive when power can make rules and laws for the evident purpose of gratifying malignity*, he should be one who should be ready to advise or consent to *the creation of new cases, and be able to defend new remedies for them*, though they militate against every principle of reason, equity, and justice.—*Rolliad*, p. 433.

[Advertisement.]—Real Brunswick Mum sent (carriage free) from the Horse Guards to all parts of the Kingdom, at an hour's notice.

[Advertisement.]—We are authorized to contradict a report that Mr. Vansittart, in his Speech at the last Bible Society Meeting, endeavoured to induce the members to refrain from the purchase of shares and tickets in the ensuing Lottery.

[Advertisement.]—Connoisseurs in the *Arts of Design* will be gratified to hear, that an assemblage of the Old Masters in different *states*, will shortly be submitted to the hammer.

PROMOTION.—The Press to be *the* Board *of Controul*.

BIRTH.

At the *Den*, in Bridge-street, John Reeves, esq. M.B.S.G. of a Ten Pound Note. It is not supposed he can recover.

MARRIAGE.

His Imperial Majesty Prince Despotism, in a consumption, to Her Supreme Antiquity, The Ignorance of Eighteen Centuries, in a decline. The bridal dresses were most superb.

DEATH.

His most Sacred Majesty Right Divine. His *Legitimacy* being declared illegitimate, he has no successor. He was the founder of the *Oily Alliance*, and a sincere *Prestian*.

Printed by and for W. Hone, 45, Ludgate Hill, London.

ASPERSIONS ANSWERED:

AN EXPLANATORY

STATEMENT,

ADDRESSED

TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE,

AND

TO EVERY READER OF

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

IN PARTICULAR,

By WILLIAM HONE.

Truth will ultimately prevail, even though he who uttered it should be destroyed. *Dr. Vicesimus Knox.*

SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE,

45, LUDGATE HILL.

1824.

One Shilling.

J. and C. Adlard, Printers,
Bartholomew Close.

TO THE READER.

THIS was advertised as a shilling pamphlet, and I wish I could as easily have kept down the size as the price. It has been written with painful feelings, at sundry times, and under unfavourable circumstances. But I may say, with one of our elder writers, that "An innocent man needs no eloquence: his innocence is instead of it; else I had never come off from these precipices whither men's malice hath pursued me. It is true I have been accused, and by great ones; but it happened my accusers had not thought of the accusation with themselves, and so were driven, for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander; or, too late, being entered so far, to seek starting-holes for their own rashness, which were not given them. And then they may think what accusation that was like to prove, when they that were the engineers feared to be the authors. Nor were they content to feign things against me, but to urge things feigned by the ignorant; which, though, from their hired and mercenary impudence, I might have passed by, yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskilful to hear lies, or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. Nay, they would offer to urge mine own writings against me; but by pieces, which was an excellent way of malice, as if any man's

context might not seem dangerous and offensive, if that which was knit to what went before, might not seem subject to calumny, which read entire would appear most free." Jonson's words express my reasons, and constitute my apology, for the matter and manner of the tract.

A notion prevails with many that I am usually engaged in preparing something or other for the press, and few are persuadable to the contrary.

> "Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
> Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?" *Pope.*

I now declare publicly, what I have frequently affirmed in private, that, with the exception of finishing one work at my entire leisure, I withhold my pen from every purpose but that of cataloguing books. I am induced to activity by duty to my family; and, perhaps, I am qualified for the business of a Book Auctioneer in particular, by the knowledge I possess of the nature and value of literary property, obtained from long experience in every department of the bookselling business, and intimacy with books themselves. Intending to devote myself to that employment exclusively, I have made arrangements, and fitted-up my present premises accordingly. Few, I presume, will blame me for not desiring to be a rocking-stone or a "rolling stone." Those who countenance me in maintaining my wishes and my children, may be assured of my attention, and my lasting respect. The present deviation I deem necessary and final; and, as a final request, I entreat him who reads this page that he will do me the favour to peruse the remainder.

45, LUDGATE-HILL;
12*th February*, 1824.

ASPERSIONS ANSWERED.

It little concerns the world to be acquainted with my private opinions, but I deem it necessary to notice the imputations of irreligion that have been often urged against me during the last seven years; and though, from the silence I have hitherto preserved, I do not expect to be accused of haste, yet I am only constrained to remark publicly on the subject by the following circular letter, addressed to gentlemen of the legal profession.

"Sir,

"We take the liberty of transmitting to you the following statement, which we have already laid before several gentlemen at the bar.

"Mr. Hone is (as you are probably aware,) a barrister of ten years' standing, who pursued his profession at first on the Midland Circuit, and more lately in the Court of Chancery. For several years, he obtained by this means such an income as was sufficient for the support of his family in comfort and independence. He is the brother of Mr. William Hone, the bookseller, who became known to the public by the parodies on the Liturgy, for which he was prosecuted by the Attorney-general. As soon as the relationship between Mr. Hone and the author of these publications

became generally known, it produced the most calamitous effects upon the professional prospects of the former. The disapprobation which had been generally excited by the publication of the parodies was, by a natural though a most unjust prejudice, transferred to the innocent brother of the publisher. It was taken for granted that the two brothers held the same religious and political opinions, and Mr. Hone was gradually deserted by his clients, until he found himself deprived of his whole professional income. In the hope of diverting this prejudice against his character, he applied to the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice Chancellor, and the twelve Judges, to subscribe to a book on Conveyancing, which he proposed to publish, and he received from them the most kind and condescending attention, with their permission to place their names at the head of his list of subscribers. He obtained a similar permission from the greater part of the gentlemen within the bar at the Court of Chancery; from some of the leaders of his own circuit, and many other members of his profession. Distress and poverty, however, have prevented the completion of this design. It is painful to state that Mr. Hone and his wife and children have frequently been reduced to the actual want of the common necessaries of life, and he has with difficulty preserved a sufficiency of raiment to appear in the situation of a gentleman.

"All this weight of misfortune has been as unmerited as distressing. So far is Mr. Hone from adopting his brother's *religious* or political opinions, that he actually abandoned his society, after having repeatedly made the most affectionate and earnest, though unavailing, protests against his proceedings. They are the children of a religious and virtuous father, to whose principles and maxims of conduct is to be ascribed the resignation and fortitude with which Mr. Hone has borne the heavy calamity under which he has been suffering.

"An opportunity has been found for enabling Mr. Hone to emigrate to one of the colonies, with a fair prospect of maintaining himself and family by his profession.

"The difficulty of his availing himself of this escape from want, consists in his inability to purchase the necessary outfit for himself and family, and to defray the expences of the voyage. On the most moderate estimate, seven or eight hundred pounds will be required for this purpose. In the hope of raising this sum, several gentlemen at the bar have opened a subscription; and Messrs. Hoares, in Fleet-street, will receive any money which may be collected. If you should feel disposed to assist in this object, you will perhaps have the goodness to contribute as expedi-

tiously as possible, as it is of the utmost importance that Mr. Hone should not lose the opportunity of sailing in the present autumn.

"We have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient humble Servants,

"JOHN RAITHBY,
"JAMES STEPHEN, JUN.
"J. H. KOE.

"*Lincoln's Inn*; 18*th August*, 1823."

This statement, lithographically printed without the slightest knowledge on my part that it had been in contemplation, was two days in circulation among the gentlemen at the bar and on the rolls of the courts before I heard of it from an utter stranger. My feelings on the occasion, a brother only, and a brother only so circumstanced, can imagine. I had long known of my brother's embarrassments, but by this means I first obtained information of their magnitude, and that such serious allegations regarding myself were extensively promulgated.

It is not my purpose to comment; yet, as the circular speaks of my brother's "protests against *my* proceedings," I must remark that these protests were no more than objections verbally urged to my political opinions and publications, except a single letter during the late queen's trial, remonstrating against a pamphlet I wrote on that subject which he saw advertised as ready to appear, and acquainting me that if it did, our intercourse must cease. His letter was certainly "earnest," and "affectionate;" and, as certainly, a "protest" against my "proceeding." Because I adopted that proceeding, which had been several weeks in preparation, and for several weeks publicly announced in the newspapers, "he actually abandoned my society," and we never met in a room till after the issue of the circular signed by Mr. Raithby, Mr. Stephen, and Mr. Koe.

The topic of that circular is to me a painful one, and I would fain avoid it; but to my children and to my excellent wife, who are dear to me as my life-blood—to the public—to that portion of the public especially who having been my especial friends, yet know of me only through evil report and good report,—to myself, with something of the self-respect which every one entertains who is not an exception to our common nature, and not to be excepted from civilized society—to these, and more than these, I owe that I should seem as I am, and not as I have been misconceived.

On Sunday, the 31st of August, the circular was inserted in the *John Bull*, with recommendations of the purpose that the gentlemen who signed it had in view, and with animadversions on myself by the editor of that newspaper, in the course of which I am denominated an advocate of "blasphemy." The following remark was appended to the circular. "This measure is sanctioned by the LORD CHANCELLOR;—and THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ABBOTT, MR. JUSTICE BAYLEY, MR. JUSTICE BEST, MR. ATTORNEY GENERAL, &c. &c. have subscribed." The *Sun*, evening paper, copied the *John Bull* article verbatim, and it afterwards appeared in certain country papers. On Sunday, the 14th of September, the *John Bull* reverted to the subject in the following statement.

"MR. HONE THE BARRISTER."

"We have received a communication from the gentlemen who signed the "circular" respecting the case of Mr. HONE, in which they request us to state, that we did not receive the "circular" which we published in our last Number but one, either from Mr. Hone himself, or from any of those whose names are subscribed to it.

"It is most true we did not; and we are most ready to relieve Mr. Hone from the suspicion that he did any act likely to attract public attention, either to his own circumstances, or the faults of a brother, for whom, as

our present correspondents say, 'he cannot cease to feel a deep affection and anxious interest.'

"The letter was forwarded to us by a person zealously anxious for Mr. Hone's success, and we, with the best intentions, (for which we are pleased to see the gentlemen who have since addressed us give us credit) added our influence to its circulation. It is by no means unsatisfactory to hear, from the same source, that 'the subscription has materially increased in consequence of our publication;' but our correspondent adds 'that Mr. Hone, having suffered much in his health and spirits, was painfully affected by seeing his name in a public newspaper, and feels still more distressed at being supposed accessary to the publication of a letter which seems to make him the author of a public censure upon the conduct of so near a relation.

"We are extremely sorry to have wounded Mr. Hone's feelings, or to have given to the world that which it appears was intended exclusively *for the profession;* we most willingly here bear testimony to the fact, that the letter was not sent to us by Mr. Hone, nor with his knowledge. We must be allowed to add, however, that, considering the vast number of gentlemen now engaged in the law, (supposing the letter *originally* to have been written under the sanction of Mr. Hone,) the communication of his sentiments and opinions upon his brother's public conduct to so large a body of persons seems to us to differ very little, at least in spirit, to a general publication of them to the world at large."

One fact was certain from the circular,—the critical situation of my brother's affairs; another was equally certain, that the letter itself was a strenuous effort by his friends to relieve him; and, under these circumstances, after calm consideration it appeared to me that there was only one point on which I ought to claim explanation.

From the time of my trials, it suited that portion of the public press which advocates the political opinions espoused by my brother, to connect my name with anti-Christian writers and publishers. Now, if I had purposed serious notice of daily calumnies, I should unhesitatingly have referred to my brother, not doubting his power, or his willingness, had the necessity been apparent, to have given conclusive testimony in rebuttal of the charges of irreligion. But the representation in the circular, that he did

not adopt my "*religious* opinions," purported, to public apprehension, that these were in fact the *irreligious* opinions publicly imputed to me. It purported an antithesis, a contradistinction; it was a clear line of separation, with Joseph on the one side religious—William on the other irreligious; and hence the representation in my brother's behalf became presumptive proof against me of a previously-unattested charge, which I should have confidently relied on disproving by my brother himself.

That my brother, in consequence of his being my brother, "was gradually deserted by his clients until he found himself deprived of his whole professional income," is an *ex-parte* statement. I neither deny nor admit it. It is a point that there is no necessity for us ever to moot: in private we ought not, and in public we cannot. This is the matured determination of my judgment upon that statement which dropped a sudden and heavy blow upon my heart. It may be information to some, that I have a heart.

Deciding thus, and confining myself to the religious ground, I required explanation upon that alone. For obvious reasons, arising from the best feelings towards my brother, I did not seek it of the gentlemen who signed the circular, but, at the beginning of September, addressed myself to him, and his answer is subjoined verbatim.

"40, *Chancery Lane*;
23*d October*, 1823.

"My Dear William,

"You have called my attention to the following passage in the circular, which to my great regret has lately appeared in some public newspapers, namely, "So far is Mr. Hone from adopting his brother's *religious* or political opinions, that he actually abandoned his society after having made the most affectionate and earnest, though unavailing protests against his proceedings.' You consider that this passage is open to the construction, that I abandoned your society in consequence of *irreligious* opinions, or conduct on your part, during the time we were associated: you ask me to explain that part of the circular'

which I do the more readily on account of the anxiety you express concerning it.

"In our former familiar conversations, you have sometimes questioned parts of the text of the Old and New Testament, and controverted certain doctrines; this led to the differences which usually arise on discussions between persons of opposite theological principles: however, I did not understand you to reject Christianity, or to deny or impugn the genuineness or authenticity of the Old or New Testament as a whole. Since your Trials, numerous imputations of irreligion have, as you are aware, been publicly urged against you; but, if it be inferred that, as your brother, and from my private knowledge of your sentiments on religious subjects, during our intercourse within that period, I knew those imputations to be true, the inference is erroneous; yet your silence under them for the last three years or more, induced me, in common with many other persons, to conclude that you admitted the charge, and hence, during the latter period, I have abstained from having any further intercourse with you, although my brotherly regards were far, very far, from being extinguished.

"I have thus made a short point of my explanation, instead of going into the subject or minutiæ.

"I would now add a few words to this, which is, probably, nearly the last letter which I shall have occasion to write to you before I leave England, preparing, as I am, to depart ere long for a very distant part of the world; I anticipate with, I assure you, the keenest sensations, the moment when I shall have to say farewell to you for, at least, some years: as future events are wisely kept from our knowledge, it may, possibly, prove a final parting in reference to this world; and at such a time it is my heart's desire that we, who are the children of the same parents, should take leave as brethren, each, as he hopes for forgiveness from the Father of Mercies, frankly forgiving the other every wrong that he may consider his brother to have done him in any way whatever. This will afford peace of mind to both, and, though personally far apart, we may yet remain one in heart and affection, and if preserved to meet again in this life, which I earnestly pray may be the case, I trust that each may learn that the other has been walking in the path of rectitude, and reaped the full reward of honourable conduct. The immense distance at which, in a few months, we shall be placed from each other, will prevent either of us from practically ministering to the necessities, if any, mental or pecuniary, of the other; nevertheless, one thing may be done, —we may entreat him who has been our Protector from our infancy to

manhood, to further us with his continual help, and thus be assured of weathering every storm.

"Before I close my letter, I would remark, that it has hitherto been my most studious endeavour to avoid every thing that might have the semblance of an attack upon your character or reputation, and I much regret that the diction of the circular should be liable to have such a construction upon it, or be considered in that light by yourself or your friends, as I can truly affirm that it was never so intended. Of course I have had my own opinion of the nature and tendency of your public acts, nor have I concealed that opinion at such times as it became necessary for me to avow it, though even then I did not forget our near relationship, nor could it possibly have escaped attention, that, on these occasions a brother's feelings were creating a painful conflict in my mind.

"Numerous arrangements for my departure have unavoidably prevented me from writing to you ere this; and, in conclusion, I would express a hope, that nothing I have said will be deemed by you as recrimination: that is far from my intention. Neither have I ventured to offer any thing in the shape of advice, as it might be deemed surplusage and obtrusive: you know my heart and views, and I think that I know your's;—each may therefore conclude what would be the counsel of the other; and, if there be a reciprocal determination to continue to act with truth and integrity, we and our families must ultimately be benefited, and our happiness and their's will be promoted and secured.

"Believe me,

"My dear William,

"Your ever affectionate Brother,

"JOSEPH HONE."

Religion is a subject on which, more than on any other, the best men differ verbally, and agree practically. My brother had never fallen in with the gross imputations of irreligion urged against me, after our intercourse ceased in July 1820, if a little Biblical inquiry had enabled him fully to comprehend the objects and limits of mine, when I incidentally alluded to topics connected with it during our previous intimacy. Nor, if he had studied my character, could he have been induced to conclude that my silence

imported admission of the imputations. Separated in boyhood, our intercourse throughout life has only been occasional, and seldom lasting for more than a few months, after lapses of years. Varying in temper, opinion, and construction of mind, there are few points of contact between us. He has seen me "bear the proud man's contumely, the insult of rude ignorance, the sarcasm of malice, the hired censure of the sycophantic critic, whose preferment depends on the prostitution both of knowledge and conscience, and the virulence of the venal newspaper*;" he mistook my patience for weakness, and my forbearance for inanity.

In our recent conversations I gather that a main reason for his supposing, as he affirms in his explanatory letter, that I admitted the charge of irreligion was, that I had not answered an article on the *Apocryphal New Testament*, in the *Quarterly Review for October* 1821. Certainly I had contemplated, and as I have recently stated, had commenced an answer; "when, abridgment of my leisure, but above all, the subsidence of my resentment into profound contempt for the flagitious frauds of the reverend reviewer, and a conviction that those who were qualified to judge of his article would see its mendacity, determined me not to engage in polemics."† I underrated that article, by assuming that it would not be overrated; and I now do somewhat, not as a stepping-stone to controversy, for which I have unconquerable dislike, but to convince unprejudiced minds that the Quarterly reviewer is indebted to my silence for the success of his labors.

As I purpose not to write another word on any topic connected with this pamphlet, it becomes me to state, that

* Dr. Vicesimus Knox, *Spirit of Despotism*, Pref. p. xi.
† Ancient Mysteries described. Pref. p. iii.

though the publicity given by the circular to the difference between my brother and myself was to me a source of sorrow and misery, my brotherly affection was undiminished, and is unextinguishable. The period approaches for his proceeding to a distant colony, and we shall part, not merely in semblance, but in reality, as brethren. We, and our families, mutually participate in deep regret at a disjunction that, as regards this world, may be for ever; and our best feelings and most ardent affections go forth for each other's happiness and prosperity.

My sole aim in the remaining pages is "A Refutation of the Quarterly Review of the Apocryphal New Testament," and they will contain a few remarks upon the strictures of the Rev. Dr. Butler, Archdeacon of Derby, and the Rev. Thomas Rennell, Rector of Kensington.

I am informed that the readers of the article in the Quarterly Review, consider it an attack that admits of no defence. The reviewer advances in apparently great strength, takes up his positions in a regular way, places the canon in front very orderly, and persons of little inquiry deem it impossible that I can resist such a force. But it is not force: had they reconnoitred, they would have found it trick. If they will follow me beyond his lines—and hitherto they have not taken the trouble to go further—they will see that he is a mere showman throwing shadows, which not being examined pass for realities. I pledge myself to prove that every—not the greater part of the charges, but that *every* charge urged against me by the reviewer is a wilful falsehood; and that every statement in support of each charge is a deliberately-manufactured fraud. I shall take them in the order most convenient to myself, but I shall take them all.*

* The whole of the reviewer's charges are answered in the following pages, or in the notes below them.

The Quarterly reviewer is one of that stamp whose motto is "We murder to dissect," and who first slay the author in order to cut up his book with impunity. Pursuing this convenient process, the reviewer, in his first paragraph, calls me "a wretch, as contemptible as he is wicked:" he informs his readers that I am "a poor illiterate creature, far too ignorant to have any share in the composition" of the work; and, in the final words of the same paragraph, he denominates it a "nefarious publication." In this way he sets out to do "the state some service."*

Speaking of me as the editor of the Apocryphal New Testament, the reviewer says: "In page vi. of his preface, (and afterwards in the work itself,) he affords ample proof of his ignorance of even the commonest matters, by the triumph with which he announces to his readers his fancied discoveries that *the Apostles' Creed* was not written by the Apostles! and that it did not originally contain the article of Christ's descent into hell!" The reviewer puts two notes of admiration to indicate astonishment at my twofold ignorance. But he was not astonished; he could not be astonished; for neither "in p. vi. of the preface," nor "afterwards in the work itself," have I "fancied" that the facts as to the creed and the descent were my "discoveries;" nor have I expressed a syllable of "triumph," or feeling, from which previous "ignorance" of those facts could be inferred. In short, I have not made a single observation upon them of any kind

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* "Illiterate creature," as the reviewer describes me, I am in what *he* would call good company. "The illiterature of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. went so far, that, to the last, he could hardly write his name. He formed it out of six strait strokes, and a line of beauty, which first stood thus—IIIIIIS: these he afterwards perfected, as well as he was able, and the result was—LOUIS." This autographic fact is in *Pegge's Anecdotes*, 8vo. 1803, p. 48.

whatever. His notes of admiration are strokes of falsehood.

Again: the reviewer charges me with "disingenuousness," because I have said in a note to my preface, "For large particulars of Christ's descent into hell see the gospel of *Nicodemus*, chap. xiii. to xx." He remarks, that, as in that gospel "hell" is represented as the place of torments, I assuredly "knew that this was not the sense in which the word is used in the creed." Here the "disingenuousness" is not in me, but in him. My reference to the *apocryphal* gospel was for *apocryphal* particulars. The reference, which stands in a note on a wholly different subject, occupying the whole of five pages of the preface, has nothing to do with the sense of the creed, regarding the descent, one way or the other. The reviewer's misconstruction of it is a juggling and violent perversion of its obvious meaning.*

The commencement of my introduction to the *Gospel of Mary*, in the Apocryphal New Testament, being selected by the Reviewer for his most violent attack, I subjoin it.

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* "Hell, as a place of torments, was not the sense in which the word is used in the Creed." So says the reviewer, who I decline to take as authority upon that or any other point. The Church of England would be an authority, if, as a Church, she had declared the sense in which the word is to be taken; however she has not, and therefore she is no authority. It is true that "hell, as a place of torments," is now usually disclaimed by Church of England expositors on the Creed: but what was the sense in which it was taken by those who drew up the forty-two Articles of the Church of England? or by those who reduced the forty-two to thirty-nine Articles, and cut off a part of the old Article on the Descent into Hell? Has not hell, as it stands in the Creed, been taken as a place of torments by protestant prelates and clergy of the Church of England since that time? Finally, in what sense is the word taken at this very hour by those persons who repeat the Creed, and who never hear or conceive of hell than as a place of torment? In *Ancient Mysteries Described*, § v. I have cited several old instances of this belief, and described engravings that illustrate it.

"THE GOSPEL OF THE BIRTH OF MARY.

"In the primitive ages there was a Gospel extant bearing this name, attributed to St. Matthew, and received as genuine and authentic by several of the ancient Christian sects. It is to be found in the works of Jerome, a father of the Church who flourished in the fourth century, from whence the present translation is made. His contemporaries, Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, and Austin, also mention a Gospel under this title. The ancient copies differed from Jerome's, for, from one of them, the learned Faustus, a native of Britain, who became Bishop of Riez, in Provence, endeavoured to prove that Christ was not the Son of God till after his baptism; and that he was not of the house of David, and tribe of Judah, because, according to the Gospel he cited, the virgin herself was not of this tribe, but of the tribe of Levi; her father being a priest of the name of Joachim. Epiphanius likewise cites a passage concerning the death of Zacharias, which is not in Jerome's copy."

It is essentially necessary that each part of this introduction should be remembered, because upon its statements the reviewer grounds his heaviest charge; and I entreat the reader to observe particularly that the introduction merely shows that Epiphanius and Austin mention the Gospel of Mary; that Epiphanius quotes a passage from it; that Faustus deduces a doctrine from it; that neither the fact nor the doctrine is derivable from Jerome's copy; and that, therefore, "the ancient copies differed from Jerome's."

It is obvious that my introduction is so drawn as to leave its reader in doubt; and, on that very account, a candid antagonist would incline to respect, and disdain to misrepresent me. Not, however, to anticipate, the reviewer's charge shall be set forth in his own words. He says:—

"To each of the assertions, namely, that the Gospel which the Editor presents to his readers was received by several ancient sects—that it is to be found in St. Jerome, and that it is quoted by Epiphanius and Austin, we now proceed to give a direct denial, accompanied by proof that the Editor was aware of the falsehood of them all!"

This, with his covetous note of admiration, reads well; it is easy and bold, and has an air of sincerity mightily

imposing. Permit me to introduce him more particularly. He maintains his spirit in the following amplification.

"*First*, then, we assert that the Gospel before us was not received by any of the ancient Christian sects. Here, as in many other cases, the original spurious Gospel has disappeared, and the present is a miserable forgery of a later age, which has taken its place and name. Of this, the editor could not possibly be ignorant, as the fact is positively stated even in the title to that very chapter of Jones's work* from which he has taken and perverted the facts in his Preface. Jones there asserts that 'the present Gospel is different from the old one,' and in proof brings forward two fragments of the original Gospel preserved by Epiphanius and Austin, the first of which does not occur in the present work, and the other directly contradicts one of its most remarkable statements.

"*Secondly*, we assert that this Gospel is not contained in the works of Jerome, and that when the Editor maintained the contrary, he was fully aware of the falsehood of his statement. In the printed editions, indeed, of Jerome's works, from the carelessness or the scrupulousness of his editors, there have been inserted three letters, one purporting to be addressed by two Bishops, Chromatius and Heliodorus, to Jerome, requesting him to undertake a translation of this Gospel; the others, pretending to be his answers, accompanied by the required translation. No one, we should imagine, could read these letters, and observe the palpable contradictions which they contain, the excessive folly of their arguments, and the barbarisms of the style in which they are written, without at once pronouncing them clumsy and senseless forgeries. If the editor, however, should profess his inability to detect the imposture, it would certainly be inconsistent with the rules of fair argument to limit an adversary's talent for misapprehension, in order to convict him of dishonesty. We must, therefore, admit his plea; but the admission will avail him nothing, for the fact is stated for him in the most decided and intelligible manner. Fabricius calls this Gospel 'Evangelium de Nativitate S. Mariæ jactatum olim sub *falsis nominibus* Scriptoris S. Matthæi et interpretis S. Hieronymi,' and without hesitation calls the letters to which we have alluded the works of Pseudo-Chromatius, Pseudo-Heliodorus, and Pseudo-Jerome. Dupin says, that these Epistles are certainly spurious; and in this declaration all the learned men whose opinions Fabricius subjoins to

* "*Jones's Work*" will be often referred to in the ensuing pages; it is entitled "A New and full Method of settling the Canonical Authority of the New Testament. By the Rev. Jeremiah Jones. Oxford, 1798." 3 vols. 8vo.

his own, Petavius, Vossius, Cave, and many others, wholly coincide. Casaubon, indeed, says, that there is not a single sentence in the Latin Gospel which does not argue the folly of those who are unable to distinguish between it 'dirty puddle' and Jerome's golden stream. *Last of all*, Jones himself, whose book was never out of the Editor's hands, subscribes to the expressions of these eminent writers. We conclude, therefore, as we began, with affirming that he could not possibly be ignorant of the falsehood of the assertion which he has deliberately made."

According to this ingenious reticulation of taunt and objection, it appears that the Gospel of Mary was not translated by Jerome; that the letters of the two bishops to Jerome, and his answers, are forgeries; and that "the fact is stated for me in the most decided and intelligible manner by Fabricius." Stated for *me!* why, in a few lines afterwards, he writes that Jones's book was never out of my hands, and that I had not consulted one original source of information. Really such reviewers as mine should have good memories. Fabricius stated the fact for *me!* Not upon the reviewer's showing, but upon my own declaration, I hope it will be believed that I had not read that author: Fabricius is in Latin, and I am not ashamed to own that I cannot read him. If the reviewer exult upon this declaration, it will be the unsanctified triumph of malignity over misfortune: for a great misfortune it was in my childhood, a terrible misfortune, which, during many years of manhood, I have not ceased to deplore, without power to remedy, that scholastic education was closed against me by the straitened circumstances of my honest and excellent parents. Not for *me*, then, has Fabricius declared his opinion that these letters are spurious. But, suppose I had read Fabricius; was I bound to attach implicit credit to his opinion because "Petavius, Vossius, Cave, and many others, wholly coincide" with him? Yes, says the Reviewer, "Jones himself, whose book was never out of the Editor's hands, subscribes to the expressions of these eminent writers." It is impos-

sible to describe my contempt for the writer of this daring falsehood. Jones does *not* subscribe to their expressions. Jones says, "perhaps those Epistles may be supposititious;" but, for the opinion that they are, he instantly declares, "I am not able yet to see that clear evidence which the writers last mentioned pretend."* Is this subscribing to their expressions? If Fabricius's rejection of the present Gospel of Mary, and the correspondence between Jerome and the bishops, was not stated for *me*, it must be recollected that it was stated for Jones; that Jones does not acquiesce in Fabricius's determination; and that Jones does not deny that the "dirty puddle" of the Latin Gospel might have flowed from the "golden stream" of the Latin father. They who are acquainted with Jones's book, know his unsparing hate to imposture; and that, if conscientiously he could, he gladly would have called the Epistles and the Gospel gross forgeries. He must have had good reason for not subscribing to the opinions of those who did call them so, and for expressing his dissent in words so marked and unequivocal, that the reviewer could not mistake it for subscription; but, subscription suiting the reviewer's purpose better than dissent, he preferred the fraud to the truth.

"*The original spurious Gospel has disappeared, and the present is a miserable forgery of a later age, which has taken its place.*" Is it? In what page of Jones's volumes is this stated? for I beg to repeat that Jones was my only authority. My Introduction affirms, in Jones's own words, that "the ancient copies differed from Jerome's." But this, it seems, was not enough; for my accuser says it is "a careless expression of Jones, of which I have cautiously avoided Jones's explanation." Avoided Jones's explanation! The Reviewer knows that Jones gives no explana-

* Jones on the Canon, vol. ii. p. 143.

tion; he knows that all that Jones does is to show that the ancient copies did differ from Jerome's; he knows that I do the very same; and the reader himself sees it. I give it with only this difference, that what Jones spreads over several pages, I abbreviate in as many lines. Jones, so far from using such a bold unmistakable expression as that "the original spurious Gospel has disappeared," says, not "carelessly," but carefully, "the ancient copies differed from Jerome's." Differed from Jerome's what? Why from Jerome's copy. Jones, after inserting the Gospel, carefully observes, "The book of the Nativity of Mary suffered many alterations, and the ancient copies of it were very different from the present copy, which I have above published, out of Jerome's works."* Jones is a decided writer; he never minces an opinion or an expression, and, had he thought the Gospel of Mary in Jerome's works a forgery, he would have used the very word. My adherence to what I conceived was his sense, is so faithful that I express it in his own words; and my conception of that sense is corroborated by Dr. Lardner, who, speaking of this Gospel, says, "our present copies are very much altered from the ancient ones."†

"*We assert that this Gospel is not contained in the works of Jerome, and that when the Editor maintained the contrary, he was fully aware of the falsehood of his statement.*" This is the Reviewer's assertion. Let it be observed that I "maintained" nothing: I merely said that the Gospel was "in the works of Jerome;" I did not even say that Jerome translated it, or that he was applied to by two bishops for that purpose. Referring to Jeremiah Jones, let us see what *he* asserts. He divides his work on the Canon into parts; the first two parts treat of *lost* Apocry-

* Jones, vol. ii. p. 131. † Lardner's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 631.

phal Books, and the third part of *extant* Apocryphal Books. In the *first* part he confines himself to "a complete enumeration of all the *lost* Apocryphal Books of the New Testament;" and by way of preliminary, he gives "A Catalogue of Books *not extant* now, formerly published under the names of our Saviour, his Apostles, their Companions, &c."* At the end of the catalogue, he says, "These are *all* the Apocryphal Books *not extant*, which I have been able to find any mention of in the writings of the four first centuries after our Saviour. I proposed, indeed, to have annexed here the catalogue of the books *still extant* in like manner as the *not* extant; but this catalogue will be so necessary in the *third* part of this work, that I shall defer the producing it in full, or at large, till then." Jones does not insert the Gospel of Mary in this Catalogue of Books *not extant*. In the *second* part, wholly confining himself to "a particular and critical inquiry into each of the *lost* Apocryphal Books," he makes not the least inquiry concerning the Gospel of Mary; but, on the contrary, most carefully assigns as a reason for not doing it, that "the Protevangelion of James, and the *Gospel of the Birth of Mary*, are two Apocryphal Books *now extant*, and will be produced in the *third* part."† Accordingly, in the *third* part, which enumerates and considers none but *extant* Apocryphal Books of the first four centuries, he inserts the Gospel of Mary in Latin, with a translation into English. He entitles it, "*The Gospel of the Birth of Mary, published out of Jerome's works;*"‡ and then, by way of introduction, states the following reasons for publishing this Gospel—

"1. Because *there was certainly a Gospel extant under this name in the primitive ages of Christianity.*

* Jones, vol. i. p. 29. † Ibid. p. 464. ‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 77.

"2. Because *it was received by several of the ancient Christian hereticks.*

"3. Because *it passed formerly under the name of St. Matthew.*

"4. Because *many of its relations were credited by the ancient Catholick Christians in different countries.*

"5. Because *it contains the same things as the Protevangelion of St. James.*

" The ONLY *place of the ancient writings in which it is* EXTANT *is among* JEROME'S WORKS *(Epist. ad Chromatium et Heliodorum.)* The *occasion of its being found there* was the *desire* of Chromatius and Heliodorus, two Bishops, *to* JEROME, that *he* would translate it out of Hebrew, and give them *his* judgment upon it. *Their* Letter to *him*, with *his* Answer to *them*, and another Letter of his concerning this Gospel, I have published after this Gospel."

On Jones's reasons for inserting this Gospel being compared with my Introduction to the Gospel, it will be seen how very cautiously I kept to his language; and that he alone is my authority for asserting that the Gospel of Mary is to be found in the works of Jerome.* The opinion that it is foisted into Jerome's works, it is evident that Jones declines; and it is equally evident that the reviewer, with that fact before his eyes, deliberately fabricated the con-

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* "Saynt Jherome reherceth in his prologue, whan he was a chylde he had a lytell boke of thystory of the natyuite of the virgyn Marye, but, as he remembered a long tyme after, he translated it by the prayer of some persones."—*Golden Legend.*

"There are, who hunt out antiquated lore:
And never but on musty authors pore."

Mr. Gifford's Persius, Sat. i. ver. 138.

The extract from the Golden Legend is for amusement, not authority.

trary, for the purpose of asserting that the Gospel is not contained in the works of Jerome, and that when I stated it was, I was fully aware of the falsehood of the statement.

It being proved that Jones does not assent to the notion that the Epistles of the two Bishops and Jerome are forgeries, and that he inserts the Gospel of Mary "out of Jerome's works" as a book of the first four centuries still extant, he must have had strong reasons for not falling in with the opinions of Fabricius and other critics. I presume that he may have derived his reasons from Jerome himself. "Never," observes Beausobre, "did Constantine VI. whom the miserable monks scandalized with the contemptible name of Copronymus, discover more wisdom and prudence than when he forbad the title *saint* to be given to any except the apostles." In the spirit of these "miserable monks," the reverend reviewer dignifies his favorite father by the appellation of "St. Jerome." It was of better men than the reviewer that Beausobre says, "What provokes beyond all patience, is to see that, in order to defend opinions evidently false, a sentence is quoted from an ancient writer, and puffed off with the title of a *saint*, and a *great* saint. People on hearing this superb title are seduced into an imagination that they hear an oracle, and sincerely believe that justness of thought, accuracy of expression, solidity of reasoning, and demonstrative evidence, are necessarily connected with *saintship* and *great saintship;* they even fancy that such men were under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit. Such as these pretend to shackle what is most at liberty in us—reason and faith; and this, under pretence of a religious reverence for the fathers, while the true design is to maintain the credit of errors and manifest abuses, and to domineer over the consciences of mankind."* The reviewer's

* Beausobre Hist. du Manicheism. See Robinson's Eccles. Res. p. 184.

"St. Jerome" was the foster-father of the Apocryphal Gospel of the Nazarenes. Jerome's own account of the affair is, that Matthew was the first who composed a Gospel of Christ in the Hebrew language; that this Hebrew Gospel was preserved in the library of Cesæria; that the Nazareans of Berœa in Syria, made use of it; that they granted him the favor of writing it out; that he translated it into Greek; and that he also translated it into Latin. Jerome calls it "the Gospel which the Nazarenes and Ebionites use, which I lately translated out of Hebrew into Greek, and is by most esteemed the authentic Gospel of Matthew."* He elsewhere speaks of it as the Gospel "which I have lately translated into Greek and Latin, and which Origen often used.†" Jones says that there is not the least intimation of any version having been made of it till Jerome made his translations, which, as well as the original Hebrew Gospel, are lost. Beda, who wrote in the seventeenth century, observes of this Gospel of the Nazarenes, that it "is not to be esteemed among the Apocryphal (or spurious) but Ecclesiastical Histories, because Jerome himself, who translated the sacred Scripture, has taken many testimonies out of it, and translated it into Greek and Latin.‡" After all this, Jones says, that Jerome affirms of this Gospel, that it was the same as the Gospel according to the Twelve Apostles, which Jerome "expressly rejects as Apocryphal! as a book of the heretics! as written by men destitute of the spirit and grace of God! without a due regard to truth!"§

The Gospel of the Nazarenes is variously estimated; but Jones calls it a spurious and infamous forgery. The clearest account and largest quotations from it now extant, are to be found in Jerome's works; and from these, which are

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* Jones i. p. 280. † Ibid. p. 276.
‡ Jones on the Canon, vol. i. p. 283. § Ibid, p. 299.

translated by Jones, I select one as a specimen. Jerome says, "Whoever reads the Book of *Canticles*, and will understand by the spouse of the soul the Word of God (Christ), and will believe the Gospel which is intitled, *The Gospel according to the Hebrews*, which I lately translated, in which our Saviour is introduced, saying, 'Just now my mother, the Holy Ghost, laid hold on me by one of my hairs,' will not scruple to say, the Word of God was born of the Spirit, and the soul, which is the spouse of the Word, has the Holy Ghost for its mother in law." By Jones's citations, it appears that this Gospel contained ludicrous and fabulous things; such as that when Christ bade the rich man sell all, and give to the poor, "The rich man hereupon began to scratch his head:" it represents Christ as unwilling to be baptized by John; as intimating that he was not baptized at all; and questioning whether he was not a sinner: it makes Christ say, "The Holy Ghost my mother lately took me by one of my hairs, and led me to the great mountain Thabor;" and this part Jerome refers to, in his illustration of the Canticles just quoted.

To Jerome, therefore, the Greek and Latin Christians were indebted for their acquaintance with the Apocryphal Gospel of the Nazarenes, which had been concealed from their view by the Hebrew language till he unlocked the "gate" to gratify their curiosity. If Jerome could translate "a book of the heretics! written by men destitute of the spirit and grace of God! without a due regard to truth!" was he disqualified for translating the Apocryphal Gospel of *Mary?* and if the ancient copies of the Gospel of Mary differed from Jerome's, may we not be indebted to Jerome for that *difference?* Baillet says, "It is agreed that St. Jerome may be the greatest saint of all translators, but that he is not the most exact: he hath taken liberties which the laws of translation will not admit."* He translated, and

* Jortin's Remarks, vol. ii. p. 149.

did every thing at full speed. He says that he allotted himself but three days for translating the three books of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song. This is his own incredible affirmation;* and he was obliged to confess, that, in translating Origen, when he found any thing not consonant to the common judgment and opinions of his time, and which might give offence to the "simple people," he omitted it. Daille says, that it was his constant practice to suppress what he pleased in his translations.† Was such a man unlikely to have omitted passages from the Gospel of Mary, and otherwise accommodate it to "simple people?"

I think it probable that the "dirty puddle" of translation in the Gospel of Mary, which the reviewer says could not have proceeded from Jerome's "golden stream," really was an oozing from that "golden stream," and purposely bewrayed by Jerome himself. He was a great dissembler; and believing that others dissembled like himself, he says that the apostle Paul counterfeited ignorance to the Galatians, because he knew they were a dull heavy people. A father who could so affirm of an apostle could readily adopt the same conduct, and affect low and mean language to serve a turn. He affirms, too, that the quarrel between Peter and Paul was only feigned; that they understood each other very well, and only pretended to have a difference.‡ Who does not so see that the saint's mind was fraudulent? Dean Milner says, that learned as Jerome undoubtedly was, he was still more distinguished for vain glory than for learning; that he seems to have known too little of that sincere love of truth which is connected with humility; that his knowledge of theology was

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* Daille's Right Use, part ii. p. 44.

† Ibid. part i. p. 40.

‡ Du Pin's Eccl. Hist. (Dublin,) vol. i. p. 352.

contracted and low; that the reputation of his knowledge and abilities has been much overrated; that he contributed in a greater degree than any other writer of antiquity to the growth of superstition; and that his learned ignorance availed more than any other cause to darken the light of the gospel.* Whatever were Jerome's virtues, he was ambitious and wily, of irascible and violent temper, credulous of error, weak in principle, rancorous in resentment, and so dishonest in controversy, that he would argue any way. At one time he stoutly contended against the apostolical succession of bishops; but afterwards getting embroiled with the bishop of Jerusalem, he then contended as strongly for it.† Whether right or wrong he fought for victory, and rejected no means, however illicit, to ensure it. Employing his eloquence to restrain all females to a state of perpetual virginity, his "golden stream" would have washed away the marriage ceremony, and the whole human race might have perished in the deluge. Jerome was a miracle-monger, a bigot, and a persecutor; and Jones being well acquainted with his failings and labors, was therefore very likely to think that he did translate the apocryphal Gospel of Mary; that the correspondence between him and the two bishops was genuine; and that these Epistles and the Gospel itself were properly inserted amongst his works. At any rate, Jones does *not* subscribe to the opinions of preceding critics, who presumed the correspondence spurious; nor does he say that the apocryphal Gospel of Mary is a forgery of the gospel under that name; but he affirms that "*the only place of the* ANCIENT *writings in which* IT *is extant* is *among* JEROME'S WORKS:" he calls it "*Jerome's* translation;"

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* Nelson's Fasts, Art. Ember-days.

† Milner's Church History, 8vo. 1812, vol. ii. p. 470, et seq.

and he inserts it, with his own English translation, "among other such pieces *now extant*." It is clear that the reviewer palters with the Gospel of Mary in a double sense; that he perverts Jones's expressions; and that he fabricates Jones to have said what he never did say. His assertion, that "this gospel is not contained in the works of Jerome, and that when I asserted it was, I was fully aware of the falsehood of the statement," is a foul malversation; and the most scrupulous mind must be convinced of the wilful falsehood of the charge by which he seeks to dishonour me.*

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* However little the reviewer may be suspected of veracity, he assumes a particular veneration for that essential virtue, and thinks me a "discreditable" person, because I suppressed "the number and names of the '*several ancient Christian sects*' who I affirm received the Gospel of Mary." He says, "On examination it will be found that they dwindle down to two—the Gnostics and Manicheans!" This note of self-admiration at the end might have been spared. He actually does not know that Mosheim (*Eccles. Hist.* vol. i. p. 134, 139,) endeavours to account for the "diversity of sects" among the Gnostics. There were upwards of fifty different sects of Gnostics. How miserably as a reviewer, how scandalously as a divine, this critical character lacks information that in either capacity should be at his fingers' ends.

The reviewer is welcome to all he can gain by having detected an error I fell into concerning Faustus. On transcribing that name from Jones's work, I looked into the edition before the last of Watkins's very useful Biographical Dictionary, and finding that "*Faustus, a learned prelate of the fifth century, was a native of Britain, and in* 455 *became Bishop of Riez, in Provence*," &c. I wrote of the Gospel of Mary that "the ancient copies differed from Jerome's, for from one of them *the learned Faustus, a native of Britain, who became Bishop of Riez in Provence*, endeavoured to prove," &c. This was a mistake; and the reviewer gravely inquires, "Is there a single reader of *divinity* so utterly ignorant of the commonest facts, as not to be aware that Faustus was an African, a teacher of the Manichæan heresy at Carthage?" I answer Yes, thousands of readers of 'divinity;' for this is not a fact in divinity, but a fact in ecclesiastical history, which I take permission to believe is as different from divinity as Faustus the Manichæan is different from Faustus the bishop. Let me instance that Jerome confounds Simon the Just who met Alexander the Great when he came to Jerusalem, with Simon the High Priest, in the days of Herod (Jones, vol. ii. p. 151.); yet Jerome will not therefore be condemned to oblivion: nor will Cornelius Nepos be banished our schools, because, in treating professedly of the Life of Miltiades the son of Cypsilas, he ascribes to him the actions of another Miltiades the son of Cimon. (*Lempriere's Classical Dict.* art. *Miltiades.*)

Besides the "divinity" blunder committed by the reviewer, in his

The Introduction to the *Protevangelion* of James, which stands in the Apocryphal New Testament next after the Gospel of Mary, affirms, that "the allusions to this apocryphal Gospel in the ancient Fathers are frequent, and their expressions indicate that it had obtained a very general credit in the Christian world." I was led into this statement by Jones. 1st. The contents at the head of one of his chapters state that "several of the relations of the Gospel of Mary and the Protevangelion have been credited by the ancients."* 2dly. He says, "Several of the accounts or relations have been credited by some ancient Christian writers."† 3dly. He says, "This fact is mentioned and credited by Tertullian, Petrus Alexandrinus, Origen, Epiphanius, Theophylact, and others."‡ 4thly. He says, "This story, which is in the Protevangelion, was very much known and credited by the ancients."§ 5thly. He says, "From all which it is very evident, that the account of Jo[illegible]ge and family, which is in the Gospel of the Birth of Mary and the Protevangelion of James, met with a very

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denunciation of mine concerning Faustus, he at the same time commits another, which brings us in juxta-position. He says that Toland's "Amyntor, published in 1698," a book relating to the *New* Testament, "gave rise to the Codex Pseudepigraphus of Fabricius." This latter work regards the *Old* Testament, as its title purports, "Codex Pseudepigraphus *Veteris* Testamenti." It was not published until 1713, fifteen years after Toland's book, nor was it the work by Fabricius to which Toland's Amyntor gave rise; but the work of Fabricius to which it *did* give rise, was on the *New* Testament, and entitled "Codex Apocryphus *Novi* Testamenti;" this was published in 1703, only five years after the Amyntor. I mistook the later Faustus for the earlier Faustus: the reviewer mistakes the later Codex for the earlier Codex. He charges me with Faustus: I debit him, *per contra*, with Codex. How stands the balance?

"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine;" in the reverend reviewer it is personified. To climax his absurdity, he should have used her exclamation—

"Faustus is our friend!"—*Dunciad*, b. iii. l. 308.

* Jones, vol. ii. c. xvii. p. 133. † Ibid. p. 134.
‡ Ibid. p. 135. § Ibid. p. 135.

general credit among the ancient Christians;" and he says, "Baronius cites many of the Fathers, as having given credit to its accounts."* 6thly. He says, "Besides the former places cited out of Epiphanius, there are two more in his works which seem to have plain reference, the one to the Protevangelion, the other to the Gospel of Mary and the Protevangelion."† I did not perceive that, at a distance of several pages from these passages, he observes, "It is true, indeed, some parts of the history have been credited, yet it does not appear that they were the more credited because contained in either of these Gospels."‡ He has other remarks to the same effect; which wholly escaped me, as they might have escaped any one who was not reading his book thoroughly.§

Jones says, and I have said after him, that "Postellus brought the manuscript of the Protevangelion from the Levant;" and that he "asserts it was publicly read as canonical in the Eastern churches, they not doubting that James was the author of it."‖ Whether the Eastern churches did or did not receive the Protevangelion is of no consequence; for, if they even did receive it, there is not a man one degree removed from an idiot, who would therefore suppose that it is in the least degree worthy of our canon. The drift of the reviewer is to represent me as claiming that authority for it. If I did, the reader shall judge. In the very page of Jones, from whence I take the above words in my introduction to the Protevangelion — in this very page Jones commences

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* Jones, p. 137. † Ibid. p. 138. ‡ Ibid. p. 146.

§ In *Ancient Mysteries described*, I have shown that the whole of the Gospel of *Mary*, and portions of the *Protevangelion*, were performed at Coventry as plays. The volume also describes numerous ancient engravings, and refers to monkish legends, founded on subjects in these apocryphal Gospels.

‖ Jones, p. 158.

a long citation from Postellus and Bibliander, in whose very language I might have stated, that the Protevangelion "is to be looked upon, as a jewel among the books of divinity; as the basis and foundation of all the gospel history; as the beginning of the present Gospel of Mark; that James, the brother of our Lord, was the author of it; that it is never reckoned among the apocryphal and spurious writings; that there is nothing in it repugnant to the sacred history, &c."* Not a word of this have I penned, till I now cite it for the purpose of enabling honest minds to determine whether, if I had designed to impose on my readers, I would have rejected representations so favourable to such a purpose. No. In no introduction to any one book of the Apocryphal New Testament, have I, by comment, gloss, or insinuation, propitiated the mind in its behalf.†

Except a sentence or two on other pieces, that I have observed on before, and a quotation from the Gospel of *Infancy*, the reviewer confines himself to the Gospel of Mary and the Protevangelion. Mark his reason: "To press any further inquiry into the system pursued in this publication, and to penetrate deeper into the dark recesses of its falsehoods, is a task which we cannot inflict on ourselves." What an amiable deficiency of moral courage! What a delicate sensibility to come over him just at the moment when he ought to have acquainted his readers that

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* Jones, vol. ii. p. 158.

† The Gospel of the *Infancy*, the only other work in the Apocryphal New Testament that the reviewer notices, appears to have been a popular book. Robert Robinson (Eccles. Res. p. 427,) relates, on the authority of Muratori, that three copies of this Gospel were contained in a catalogue, assigned to the tenth century, of the MSS. in the splendid conventual library of Bobbio, in the Appennines. Jones assigns great antiquity to this apocryphal Gospel. He says, (vol. ii. p. 259,) that "the first book of Christ's *Infancy*, and the stories thereof, were forged by the Gnostics in the beginning of the second century. This is plain, from Irenæus, l. i. c. 17, who expressly states that these heretics were the authors or inventors of these idle stories."

these "dark recesses" are the parts of the Apocryphal New Testament that contain the Epistles of Clement, Barnabas, Ignatius, and Polycarp, and the Shepherd of Hermas. Under the pretence that, to "penetrate deeper" would be an infliction that he ought in mercy to be spared, the reviewer artfully conceals that two-thirds of the Apocryphal New Testament are occupied by these pieces; all of them translated and published by Wake, archbishop of Canterbury, under the title of "The Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers," in order to show the accommodation of the church of England to early worship.* The reviewer presumed, that, by an affectation of horror, he could shock the ignorant into a belief that these "dark recesses," containing the Archbishop's translations, were filled by

> ——— "things horrible and awfu',
> Which e'en to name would be unlawfu'." —*Burns.*

Johnson explains Cant to be "a corrupt dialect used by beggars and vagabonds; a whining pretension to goodness in affected terms." What sturdy knave, or oily hypocrite, ever canted more subtilly than my reverend slanderer?†

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* William Wake, born at Blandford in Dorsetshire, in 1657, and admitted of Christ-Church College, Oxford, in 1672; was successively doctor in divinity, canon of Christ-Church, chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, preacher to Gray's Inn, rector of St. James's, Westminster, dean of Exeter, and bishop of Lincoln. On the death of Archbishop Tenison, he was translated to the metropolitan see, and became Lord Primate of all England, in 1716. In 1693, Archbishop Wake first published his "Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers;" he died in 1737, just as his fourth edition of that work appeared.

† It is affirmed by the reviewer, that Jones "was never out of my hands; that my notes, my tables, and my catalogues, are all copied from Jones."—Very well: I admit that some of them were from Jones; and that those respecting the Epistles were from Wake. Had my name been on the title-page of the Apocryphal New Testament as the editor, then, indeed, I should have assumed a semblance of learning personally, that

Notwithstanding so much of the Quarterly machinery is dislocated, one part, and the most mischievous part, remains to be destroyed.

My preface to the Apocryphal New Testament commences with this question: "After the writings contained in the New Testament were selected from the numerous Gospels and Epistles then in existence, what became of the books that were rejected by the compilers?" Upon this question—a very natural one, as I then considered, by way of introduction to the apocryphal books now in existence—the reviewer observes, that "one object of this question is to bespeak a favourable hearing for these writings, whose authenticity, it is insinuated, was deemed worthy of consideration, at least, by the compilers of the New Testament."

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would have been ridiculous. The volume is anonymous; and, though I never concealed from any one who inquired concerning the compiler, that I compiled it myself, I always mentioned the English sources of the Gospels and Epistles; and that I drew up the introductory notices, and stated the authorities from thence. But it is remarkable that my accuser's obligations to Jones are more serious than mine, and equally unacknowledged. With barely "edging or trimming of a scholar, a welt or so," he does not quote one author in a dead language, who was not pointed out to him by Jones; and what he says concerning English writers, any one who takes the trouble to look at the work on the Canon, (vol. i. pages 17, 28, 43, 65, &c.) will see is also filched from Jones's volume, and that from the same source he furnishes out his six pages of rote about the canon, and about Dodwell's mistaken notion that "the books comprising the present canon were concealed in the coffers of particular churches till the time of Trajan." Throughout the whole of his article, the only original scrap is a note, which he pompously announces to have taken from "a MS. book of an old and respectable clergyman, now before us." It might as well have been "behind us;" for it is a story how Toland and Le Clerc differed about a passage in Josephus; how Le Clerc handed the book to Toland; how Toland "owned that he did not know Greek;" and how "Le Clerc immediately broke off all connexion with him." The anonymous author of this MS. tale, sets out with "Mr. *Welby* (another clergyman) told me" the story, and ends with "*Gale*, the famous anabaptist, was present, and gave me this account." The "old clergyman" forgot, when he finished with "Gale" as his authority, that he had began on the authority of "Mr. Welby;" and the reviewer could not discover that "the old and respectable clergyman" was fibbing.

My answer to this is plain and short. The question itself is founded on the following extract from Mosheim:

"The opinions, or rather the conjectures of the learned, concerning the time when the books of the New Testament were collected into one volume, as also about the authors of that collection, are extremely different. This important *question* is attended with great, and almost insuperable, difficulties to us in these later times. It is, however, sufficient for us to know that, before the middle of the second century, the greatest part of the books of the New Testament were read in every Christian society throughout the world, and received as a divine rule of faith and manners. Hence it appears, that *these sacred writings were* CAREFULLY SEPARATED *from several human compositions upon the same subject*, either by some of the apostles themselves, who lived so long, or by their disciples and successors, who were spread abroad through all nations."*

When I read Mosheim's statement, that "these sacred writings were carefully separated from several human compositions," I took their having been "carefully separated" to mean that they had been "selected," and used that word. However, the reviewer affirms that another object of the question was "to inspire suspicion of the canonical writings, which, according to this account, rest for their credit on the authority of compilers of a late age, who, as fallible men, might easily mistake between canonical and spurious writings." According to what "account?" Not to any "account" of mine, for I gave no "account;" the word is wholly unwarranted: all that I did was to frame a question, almost in the very language of Mosheim, before quoted. Indeed, the question itself was suggested by Mosheim's use of the word "question." He says, "This important question is attended with almost insuperable difficulties." Still, so far was I from uttering or citing a syllable to "inspire suspicion of the canonical writings," that, while using the sentence in which

* Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. vol. i. p. 108.

Mosheim speaks of "insuperable difficulties," I wholly abstained from mentioning or hinting at difficulties. To negative the reviewer's charge, I quote the following remarkable passage, of a directly opposite tendency, from my preface:

"Although it is uncertain whether the books of the New Testament were declared canonical by the Nicene Council, or by some other, or when or by whom they were collected into a volume, it is certain (see Table II. at the end of this work,) that they were considered genuine and authentic, with a few variations of opinion as to some of them, by the most early Christian writers; and that they were selected from various other Gospels and Epistles, the titles of which are mentioned in the works of the Fathers and the early historians of the Church. (See Table, I. at end.)"

This passage, affirming that the books of the New Testament were received as genuine and authentic by the most early Christian writers, would have been a stumbling-block to the reviewer's purpose of showing that I denied the New Testament writings; and therefore, with consistent dishonesty, he carefully suppresses it.

But this suppression is venial, compared with an offence that the reviewer deliberately perpetrates in the subjoined paragraph. He says,

"It may be right to notice a preliminary objection which has always been a favourite one with the infidel, and which is revived in the preface to the work before us,—namely, that they who admit the body of Canonical Scripture, as exhibited in the New Testament, are unable to name the precise period at which it was received as such by the Christian church, or to produce the decree of any council, in the first two centuries, which affixes its sanction either to the present or any other Canon of Scripture. As this is conceived to be a sufficient proof of the total uncertainty of the Canon, many triumphant inferences are of course deduced from it. 'The whole story,' it is insinuated, 'may be an imposture; at all events, we may not have received the true and genuine history of it; we can have no certain accounts of the doctrines promulgated by the first teachers; and, indeed, the simple fact that no formal recognition of the official documents took place, is of itself a very suspicious circumstance,

and quite enough to cast an air of doubt over the whole transaction.' What may be the justice of these inferences, a very few remarks will suffice to demonstrate, &c."

This is a master stroke. In the above paragraph, the reviewer places a *sentence* between inverted commas. The sentence begins on the tenth line from the top of the paragraph, with the words 'The whole story,' and ends the third line from the bottom, with the words 'the whole transaction.' The inverted commas that he puts before the first and after the last words of this *sentence*, denote it to be a quotation from my preface, which he is discussing. Compare this *quoted sentence* with the suppressed passage, and there is a palpable discrepancy. The contradiction arises thus:—This *quoted sentence*, which every one who has read the Quarterly article, without referring to the Apocryphal New Testament, must infallibly believe to have been quoted by the reviewer from my preface, is not in my preface; it is not in any part of the work; it is not in any piece that I ever wrote or published, or sold, or read: it is an impudent forgery by the reviewer himself.

By such a man, who I have shown to have wilfully perverted the plainest facts, and to have deliberately fabricated the most palpable falsehoods; whose article, from beginning to end, is a laboriously devised fraud; who stands stripped of all pretensions to honesty, and convicted of the foulest forgery; by such a man I am accused of "sottish and hopeless ignorance," "a systematic disregard of truth," "a deep and desperate malignity," and "notorious infidelity." By such a man I am called "a poor illiterate creature," and "a wretch!" He is in orders, and perhaps took orders for abuse. He is a Divine—he may become a Christian. Like the preparer of a deadly poison, who muffles and wears a vizard, lest the subtilty of the concoction he designs for another should destroy himself, this audacious defamer, to conceal his identity and cloak his crime, uses the Quarterly

for a mask, and converts religion into a wrap-rascal. But I know him. At present he performs the prescribed formalities, in the living he was presented to upon the consummation of his crime, with the semblance of conferring on his parishioners the benefit of clergy; and, when a splendid monument shall be reared to his pious memory, the reader who approaches it

——— ——— "will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines;
Truth with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his tomb their marble tears."—*Southey.*

I now come to a work that appeared in May, 1822, entitled "*Proofs of Inspiration*, or the Ground of Distinction between the New Testament and the Apocryphal Volume; occasioned by the recent publication of the Apocryphal New Testament by Hone: by the Rev. *Thomas Rennell*, B.D. F.R.S. Vicar of Kensington." There is something here not quite in good taste, not quite gentlemanly. If Mr. Rennell so departed from the usual course, as to introduce my name on his title-page, he might have prefixed to it the only Christian name that some, who think themselves Christians, allow me. To me, however, the omission is no discredit; nor, to me, is it of any consequence that in his preface he calls the criticism of the Quarterly Review "an able article." It seems that Mr. Rennell delayed his work in the expectation of an answer "long since *threatened* by the Editors of the Apocryphal Volume to the article above-mentioned;" I presume he may be almost persuaded that, though I advertised "a Refutation of the Quarterly Review of the Apocryphal New Testament," my abstinence from the press arose from other feelings than those of fear. I confess that I smiled

at Mr. Rennell's praise of an adversary, whose reputation for ability has lasted exactly two years and a quarter, merely because I maintained a sovereign contempt for his dishonesty during that period.

Mr. Rennell supposes that the Apocryphal New Testament is "an insidious attempt to place its writings upon the same foundation with the Scriptures themselves." Upon that, as a general allegation, I shall observe when I come to set forth the circumstances that occasioned the work, and my design in publishing it.

Mr. Rennell's animadversions on the apocryphal Gospels are so mingled with animadversions on me, that from thence it must be presumed that I designed to palm these Gospels for genuine, and to represent their contents as true. His strictures altogether tend to impute to me motives and conduct that he misconceives, and misrepresents. To illustrate, by an instance or two. He remarks on the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, that, "In the latter part of it there is a poetical description of the descent into hell, and the victory of our Lord over the power of darkness, uniting, as in Milton, the imagery of a classical imagination with the basis of scriptural truth." By this, and by quoting an entire chapter from the Gospel, as it stands in the Apocryphal New Testament, Mr. Rennell only does justice to it as a composition; but he says "It would be a waste of time to enlarge upon an imposture that no one has had the hardihood to defend. It was probably a forgery of some Christian at the conclusion of the third or the beginning of the fourth century*." This infallibly persuades every reader that I contended for this gospel; while the fact stands thus:—that in the introduction to it, I have distinctly stated the opinion that it was a forgery; that Jones affirms it was a forgery; and that he mentions the frequency of such

* Mr. Rennell's Proofs of Inspiration, p. 123.

forgeries. Mr. Rennell, by a single line, might have spared his readers from error, and done me justice.

Mr. Rennell, although I have mentioned my reason in the Preface, finds it difficult to account for my insertion of *the Apostles' Creed*. He says, "no Christian of the present day, in the Church of England at least, can believe that the very words of this creed were actually dictated by the apostles themselves." Mr. Rennell mistakes. His own Common Prayer-book, both in the morning and evening service, directs that "there shall be said or sung *the Apostles' Creed* by the minister and the people;" and because the Common Prayer-book calls it "the Apostles' Creed," many Christians of the Church of England not only "can," but *do* believe that it *is* the Apostles' Creed.* I included it in the Apocryphal New Testament, because it is so denominated, and because Jones himself expressly inserts it in his "List of the *Apocryphal* Books now extant."†

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* For positive proof of this belief in our own times, see "EASTER; a *Manual explanatory of terms of the Church Service in the Book of Common Prayer;*" a dialogue between a parishioner and a clergyman, "for the use of the heads of families, and all who are immediately under their protection." The parishioner is taught by the clergyman, concerning the Apostles' Creed, as follows:—

"*Parishioner.* Pray inform me why the *Belief* which I am taught is called the *Apostles' Creed.*

"*Clergyman.* It was thought requisite for the preservation of the light which had been communicated to men to draw up a short form of words which should comprise the principal points of christian faith: and there is a tradition generally received, that as many of the Apostles as had escaped persecution assembled together for that purpose; and, by each of them contributing his part, they composed a collection of the chief heads of faith, relating to what Christ had taught them. It was called the *Apostles' Creed*, or (agreeably to the same tradition) the Creed taught by the Apostles, because the original profession of faith, drawn up by the Apostles themselves, formed the principal portion of it."

This is a cheap tract, "price 9d. or 7s. 6d. per dozen; published by F. C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Waterloo-place." These are Mr. Rennell's own publishers, and the tract lies on their counter by the side of his own *Proofs of Inspiration.*

† Jones, vol. i. p. 37.

Though my introduction to the *Epistles of Paul and Seneca* might have been longer, it could not have been more fair; and yet, from the tenor of Mr. Rennell's strictures, it is to be gathered that I advocated these pieces. Had I been inclined to do so I might have elevated Seneca to a *saint* in the very words of another saint; for Jerome says "Seneca I should not have ranked in my catalogue of *saints*, but that I was determined to it by those Epistles,*" This passage from Jerome is in the same page of Jones from whence I have adopted Jones's moderated language, and merely observed, in Jones's words, that "Jerome places Seneca, on account of these Epistles, among the ecclesiastical and holy writers of the Christian Church." If Mr. Rennell had made the slightest representation of my impartiality, he would have found me sensible of kindness.

To Mr. Rennell's remarks concerning the *Acts of Paul and Thecla* in the Apocryphal New Testament, I most seriously object. My introduction to that book commences thus: "Tertullian says that this piece was forged by a Presbyter of Asia, who being convicted, confessed that he did it out of respect to Paul." Mr. Rennell takes no more notice of this sentence than if it had not existed, but acquaints his readers that "Thecla was often spoken of as a martyr by the early Fathers and historians; and her history was so celebrated as to tempt a proselyte of Asia to forge the original of the present work. For this we have the primitive testimony of Tertullian." On this fact, on the very fact repeated by him after me, Mr. Rennell immediately observes, "After this testimony on the part of Tertullian, no one will be hardy enough to contend for the authenticity of the Acts of Paul and Thecla." His observation clearly purports that I was "hardy enough to contend for its authenticity"; nay, he follows it

* Jones, vol. ii. page 61.

up with language still stronger. He says, "We have every reason, however, to believe that many parts of the book before us were interpolated. So that the piece, as we read it in the apocryphal volume, is an example of a double imposition." It is quite clear that, by Mr. Rennell stating from Tertullian that the piece is a forgery; by his concealing that I had made the same statement; and by his affirming that "the piece, as we read it in the apocryphal volume, is an example of a double imposition," conveys the idea that I had practised "imposition" by inserting it in the Apocryphal New Testament. If Mr. Rennell did not read my introduction to the Acts of Paul and Thecla, surely so to write concerning that piece as a portion of the apocryphal volume was not ingenuous; if he did read my introduction, the obliquity is increased.

In the introduction to the *Shepherd of Hermas*, in the Apocryphal New Testament I observe that "Origen thought it a most useful writing, and that it was divinely inspired." Upon this, Mr. Rennell inquires "What book of the New Testament would we receive as divinely inspired upon the testimony of a single witness?" I would answer the question, if I had asserted that the Shepherd of Hermas, or any other book of the Apocryphal New Testament, was inspired. All that I did with regard to Hermas was to mention, on Archbishop Wake's authority, what a few early writers affirmed of the book; and what I have alleged to have been said by Origen is in the archbishop's own words. Mr. Rennell, however, extracts from other parts of Origen, where that father moderates his opinion concerning this book, and adds that "these expressions are carefully kept out of sight by the editor." Can Mr. Rennell guess no other motive for my omission than an unfair one? He quotes from the very page wherein the archbishop not merely states these moderated expressions of Origen, but actually declares that they "were put forth by that father on account of some who

it seems did not pay the same respect" to the Shepherd of Hermas that Origen himself did. The archbishop's disregard of Origen's moderated expressions was the ground of my disregard; and, strange to say, the archbishop's disregard of those moderated expressions is "carefully kept out of sight" by Mr. Rennell. The archbishop may have been no authority to Mr. Rennell, but surely Mr. Rennell knew that he was my sole authority.

The antiquity of the Shepherd of Hermas Mr. Rennell admits to be unquestionable: he thinks that "the various moral allegories with which it abounds are highly edifying and instructive;" and, as a specimen of the book, he quotes a whole chapter of it from the Apoc. New Test. "Let us," says Mr. Rennell, "take the following vision, which describes the trials and tribulations to come as an example; and, to give it every possible advantage, it shall be printed in the same style with the holy scriptures, and with the same division into verses which has been effected by the pious labors of the editors of the apocryphal volume."* I understand the sneer; and, though Mr. Rennell is so candid as to state that "the various pieces which the *Apocryphal New Testament* contains have been often printed, both in their original language and in translations,"† I imagine it may be information to him, that a translation of the Shepherd of Hermas, made a hundred and sixty years ago, by John Pringle, is divided into verses; the book is in my hand, and I place the title of it in a note below.‡

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* Mr. Rennell's Proofs; p. 77. † Ibid. p. i. Introd.

‡ The title of Pringle's Shepherd of Hermas runs thus:—
"The Three Books of Hermas the Disciple of Paul the Apostle, viz. I. The Church. II. The Shepherd. III. The Similitudes. Englished by *John Pringle*. London: Printed for John White, in Threadneedle Street, behinde the Old Exchange, 1661," small 8vo. pp. 190.
The following are titles of other apocryphal pieces in my possession:
1. "*The First Book of the Gospel of Nicodemus*; translated from the

That the division of apocryphal pieces into verses is not an invention of mine, must be well known to Mr. Rennell, for he expressly mentions the "Apocrypha to the Old Testament," which is also "printed in the same style with the holy scripture, and with the same division of verses."*

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original Hebrew. Printed and sold in London," without date, but apparently about Queen Anne's time; on coarse paper, one sheet, 12mo. on the title a woodcut portrait. On comparing this with a MS. copy, that I have, of the early translation of "*Nicodemus his Gospel*," printed by John Causterier, without date, it appears to be the first seven chapters of that translation, with slight alterations modernising the phraseology. This common hawker's edition of Nicodemus, which probably sold for a halfpenny, is divided into eight chapters, and subdivided into verses.

2. "*Nicodemus's Gospel.* Containing an extraordinary and minute Account of our blessed Saviour's Trial and Accusation; his Death and Passion; his Descent into the Invisible World; and what happened there during that period: with his Ascension into Heaven. Which curious relation will be found agreeable to Scripture. By *Joseph Wilson.* London: Printed for the Author; and sold at his House in Lancaster Court, in the Strand, 1767." 8vo. with a Preface, pp.78. This edition, also after Causterier's, is, like his, divided into thirteen chapters, and Wilson subdivides it into verses.

3. *The Epistle of Paul to the Laodiceans*, a Translation into Welch, (at the end of the "Testament y deuddeg Patriarch, sef Meibion Jacob. A Gyfeithwyd allan or Groeg gan Robert Grosthead Esgob Lincoln. Argraphwyd yn y Mwythig, 1719." 12mo.) is divided into verses, with this addition, after the last verse—"Epistl Paul at y Laodiceaid a gafwyd yn y Bibl hynaf ar y Breintwyd yn Worms." The Epistle to the Laodiceans in Jones on the Canon is also divided into verses; but Jones's work was not published until seven years after the Epistle in the Welsh Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs.

* In 1820, and before the Apocryphal New Testament appeared in that year, the Rev. Richard Laurence, LL.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, &c. and now Archbishop of Cashel, published the Apocryphal First Book of *Ezra* in Ethiopic, with a Latin and English translation. The archbishop had published in 1819 the Apocryphal Book of *The Ascension of Isaiah the Prophet*, also in Ethiopic, with similar translations. In 1821, after the publication of the second edition of the Apocryphal New Testament, the archbishop produced an English translation of the Apocryphal *Book of Enoch the Prophet*. These three apocryphal books were printed at the Oxford university press, and are divided into chapters and verses.

I have remarked elsewhere* that "The Gospels included in the Apocryphal New Testament, rank with such pieces in the Old Testament Apocrypha as the book of Tobit; wherein it is related that his son married the widow of seven husbands, all of whom were slain on the nuptial night by a devil that was in love with her; but who was himself finally discomfited by the eighth bridegroom fumigating the wedding chamber with the burning heart and liver of a fish; *the which smell when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt.*"† "The angel so conspicuous in Tobit is guilty of a gross lie, saying, first, that he was Azarias the son of Ananias,‡ and afterwards§ that he was Raphael, one of the seven angels."‖ This, and the wonderful history of Bel and the Dragon, with the delectable and instructive story of Susannah and the Elders, so often

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* At the end of *Ancient Mysteries Described.*

† Tobit, viii. 3. ‡ Ibid. V. 12. § Ibid. xii. 15.

‖ Jones, vol. i. p. 10.

Tobit has been a great favorite with the multitude. There is in the British Museum a black-letter garland bearing this title: "A Pleasant Ballad of Tobias, wherein is shewed what wonderful things chanced to him in his Youth; and how he wedded a young Damosell that had Seven Husbands, but never enjoyed their Company, being all Slain by an Evil Spirit, *To a pleasant new Tune.*" A sheet with woodcuts.

How the dog in *Tobit* came to be popular is not easily explained. The animal is only mentioned once on the departure of the Angel and Tobias for their journey to Media. The host in St. Paul's Church-yard, who, by having *Tobit's Dog* for a sign, outrivals the fame of him of the *Goose and Gridiron*, should thankfully receive the information that the apocryphal dog was Tobias's.—*So they both went forth, and the young man's dog with them.* (Tobit, v. 16.) This going forth was just after the angel had cheated Tobit with a lie.

The Hystory of Thobye, in the *Golden Legend*, states that after the fish was caught and roasted. They "toke it with them for to ete by the waye, and the remenaut they salted, that it might suffyse them tyl they came in to the cyte of Rages."

A good specimen of Count Goudt's peculiar style of execution is his print after Elsheimer of the Journeying with the Fish across a stream. But the most sumptuous illustration of this apocryphal book is Raphael's picture of *Our Lady of the Fish*, in which are the Virgin, the Infant Jesus, St. Jerome, the Archangel, and Tobias with his Fish. These were insisted on by the nuns for whom it was painted, and render this splendid production a remarkable instance of anachronism.

illustrated by prurient painters, are appointed as morning and evening lessons, which, according to the thirty-nine articles, with the other apocryphal "books, as Jerome saith, the church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners:" Mr. Rennell terms these pieces "useful and pious books;" I must be excused for dissenting from his denomination, and for wondering, with others, "that such stories as Bel and the Dragon should be read in the church."* Jones terms the "useful and pious books" of Mr. Rennell "idle fables of the Apocrypha of the Old Testament;"† and yet I am called to account for adopting "the same division into verses which has been effected by the pious labours of the editors of" *that* Apocrypha. For the double-lined rule enclosing the title to the Apocryphal New Testament, a precedent may be found in Archbishop Wake's title-page to his own editions of "the Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers," which being so distinguished suggested to me the idea. The Epistles in the archbishop's volume, and the form of his title-page, I adopted together.†

Other strictures of Mr. Rennell have been answered by preceding remarks on the Quarterly reviewer, or will be by what follows. This observation equally applies to several of the objections in another publication, which appeared soon after Mr. Rennell's, viz.

"*The Genuine and Apocryphal Gospels compared.* A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Derby, at the Visitations at Derby and Chesterfield, June 6 and 7, 1822, and published at their request. By *Samuel Butler*, D.D. F.R.S. and S.A. &c. *Archdeacon of Derby*, and Head-master of Shrewsbury School." I think that

——— "Katterfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread,"

* Bishop Cosin on the Canon, p. 197.
† Jones, vol. ii. p. 161.

could not have looked more wonderstruck than I did when I saw, for the first time, on Messrs. Rivington's counter, a Visitation Charge from the Venerable the Archdeacon of Derby to his Clergy, entirely devoted to an expression of this gentleman's views concerning the books in the Apocryphal New Testament; nor was my astonishment diminished after I had perused it.*

Mr. Archdeacon Butler objects to the "placing before the common people spurious gospels, as like in form and phraseology as they can be made to the originals." But if, by the "common people," he means the ignorant and uninquiring among hard-working men, (and there are no other "common people" among them,) he forgets that, however attractive a six-shilling volume, of two hundred and seventy pages may be, it is not within their purchase. The Archdeacon also objects to the "language of the translations." He says, this "is an English improvement upon a French invention;" and proceeds thus: "I have in my possession a French translation of these very writings, but not in scriptural phraseology, published evidently with the same insidious intention, professedly at London, but, in fact, at Paris in 1769: the work, I believe, is not common." Not very common, certainly; but the Archdeacon is probably aware by this time that I have in my possession a work in English, from whence I took the

* The Archdeacon objects that by using the word "records," which means "authentic memorials," I attempt to place the Apocryphal New Testament on a footing with the New Testament. To explain upon this point I beg it to be remembered that Archbishop Wake's volume bears the title of "*The Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers; being, together with the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament, a compleat Collection of the most primitive Antiquity.*" Wake says that "the authors of these *Genuine* Epistles had not only the advantage of hearing the Apostles, and conversing with them," but "*Barnabas*, the author of one of these Epistles was himself an Apostle." If these Epistles are *genuine*, they are "authentic memorials" or "records" relative to the doctrine of Christ and his Apostles; and I have affirmed truly that the volume contains "historical records relative to Christ and his Apostles."

translations he animadverts upon. This book, certainly, the Archdeacon had not seen when he gave his Visitation Charge; for, whatever exceptions he takes to the language or phraseology of these translations are exceptions against Jeremiah Jones, who made the translations, and not against me. I simply transferred them from his work on the Canon into the Apocryphal New Testament, without adding, subtracting, transposing, or altering, a single word.

Speaking of me, the archdeacon says, "That *ostensible* editor is a man whose name is but too well known to the ranks of disaffection and infidelity; who appears to possess talents above the ordinary class, and effrontery much above those talents." I comprehend the archdeacon's meaning by this reprobation; but, at this moment, "disaffection" to offence restrains me to the remark, that there are no "ranks" to which I am not "well known," from the pen I now wield as a weapon of defence; that to no "ranks" a man so "well known" publicly, from such a circumstance, is so little "known" personally, as I am; and that no "ranks" are so well known to me as those that surround me on the shelves of the room I now sit in. From thence, as from "a lodge in some vast wilderness," I sometimes ventured into the "wilderness of this world." Though I communed with few, yet I felt that I belonged to the commonwealth. Hence I was not indifferent to questions that have agitated and induced expressions of opinion; and hence my voice sometimes arose in conjunction with the honest and the honourable, to inquire

"Who call'd of old so many seats his own?"*

Nor can I claim to be excepted from exemplifying Jortin's remark, that, "if great men will do what they please, they must expect that little men will say what they please, and

* Mr. Gifford's Juvenal, Sat. i. v. 153.

call a cat, a cat."* When I so wrote, I had the "effrontery" to think I did right; and I am neither proud nor ashamed of my productions.† My "disaffection" extended to departures from unchangeable principles; for it was

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* Jortin's Tracts, vol. ii. p. 535.

† Dr. Butler seems to coincide with the reckless declaration of the Quarterly reviewer, that, "beyond doubt or contradiction, Hone has a set of writers in his pay, with whom truth is an idle name, and honesty a by-word and a jest." I rebut this redoubted assertion, by point-blank denial. Except a hundred pounds for a volume, which appeared with its author's name on the title-page, the extent of my payment for authorship, during the last six years, has not been twelve pounds altogether; and the whole of the gratuitous assistance I received during that period would not make three pages. The pieces I brought out, with which the public are best acquainted, were the products of my own pen. Be their merits or demerits what they may, one real service has resulted from them. By showing what engraving on wood could effect in a popular way, and exciting a taste for art in the more humble ranks of life, they created a new era in the history of publication. They are the parents of the present cheap literature, which extends to a sale of at least four hundred thousand copies every week, and gives large and constant employment to talent in that particular branch of engraving which I selected as the best adapted to enforce, and give circulation to my own thoughts.

Besides this, I have the high satisfaction of knowing that my little pieces acquainted every rank of society, in the most remote corner of the British dominions, with the powers of Mr. George Cruikshank, whose genius had been wasted on mere caricature till it embodied my ideas and feelings. When his brother artists, and every one who had the least judgment, praised the multiform fertility of the freest pencil that ever drew a line on a block, it began to be appreciated by publishers. His recent designs in that way, though some have been cruelly cut up by unskilful or careless wood-engravers, and his own excellent etchings, with the currency they give the works they appear in, incontestibly that prove his abilities have forced themselves into demand. His conception of original fancy seems intuitive, and yet his elaboration of a fac-simile would glisten the peering eye of a bibliomaniac. I barely do justice to his talents by this remark; and I have more satisfactory evidence of its truth than a certificate "with five justices' hands to it, and witnesses more than a page would hold." Robert Burns had not more kindly feelings when he wrote *Auld lang Syne*, than I have towards my friend George Cruikshank. "We twa ha' paddled;" and though, as regards me, his occupation's gone, our mutual esteem is undiminished. Those who require his assistance may consider this as a note of introduction to him, at his house, No. 25, Middleton Terrace, Pentonville.

Every tract that I have written of the description alluded to, with the whole of the cuts, will shortly appear collected together, with a preface, &c. in one volume, entitled "POLITICAL FACETIÆ, *by William Hone*:" —that collection will end the use of my pen in that way.

grounded on the belief that politics are morals, and that "it is not men's free will that they have government or no government, because it is not in their free will to obey, or not to obey, the acts of the court of nature, which is God's court; and this court enacteth, that societies suffer not mankind to perish, which must necessarily follow if they appoint no government."*

I hope I may be pardoned for the preceding digression on a point no other way connected with the subject, than by Dr. Butler's strong expressions concerning me as the "*ostensible* editor" of the Apocryphal New Testament. Regarding me in that character, he proceeds to say—

"The book under our consideration *undoubtedly* is not, and in fact does not assume to be, his own production. I grieve to say that the *real* editor is a man of talents and attainments, which qualify him for undertaking better things, and is therefore entitled to no quarter for wilful and deliberate perversion of truth."

In love of truth Archdeacon Butler is not my superior; and therefore I will frankly admit, that the absence of Jones's work from the archdeacon's well-enriched library, and his absence of information regarding me personally, may have led him to conceive that the editor and publisher were two persons. Yet, if he had instituted an easy inquiry before he ventured so far as to affirm that the "*ostensible* editor" of the Apocryphal New Testament "*undoubtedly*" was not the "*real* editor," the presumed inability of the one, and the fancied "attainments" of the other, would have disappeared before the fact, of which he would have had instant proof, that the "ostensible" and "real" editor were "*undoubtedly*" myself alone; and the charge of "wilful and deliberate perversion of the truth" could not have been made. The archdeacon has been too hasty; so very hasty, as to hazard a similar charge against

* Rutherford's *Lex Rex*, 4to. 1644, p. 8.

himself, by animadverting on me in the following language. Dr. Butler says—

"He has subjoined the Apostle's Creed in its ancient state, copied from a note in Mr. Justice Bailey's edition of the Common Prayer, and contrasted with the same creed in the usual editions of our Common Prayer-book. The reader is thus naturally induced to suppose that the learned Judge has disapproved of the Apostle's Creed in its usual form; whereas, the note merely states, what no one questions, that 'it is not to be understood that the Apostle's Creed was framed by the apostles, or existed as a creed in their time.' It is then given in its earliest form, as it existed prior to the year 600. The authorities for this are quoted, and there is subjoined the following important observation, which any fair and well-meaning editor ought to have produced, and which the editor of the Apocryphal Gospels, finding that he could not insert it without wholly destroying the insinuation he meant to convey, has wilfully, I may add, fraudulently, omitted. The words are these: 'The additions were probably made *in opposition to particular heresies and opinions.*' I have printed the latter part of this sentence in italics," &c.

So far the archdeacon; and now for the fact: and for proof of the fact I beg my readers, and the archdeacon himself, to open the Apocryphal New Testament. At page 72, will be found a paragraph of only six lines. It is from this paragraph that the archdeacon charges me to have "wilfully and fraudulently omitted" the "important observation" of Mr. Justice Bailey. The paragraph stands thus:

"Mr. Justice Bailey says, 'It is not to be understood that this creed was framed by the apostles, or indeed that it existed as a creed in their time;' and, after giving the creed as it existed before the year 600, and which is here copied from his Common Prayer Book, he says, 'how long this form had existed before the year 600, is not exactly known. The additions were probably made in opposition to particular heresies and errors.'"

As the sentence from Mr. Justice Bailey, which the Archdeacon alleges I "wilfully and fraudulently omitted," ends my paragraph, it ends his accusation. But what an accusation to bring! Dr. Butler refers to the first two lines of a paragraph of six lines, as proof, that, in order to

convey an improper insinuation, I had quoted a sentence from Mr. Justice Bailey; and then he charges that, because I "could not insert another sentence from Mr. Justice Bailey, without wholly destroying that insinuation," I had "wilfully and fraudulently omitted it:" whereas, at the next line but one, that is, in the last three lines of my paragraph, I had fairly and honestly inserted it. Had the archdeacon passed the single line that separates Mr. Justice Bailey's two sentences, he would have been safe from the possibility of having it said that *he* is "entitled to no quarter for wilful and deliberate perversion of the truth." But I forbear, and desire to be understood as not meaning that retort upon Dr. Butler in his own language, because I think him incapable of the crime it imputes. He has been too cursory, and expressed himself too hardly. His Visitation Charge bears decided marks of haste, and would not have been alluded to at all, but Dr. Butler's rank and character constrain me not to contemn his censure of me personally, without endeavouring to obviate his misrepresentations.

Although much has been done in the preceding pages, yet further explanation seems requisite. To that end, and for the purpose of stating what appears to me to be points of objection, I will endeavour to review my two prefaces to the Apocryphal New Testament, without favour or affection. I imagine, then, that they may be spoken of by an impartial reviewer somewhat in this way:—

In the preface to the first edition of the Apocryphal New Testament, the editor says, "It has been supposed by many that the New Testament was compiled by the first Council of Nice, which was held early in the fourth century;" and he gives an account, by no means in favour of that Council, from Jortin. He affirms, on the authority of Mosheim, that neither the precise time or place in which it was held is known, and that its accounts have not been committed to writing. From this it appears he has very little respect for that Council; but he affirms that, "whether the books of the New Testament were declared cano-

nical by the Nicene Council or some other, or when or by whom they were collected into a volume, it is certain that they were considered genuine and authentic, with a few variations of opinion as to some of them, by the most early Christian writers." These books he thinks were selected from other books; and, as most of what he calls the rejected books are lost, he includes those that are extant in the present volume. These, he presumes, will be "acceptable to the theological student and the ecclesiastical antiquary," because they were the origin of many remarkable legends and stories, and sources from whence the old monkish dramatists obtained fables for many of their mysteries, or religious plays. In this latter view, the work is interesting to persons who are in that way inquisitive; and it is certainly useful to artists and collectors, because it elucidates the subjects of many pictures and prints by early printers and engravers. Of such affairs the editor may probably know more than of the canon of the New Testament, concerning which he expresses himself confusedly, and evidently is not well informed. His notions on that point are erroneous; yet he can hardly intend to attack or undermine it, for he admits the testimonies to the genuineness and authenticity of the books; and in proof of it he refers, by a note in his preface, to a table of testimonies, which table he subjoins to the volume. His division of the books into chapters and verses confers no sanctity upon them; for, if the Apocrypha to the Old Testament be so divided, there can be no valid objection to the Apocrypha to the New Testament receiving the same division. In his second edition, he retains the first preface, and writes a second, which reiterates the use of the volume to print and picture-fanciers, and cites other strictures from Jortin and Socrates Scholasticus, on the Council of Nice. This second preface concludes with remarks indicating the editor's admiration of the primitive simplicity of Christianity, his sense of some unfair attacks upon him as editor of the work, and his determination to receive them with complacency. This patience it is easier for the editor to imagine than to realize; for he is sure to receive further and heavier assaults, and for this reason, that his name stands on the title as the publisher. But, as any other editor or publisher might have produced such a volume without reprobation, it is illiberal and unjust to insinuate improper motives to this editor and publisher. His notions concerning the collection, which he calls a selection of the canonical books, may not be clear, but it is too much to say that he is an enemy to Christianity. A writer of that character would have written differently, and would scarcely have inserted the table of the New

Testament books, before referred to; nor have superadded, as he does in the second edition, a table of the times when, according to different authorities, the canonical books were written.

It will hardly be conceded that I can review my prefaces impartially; yet, I think, if they are deliberately examined and candidly considered, the result will be similar to the preceding statement. At any rate, that statement is a true representation of facts, and these facts can be easily accounted for.

Prone to inquiry from my childhood, and knowledge in other languages being to me as a "fountain sealed," I could only obtain it from my own. I had no one to direct or regulate me: all books that fell in my way, no matter on what subject, I read voraciously, and appetite increased with indulgence. For want of object, I neither extracted nor common-placed, but I got through a vast deal, with this disadvantage, that my recollections as to facts were general rather than particular. Modern works, a few excepted, I have known only as acquaintances, without desire to cultivate an insipid intimacy into the affection I entertain for their betters. Old books are sometimes rough in language, but they are pregnant of thought; and a few of them have been my daily companions and friends through life. Though in theology and religious controversy, I went no small way, yet of ecclesiastical history I knew nothing, or next to nothing, save from Jortin's Remarks, and dipping now and then into Eusebius, and the Lives of the Saints. Since the article in the Quarterly, I have better informed myself: before then, in Biblical criticism I had only perused books of moderate estimation and small value; but neither Michaelis nor Lardner. My resort was to meagre sources, and I confess I was not acquainted with better when I compiled the Apocryphal New Testament. The history of that work I shall now relate.

It was in the spring of 1820, that residing, as I do still,

on Ludgate-hill, I was exposed to a series of interruptions unfavourable to the accomplishment of any object requiring seclusion. I then had such an object very earnestly in view,—the completion of a Report of my Trials, illustrated by parodical collections. To effect it I left my family, and removed with my books and papers to lodgings at Camden Town; from thence I went daily to the British Museum, chiefly for the purpose of consulting the king's collection of pamphlets. One morning, while engaged in the reading room, with the Cotton MS. of the Coventry Mysteries, I glanced on an observation in Casley's preface to the catalogue of the King's MSS. concerning the text of the three heavenly witnesses, (1 John, V. 7.) Though acquainted with the controversy, yet by way of relief to the wearisomeness of transcribing, I examined some tracts on the passage, and one of them mentioning Jones on the Canon, on reference to that work, I for the first time saw the Apocryphal Gospels, which most appositely were the foundation of several of the Mysteries in the MS. at that moment before me. The incident was additionally interesting, because I not only found that these gospels were the ground-work of many catholic legends that I had formed an acquaintance with, but that they also were the subjects of several prints by Albert Durer, the Wierexes, and different old masters which I had collected as specimens of engraving. I instantly determined to print these gospels for the use of the curious in old literature, the drama, and the arts. Copy was ready for the printer, when I called upon a respectable bookseller for the purpose of securing Campbell's History of Scottish Poetry, a work of some rarity, which I had long desired to see, and had just been informed he had lately purchased. I obtained my prize, and afterwards, loitering to look over the woodcuts of an early Dutch History of the Bible, and incidentally inquiring concerning apocryphal pieces, Arch-

bishop Wake's "Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers" were produced, with this observation, that some were of opinion, that, if the Epistle of Barnabas was genuine, the piece ought to have been included in the New Testament. Wake's book, as well as Jones's, had passed through my hands as a bookseller, when either I had no curiosity to look into them, or was schooling myself into the salutary persuasion that a reader of old books is more likely to be a bookkeeper than a bookseller; but, however that may be, neither had before impressed me. If, as Abp. Wake says in his title-page, these epistles, "together with the books of the New Testament, formed a complete collection of the most primitive antiquity for about a hundred and fifty years after Christ," I saw that they were connected with the work I meditated. In short, the three volumes of Jeremiah Jones and the volume of the archbishop contained every apocryphal writing of the first ages. This new view of the subject induced me to pause; for, as Jones says that one object of his work was "the entertainment of the curious in Christian antiquities," so I conceived that, by adding the Epistles to the Gospels, I should increase the interest of the publication; and, imagining that such a compilation would bear the same relation to the New Testament that the Church Apocrypha does to the Old Testament, I divided the books into chapters, and the chapters into verses; putting contents to each chapter, and running head-lines on each page. Then drawing up short notices, from Jones and Wake, of ancient and modern authors who had mentioned the pieces, I prefixed these to the different books, without a single observation of my own.

All this was most hastily done; for I was so intensely engaged on the subject that originally carried me to the British Museum, that I attended there every day as soon as the doors were open, nor left the reading or print room

till they closed. After that hour, I was rummaging at booksellers, turning over portfolios of engravings at print-sellers, or extracting in private libraries; carrying each day's labour to Camden Town, and there arranging and writing till bed-time. What I did to the Apoc. N. Test. was at hours stolen from sleep, and when fatigued by the avocations I have alluded to. Upon these the idea of the apocryphal volume was altogether an interpolation, and I trifled with it mechanically, as an impertinence.* When it was somewhat more than half through the press, I was obliged to leave London for Brighton at a few hours' notice, and there, while engaged on a far different subject from either that, or the undertaking which occasioned my visit to the British Museum, I corrected the remaining proofs as they were sent to me from town by the printer. It was necessary to say something by way of preface, and this, which every one knows is that part of a work usually left till the last, I at the last moment hurried together. Having heard and read that the books of the New Testament were collected into a volume, and settled at the council of Nice, I stated that it was so affirmed; and, viewing the circumstances under which that council proceeded to its deliberations, and the deliberations themselves, with little respect, I spoke accordingly. The opinions of biblical critics concerning Jude and one or two other books in the New Testament, persuaded me that the council might have erred by including them. Archbishop Wake's preliminary discourse further persuaded me that,

* The haste with which the Apocryphal New Testament was put together, is evident. In the first edition, "the Order of all the Books" omits to mention the Gospel of *Nicodemus*. At the end of the volume, in Table II. (Art. ix. column 3,) the words "as hereafter will appear" have obviously no relation to the work, and are a gross blunder. In the i. *Corinthians*, two chapters are numbered alike as chap. vii. In ii. *Corinthians*, chap. 1, an exposition of Clemens Alexandrinus is incorporated as part of the Epistle of Clemens Romanus, &c.

if the Epistle of Barnabas were genuine, the council might have erred by omitting it; and, in truth, I was erring myself, from presuming, on a general impression, that the council of Nice had any thing to do with the canon. It is reasonable to imagine that, as I had Jones's work, I had read it, and that of course such notions must have been corrected, but to this I oppose the simple fact that I did not read it. From the time that I tore out the Gospels for the printer, and rushed through the pages relating to them, for the purpose of extracting matter for the introductions, I never looked at the mutilated volumes of Jones again. At Brighton, remote from all books, with only a transcript or two from Jortin, Mosheim, and Porson, that I thrust into my pocket on leaving town, I put together the preface, and did not arrive in London till more than a week after the volume thus concluded had been published. Perusal of the book will show, what I beg to repeat, that, so far from its conferring the least consequence on any one of the Gospels, the praise which Jones quotes from certain authors in order to refute, and which a fautor of fraud would have extracted, is not given in a single instance. I confined myself entirely to the naming of some early writers who mentioned the books, for the mere purpose of shewing that they were of early origin. That is the highest aim of my introductions, which were drawn up so rapidly, and with so much indifference, that the omissions of early authorities for their antiquity are by no means few. The whole of these introductions, had I commenced them as a summer-day's task, I could have executed with ease between sunrise and sunset. In short the volume was edited, if this can be called editing, by me, and me alone, without concert, aid, or communication with any one; and, under the disadvantages I have stated, it was in the hands of the public within six weeks from the time I

began it. This is the real history of the Apocryphal New Testament.

Concerning the books themselves, "whoever," says Archdeacon Butler, "is at the pains of examining these apocryphal writings, cannot but be struck with their amazing inferiority to the canonical books." This was my opinion when I compiled the volume; nor did I imagine, nor do I now think, that any person can possibly entertain the least favourable notion of the apocryphal Gospels in comparison with the genuine Gospels. Because I cannot express my own unequivocal meaning better, I adopt the language of the Archdeacon to affirm my sincere belief, that, "as to the internal evidence for the truth of these gospels, they are in themselves so childish and absurd, so contradictory to all our ideas of the divine attributes, so derogatory to the majesty of the Deity, so totally unedifying for any purposes of religious, or moral, or social life, so undoctrinal and unconsolatory, that they carry their own confutation with them; and can never gain credit with any person of sober sense or judgment." I have explained pretty fully why I published them, and I may add that my inclination to "subjects of learned curiosity, without any other end than the pleasure of reflecting on ancient customs, or on the industry with which studious men have endeavoured to recover them," blinded me to the liers-in-wait who have since assailed me. As justly may Mr. Archdeacon Butler be charged with jacobinism and popery, because he translated Lucien Buonaparte's Epic Poem, with a dedication by the author to "His Holiness Pope Pius VII.," as "notorious infidelity" be charged on me because I edited the Apocryphal New Testament.

"Notorious infidelity!" Yes; the Quarterly reviewer endeavours finally to affix on me that stigma. In his very first paragraph he adverts to what he chooses to call my

"escape" from the prosecutions against me for the parodies; and, by affirming that he "should not be justified in expressing a suspicion that the jury had previously resolved to acquit this man," he, in fact, expresses it. I cannot, from the event, presume that my juries had previously resolved to convict; but, if ever efforts were made to prejudice a man under accusation before the issue was to be tried, those efforts were made throughout the country against me. Previous to the informations being filed, the case was prejudged by theatrical exhibitions and violent speeches in parliament. From that time until they were determined, during an interval of nine months, I was held up to general execration. The mighty hunters for translation, and the meanest poachers for preferment, all such orders of holy orders, furnished forth vessels of wrath. If the clergy in general could have been converted to such a use, the parish pulpits of England might have become

"ten thousand casks
For ever dribbling out their base contents,"—*Cowper;*

and then, indeed, the vehement inflammation of the public mind, from a general distribution of unrectified spirit, might have rendered my "escape" impossible. At St. Paul's cathedral the official preacher of an official sermon, denounced me from the pulpit as an object of condemnation to my future judges, who, with the corporation of London, and its officers, were officially present. Is it not to be wondered that juries could be found in the metropolis uninfluenced by feelings to my prejudice? Yet these were the methods resorted to, while the Attorney-General was proceeding against me at the crown office; and when I was destitute of means to employ either solicitor or counsel. Within a week after I was charged with the three *ex officio* informations, I wrote concerning the prosecutions thus: "I despise the aspersion, and will refute it. This

I pledge myself to do, and to do it triumphantly, to the confusion and dismay of my enemies."* A fortnight afterwards I renewed the pledge with this observation: "I must be allowed to choose my time and place for doing it; but I *will* do it, and, I repeat it, to the confusion and dismay of my enemies."† Five months elapsed, and then I thought it necessary to say "The Parodies formerly published by me, I may, perhaps, be allowed to repeat, I always considered as mere political squibs, and nothing else. It is now (October, 1817,) two years and a half since I commenced to publish; in the course of which time I have issued upwards of one hundred and thirty pieces, chiefly of my own production. Not a week has elapsed during that period, without my having compiled or written something; but whether it were prose or verse, or

'—— grave, or gay, or lively, or severe,'

I console myself with the reflection that, amidst all I have put on paper, there is

'Not one immoral, one indecent thought,
One line which, dying, I would wish to blot.'

Nor can there be found a single paragraph, or even sentence, of a profane or irreligious tendency in any of my publications. With a lively conception of wit, and an irresistible propensity to humour, I have likewise so profound a regard for the well-being of society, and so great a reverence for public morals, that I know of no temptation capable of inducing me to pen a line injurious to social happiness, or offensive to private virtue."‡ I pray that

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* Reformists' Register, (8th May, 1817,) vol. i. page 500.
† Ibid. (24th May,) p. 558.
‡ Reformists' Register, (25th Oct. 1817,) vol. ii. p. 430.

this may be taken as part of my present answer; and I add, with added solemnity, if it be possible, that, for the suppression of anything I ever wrote or contemplated, or for the commission of any act at variance with the sentiments I have just re-affirmed, the world is not rich enough to present to me

> '——— a bribe, sufficient to requite
> The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night.'

The time came for the redemption of my pledge to the public. On the morning of the 18th December, 1817, the first of three remarkable days that will never be blotted from *my* calendar, I rushed from my wife and children in bitter agony, leaving them sorrowing and hopeless of seeing me repass the threshold of their home—a home no more to them, if I could not defeat the powers then gathering themselves in Guildhall for my destruction. At that moment, or at any time before, I might have fled. I was in no custody, and no one was under recognizances that I should appear; but the charges were untrue, and I loved truth too well to fly from falsehood. The advocates against me were able and eloquent, and the judgment-seat was occupied by talent and experience. The archers shot at me, but I climbed beyond their reach. I stood upon truth as a rock of sure defence; and from that vantage ground I refused to be forced or enticed.

Early in my first day's defence, I referred to the numerous pieces I had published, the greater part written by myself; and, addressing the attorney-general, assured him that if, in any one of those pieces, he could lay his finger on a single sentence of a profane or irreligious nature, or tending to degrade or bring religion into contempt, I would refrain from uttering another word in my defence. I appealed to my jury whether either of them had ever read a line of such a tendency in any of my publications. Ad-

dressing the assembled hearers in court, I solicited and defied any individual present who knew a fact of the kind, or even anything that I had said or done that could be so interpreted, to stand forth instantly and testify it. Impressed by the most solemn feelings, "You will not," I observed to the jury, "hear me say one word that I do not utter from my heart and from perfect conviction. It is of little consequence whether I am a member of the established church or dissent from it: it is enough that I am a Christian, and I make the declaration with a reverence for Christianity not to be exceeded by any person in this cour." In my third day's defence, referring to the extreme depression under which I had laboured at the commencement from illness and debility, produced by the two former days exertions and long previous anxiety, I could not forbear from thus expressing astonishment at the resuscitation of my faculties:—"If Providence ever interfered for the protection of the weak and the defenceless, that interference is most surely manifested in my case. It has interposed to protect me, a destitute and helpless man, from the rage and malice of my enemies. I can attribute my defence to no other agency, for I am weak and incapable, and at this moment I am a wonder unto myself." So impressed, I proceeded to observe, "There is nothing can crush me but my own sense of doing wrong; the moment I feel it, I fall down in self-abasement before my accusers: but when I have done no wrong, when I know I am right, I am as a strong man armed, and in this spirit I now wage battle with the attorney-general." During the three days that I contended against what was wrongfully urged by my prosecutors, or interposed to my disadvantage by the presiding judges, I used no arts, no feints, no devices. I was no orator; I was nothing but an innocent man. Had I known myself otherwise, I must have been speechless. The three successive verdicts of three different juries were

not obtained by me; but, through me, right obtained a victory over wrong.

Never from that hour has a word escaped my pen or lips, either publicly or privately, in dishonour or dispraise of any individual opposed to me. I buried my resentments in the grave of the prosecutions; I even hallowed the ashes of the slain, by not exulting in the conquest. But the forgiveness of enemies was a principle not comprehended by mine. While laid at my feet by the blows they had sustained from my single hand, they charged me with weakness and incapacity, because I did not spittle on them. They now impugn the integrity of my juries, whom I knew not, nor saw till they were in the jury-box, and in whom I so little confided, that, a week before, I had moved the court to set them aside. They call my success an "escape:" I call it an instance of the power of truth upon the human heart and understanding; an exemplification of a golden rule taught to me in my childhood, that "Honesty is the best policy." They suggest that the declarations which, under the most awful persuasion, and in the sincerity of my heart, I made on my trials, were untrue. The imputation of irreligion has been revived upon me through every channel that would convey calumny. I have been

——— "traduced by men
Who neither knew my faculties or person,"

till undersized minds, sitting in judgment upon a bare allegation, without proof, pronounce falsehood to be fact; and "Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me."

From the day that I publicly solicited and challenged my prosecutors, my jurymen, and every individual in court, to adduce a single line or saying of mine, tending in the least degree to degrade religion; from that hour to this, neither did or could any one, not even the most vindictive of my enemies, in their fiercest heats, bring a fact of the

sort against me. Until within the last eighteen months, I have carried on the business of a publisher and bookseller in the house I still occupy, in the heart of London, and in the most public thoroughfare; and, during that period, when the press was teeming with such productions, I ask whether any of the nature I allude to came from me? I dare and defy the proof of a sentiment of that kind, either penned or published by me, or of any article of such a tendency having been sold or issued by any person in my employment. My conduct has been the reverse. In the beginning of 1821, I put forth the "*Spirit of Despotism*," the most able political work, upon Christian principles, in existence. I selected it as best calculated to counteract the erroneous representations of religion, contained in various cheap political publications, that were circulating throughout the country; and I printed fifteen thousand copies at the first stroke, as an eighteen-penny pamphlet.* Few have been able to render so important a service to society as the rescue of the "*Spirit of Despotism*" from the oblivion it was doomed to by its excellent author. For this act alone, it may be affirmed of me, that I have not lived in vain; and I refer it to the consideration of the reader, whether a publication, better adapted than any other in the English language to diffuse Christian principles with political information, would be printed at the lowest possible price, for the most extensive circulation, by a person opposed to the extension of those principles. If it be objected that it was the speculation of a bookseller, I answer, first, that, had my object been profit, I should have printed

* The eighteen-penny edition of the *Spirit of Despotism* I sold to Mr. Watling, 409, Strand, (next the Adelphi Theatre,) of whom it may still be had.

Before the publication of the *Spirit of Despotism*, I was not aware that it was written by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, with whom I afterwards had an interview on the subject. His reasons for suppressing the book originally are related in my preface to a superior edition, which I recently published, in an octavo volume, that it might take its place among our standard literature.

it in an imposing volume; secondly, that I never speculated in any thing opposed to my own sentiments; thirdly, that I view those who oppose Christianity as opposed to an indestructible scheme of happiness, which in its beneficent progress embraces individuals, and in its final accomplishment will include the whole human race; and, fourthly, that I regard Christianity, not as a patent of privilege to a few, but a grant to all—as the Great Charter of mankind, defining all rights; prescribing all duties; prohibiting all wrong; proscribing all violence. Upon it every thing that is beneficial or permanent in society is founded: without it, the advocates and supporters of public liberty can neither attainmore nor maintain what they have.

I was brought up in religious habits, but these are surfaces, not principles. They were worn off by circumstances in early youth, when "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" I wondered at the world and at myself, and theory after theory arose as the waves, weltering and disappearing. Ardently seeking for truth, I conversed with books rather than men, and hewed out principles as I could, "here a little and there a little." It is said, that "many persons commence religious at first, they don't know why, and with a blind zeal persist in a religion which is they know not what."* I am not among that number; for it was by patient research and painful process that I arrived at that clear evidence for the truth of Christianity, which, if sincerely and diligently sought, is found to be irresistible. My religion is the religion of the New Testament. As taught and exemplified by Christ himself, it is the perfection of all knowledge, "which is, and which was, and which is to come." It is infinite wisdom. It is a pure principle, a mental illumination, which, however dimmed by the cares and conflicts of the world, shines out

* Jones on the Canon, vol. i. p. 14.

in the solitude of the closet, when the eye turns inward. As regards conduct in life, it is the being held in a bond to do justice, love mercy, and practise universal charity. There is no release from this obligation, though the disregard of it is a stumbling-block to thousands, whose conceptions of Christianity, being derived from the uncharitableness of nominal Christians, disincline them to explore the springs from whence vindictiveness and persecution seem to flow. In the words of Erasmus, "Christian charity extends itself to all; and he that does no hurt to any body though he be bad, and would rejoice if he would grow better, in my opinion, loves all as becomes a Christian to do."

But it is time to conclude. My wish to be understood has occasioned some of my statements to seem long, yet, from desire to be brief, much of reflection has been withheld. I have been as temperate as I could, but, whether as temperate as I ought, others must determine. The remarks concerning Mr. Archdeacon Butler and Mr. Rennell are in correction of their misconceptions, not in violation of their feelings. I by no means class these gentlemen with the Quarterly reviewer; concerning whom, "if what has been strongly felt has been strongly expressed, and if, before the occasional warmth of my language be challenged, the violence and injustice which I have to repel be examined, I shall not, in this instance at least, be alarmed at the result."* To have forborne from writing altogether, would have been agreeable to me; but when a sort of exultation is manifested, as though I had nothing to say, I am not willing that a false and insolent triumph should be accorded to the Quarterly reviewer at my expence. If his arts succeeded in deceiving the credulous, they are now exposed; and they who will blame me for not having done this sooner, may perhaps regret, that they had not exercised a little discrimination before they so readily pro-

* Mr. Gifford's Life of Jonson, p. cexlv.

nounced against me. Believing that part of his frauds would be as apparent to others as all of them were to me, I little suspected that his loud summons to surrender would frighten men out of the use of their faculties. On sitting down to the volume on *Mysteries*, I relinquished the purpose I have here resumed and executed, and destroyed the memoranda I originally made relating to it. Yet I am persuaded that there is enough on these pages to accomplish my object; and that, when the whereabout of my existence shall be inquired of, not one act I have done will be alleged, nor will a person who knew me be able to testify, in behalf of the representations I have here sought to refute. Then some will stand forth as witnesses to my having possessed qualities that they denied me while I lived, and others be forced to confess their ignorance of my character when they wantonly aspersed it.

THE END.

ANOTHER ARTICLE

FOR

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

BY

WILLIAM HONE

AUTHOR OF ASPERSIONS ANSWERED &c.

'How long will a man *lie* i'the earth ere he rot?'

Shakspeare.

SECOND EDITION.

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FOR

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

'Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it.' POPE.

A YOUNG hand at iniquity, detected in his tricks, applied to an old practitioner for advice: Oh! said the hacknied sinner, ride *high*, and *lie* hard and fast; give your adversary the lie direct; stick to it, and ride *over* him! Yes, answered the novice, but what will people say? Pho! pho! replied the other, not one in a hundred will take the trouble to enquire who's right; and the rest will be on your side, if you *bully* well! The spirit of this counsel animates the Quarterly reviewer of the Apocryphal New Testament, throughout his late defence (in No. 60, *August*, 1824), against my pamphlet of *February* last, entitled, *Aspersions Answered*. With the exception of his article on the Apocryphal New Testament, which I answered, point by point, in that pamphlet, I do not remember so flagrant an instance of critical fraud as his reply. His policy was silence; but his sufferings, from the exposure of his dishonesty, blind him to his interest; and the falsifications by which he seeks to relieve himself, impose upon me the necessity of laying bare his new imposture.

The reviewer says of *Aspersions Answered*, that it 'is written in a spirit of the most vulgar and contemptible *ferocity*.'

No man can be deemed an impartial judge of his own case, and therefore I pronounce no opinion upon his assertion: but I know that vindictiveness forms no part of my character; and I appeal from the charge of *ferocity* to those who do me the justice to read the pamphlet. It is remarkable, as an illustration of his own spirit, that he concludes his allegation of *ferocity* by affecting to congratulate himself, that the time, 'happily, appears so distant,' when my *ferocious* disposition 'can hope for the same freedom of *action* as of words, that the implied *menace* at the conclusion of the tirade, towards the individual supposed to be the writer of the article on the Apocryphal New Testament, is simply ludicrous.' This, is an intimation, that I contemplated to become his assassin. If he put forth the insinuation knowing that it was unfounded, how much less is his malignity than that of the spiritual-court-men, whose chains and flames bound the bodies and devoured the blood of the innocent, in the days of cruelty? My answer to the brutal imputation is scornful silence. What each has written is before enlightened readers, and they will decide between us.

'The exposure of a bold bad man,' says my adversary, 'and the detection of ignorance and falsehood, are actions which can cause no shame, and require no concealment.' Thus he answers to my accusation, that he sheltered his reputation, from the consequences of his dishonesty, by keeping close within the covers of the Quarterly. I refer to my pamphlet for *proof*, that the falsehoods he charged upon me, were slanderous inventions by himself to traduce me. Does that exposition of such nefarious arts 'cause no *shame*' in him? Oh yes! I charge upon him that he feels unquenchable shame, from his perfect conviction, that the deliberate falsehoods I accused him of, I completely proved upon him; and, that his shame is immeasurably increased, by his knowledge of the appalling fact, that, in the minds of all his public and private friends, who have fully acquainted themselves with the controversy between us, he stands condemned,

though in mercy to him they do not give their verdict publicly. I charge upon him further, that, he unhappily knows, his guilt *does* 'require concealment;' and that, for that reason, and that reason alone, he *continues* his 'concealment.' I charge upon him, that, during six months of undetermined purpose and fitful resolve, from the moment his aspersions were irrefutably answered by my pamphlet, he braved the browings of the honourable, till now, that, in an evil hour, he again 'uses the Quarterly for a mask,' and, with 'a double tongue within that mask,' he, in the vain hope of concealing his former falsehoods, emits new falsehoods. So necessary did he, and does he, deem 'concealment' to his purposes.

'But,' says the reviewer, 'it is well worthy of the sagacity of this pamphleteer, to accuse his adversary of aiming at notoriety, and hunting after church-preferment, and, yet, of endeavouring to throw a cloak of secrecy round his name and actions!' If I *had* accused my adversary 'of aiming at notoriety,' my 'sagacity' might, indeed, have been questioned. I answer, that, I did not; and his allegation that I did, is a trick, ingeniously devised as a convenient mode of proving that I had stultified myself. Nor did I accuse him of '*hunting* after church-preferment.' I said that he *enjoyed* it: I said, too, 'he is a Divine—he *may* become a Christian.' Himself, alone, has dreamed that he may 'add *Right* Reverend to *his* honored name!'—to that *name* which, he knows, I earnestly and vainly sought, by written application, to obtain from his paymasters; that *name*, which he, through the medium of his near connections, well knows I was acquainted with, long before I published my pamphlet; that *name*, which, in kindness to those connections, he knows, or ought to know, I promised to conceal, and will conceal; and which, I know, after this publication, *he* will no more dare to avow than he will dare to eat his own flesh. I defy him to throw the 'cloak of secrecy' from around a '*name* and actions,' that call aloud for midnight sables to shroud his soul-burning delinquency!

I shall now examine and finally dispose of *all* the reviewer's allegations. I said in my pamphlet, the reviewer of the Apocryphal New Testament informs his readers, that 'I am "a poor illiterate creature, far too ignorant to have any share in the composition" of the work.' I merely cited this, without remark, as one, among other specimens of his abuse. He now pretends, that I put it forth as 'a great accusation of base attack upon my literary reputation;' and, because I omitted his *introductory* words (which I place here in *Italics*) '*he is represented to us* as a poor illiterate creature, &c.' he says I 'garbled' his passage; and that 'this charge the pamphleteer cannot state with any regard to truth—we know nothing of Mr. Hone beyond his publications; Heaven forbid we should! we wrote professedly as knowing nothing—the statement we gave was, and is generally credited;' and then he declares that he prefers the assertion of 'common rumour,' to the contrary of my affirmation, viz. that the Apocryphal New Testament was edited by myself alone. His preference is not surprising: the character of 'common rumour' is proverbial, and his association with it is natural. But, when the reviewer wrote '*he is represented to us* as a poor illiterate creature, far too ignorant to have any share in the composition of the work;' did he not, obviously, require it to be believed that I *was* a 'poor illiterate creature, far too ignorant to have any share in the composition of the work?' He did not *then* state, that his authority was 'common rumour;' upon the value of which his readers might determine. Was it too much for them to suppose, that, before he wrote, '*he is represented to us* as a poor illiterate creature,' he had made some inquiry upon the subject? Is a man of rectitude accustomed to give implicit credit, and extensive publicity, to 'common rumour?' The reviewer's indignation that I did not state his words, '*he is represented to us*,' is a gladiatorial feint. They are words significant of information resulting from private inquiry; and his affirmation that I urged against him, as 'a great

accusation of base attack upon my literary reputation' that he called me 'a poor illiterate creature,' is a paltry perversion—a mean falsehood.

'The next charge,' says the reviewer, 'is, that we reproached him for having produced for his own purposes, some wretched forgeries ascribed to St. Jerome, as genuine, when Fabricius had already exposed the imposture. This clear logician thinks that he has convicted us here of wilful falsehood, "for," says he, "I cannot read Latin, and could not, therefore, know what Fabricius said."' The reviewer then inquires how, unless he had known that fact 'by divination,' he was liable to a charge of falsehood. He calmly observes, 'the impudence of this defence is really beyond belief; Fabricius is *quoted* in the Apocryphal New Testament as *often* as it suits the purposes of the flagitious editor, without a hint that the veracious personage was unable to consult him,' &c. Will any one credit, that a representation, so rife with appellations reprobatory of 'falsehood' and 'impudence,' is itself sheer fraud? Thus it is: in the Introduction to the Gospel of the Infancy (Apoc. N. Test. p. 21.) I remarked that a gospel of Thomas, used in the East, was taken for this gospel, and that 'Fabricius takes it to be this gospel.' This incidental *mention* of Fabricius, for I mentioned him *once* only, the reviewer amplifies into a statement, intended to convey the impression, that I had quoted Fabricius frequently—his words being, 'Fabricius is *quoted* in the Apocryphal New Testament as *often* as it suits the purposes of the flagitious editor!' He affirms, still more falsely, that I avowed my unacquaintance with Latin, in *answer* to his charge that I had produced forgeries ascribed to Jerome, which Fabricius had exposed. It is true that, when reviewing the Apocryphal New Testament, he said, that Fabricius had declared the *alleged* forgeries *were* forgeries; but, as he also said, that Fabricius had 'stated the fact for *me*,' and yet, in a few lines afterwards,

declared, that 'I had not consulted one *original* source of information, and had derived even my slender knowledge of *collectors* at second hand,' it was clear, *from his own representation*, that I could *not* have read Fabricius; and, hence, I remarked 'such reviewers as mine should have good memories: Fabricius stated the fact for *me!* Not upon the reviewer's showing, but upon my own declaration, I hope it will be believed, that I had not read that author: Fabricus is in Latin, and I am not ashamed to own that I cannot read him.' But the reviewer, contemning the inconsistency I imputed to him, says, 'The pamphleteer, imagining that Fabricius is an *original* work accuses us here of inconsistency, in saying that he had read it, and yet that *he had not recourse to any original source of information!*' Stay, stay; the words in his article on the Apocryphal New Testament do not end so. In *that* there is the conjunction '*and*,' after the word '*information*:' his passage runs thus, '*without having consulted one original source of information*, AND *deriving even his slender knowledge of* COLLECTORS *at second hand*.' So that the coaxing note of admiration (!) at the word '*information*' in his *present* article, was a full stop upon the *further* 'information,' which he had presented his readers with, in his *former* article, namely, that I had derived even my '*slender knowledge of* COLLECTORS *at second hand!*' His 'inconsistency' is fixed upon him by the latter words; and his concealment that he had used them, is a disgraceful artifice to escape from the charge. I will not lay down my pen till I have shown, that every point of his attack, or defence, throughout his present article, is at least equally fraudulent.

It may be remembered, that in '*Aspersions Answered*,' particular mention is made of three letters; one, purporting to be from the Bishops Chromatius and Heliodorus, to Jerome, with a request that he would translate the Gospel of Mary; and the other two, purporting to be from him to them, assent-

ing to their request. The reviewer of the Apocryphal New Testament said these letters were declared forgeries by several learned men, and that I could not be ignorant that they were forgeries, because 'Jones himself, whose book was never out of the editor's (my) hands, subscribes to the expressions of these eminent writers.' In answer to this, I said 'Jones does *not* subscribe to their expressions. Jones says, "Perhaps those epistles may be supposititious;" but, for the opinion that they are, he instantly declares, "I am not able yet to see that clear evidence which the writers last mentioned pretend." Is this subscribing to their expressions?' Having put that question, I proceeded to observe, that Jones expressed his 'dissent' in words so marked and unequivocal, that the reviewer could not mistake it for subscription; but subscription suiting the reviewer's purpose better than dissent, he preferred the fraud to the truth.' The reviewer is mightily shocked at such a remark from a 'poor illiterate creature,' upon whom he had poured his virulence like water, and whom he had called a 'wretch!' 'We are amazed at the audacity!' No, he was not; I had proved his fraud, and he should have written—*we* were panic-struck at the detection! 'He *ventures* in the most outrageous terms to revile *us*.' What a daring offence to '*our*' critical majesty! 'However, we are well assured,' says the reviewer, 'that, as far as *we* are concerned, no defence can be necessary!' Very stately, but untrue: because he actually goes into a 'defence,' and, in exculpation, quotes this passage from Jones (vol. ii. p. 132), 'I know, indeed, that learned men have generally agreed to reject these epistles as not being Jerome's: thus Sixtus Senensis, Coke, Rivet, Cave, and others of this sort of writers, *to whom* IF *I should* in this point subscribe; yet, as I dare venture to say, the letters are very ancient, so it is not likely that the author of them would venture on a forgery of such a fact in which every one would be able to confute him.' It is the reviewer's opinion, that 'both' before I published the Apocryphal New Testament,

and before my pamphlet, I must have seen this passage in Jones 'a thousand times.' How many times I saw it I do not remember, and I will not quarrel with him about two or three cyphers in the number, but I saw it; and what is its purport? In Jones's passage, the clause, '*to whom* IF *I should in this point subscribe*,' is hypothetical—an admission for the sake of the argument: it is no more, although the reviewer chooses to pervert Jones's dubious 'IF *I should* subscribe' into 'an *express* declaration' that he *did* subscribe. The reviewer says, 'having found an *express* declaration from that writer (Jones) on the point, *we certainly did not suspect* that in *another* part of the work, not connected with the gospel of Mary, he *varied somewhat* from his former opinion.' The passage wherein he affirms Jones to have 'varied somewhat,' is that which I adduced against the reviewer thus, 'Jones says, "perhaps those Epistles may be supposititious;" but, for the opinion that they are, he instantly declares "I am not able *yet* to see that clear evidence which the writers last mentioned pretend."' Then Jones immediately refers to who these 'writers last mentioned' were; he says 'see OBS. IV.' and his 'OBS. IV.' is the very passage with the '*if*' now cited by the reviewer as 'an express declaration' that Jones subscribed to the opinions of those writers.' Aye! but 'we did not suspect that in *another part* of the work, *not connected with the gospel of Mary*, he *varied somewhat* from his former opinion.' This is mere prevarication; for so far from having 'varied somewhat' from the former passage, Jones actually recognizes the very doubt in it, that his '*if*' expressed, by saying 'I am not able *yet* to see that clear evidence which the last mentioned writers pretend.' What words can express his meaning more plainly? Suppose, however, that he really *had* 'varied somewhat,' which I deny, and that this variation were to be found 'in *another part* of the work *not connected with the gospel of Mary*.' What then? The passage which the reviewer pretends to have 'varied somewhat,' is only eleven pages beyond

the former passage; and, though he unblushingly impresses it on his readers, that it is in a part '*not connected with the gospel of Mary*,' yet it is in a chapter which Jones (vol. ii. p. 143.) especially denotes *an inquiry concerning the author of 'the Gospel of Mary*,' and *in the very midst of his dissertations upon that gospel*. Having, in my former pamphlet, proved the falsehood of the reviewer's declaration, that Jones subscribed to the opinions of previous writers respecting these alleged forgeries, I have here re-proved it. I have likewise proved that the reviewer's attempted exculpation is further *inculpation*, and that he aggravates his first offence by the crime, and effrontery, of further fraud.

Some eighteen years ago, I heard a member in the House of Commons deliver a long speech, with much arithmetical detail, to show an error of several *millions* in some accounts upon the table; but a short counter-speech, of a plain statement or two, convinced the house, and the honourable member, that himself was in error: nothing discomfited, however, he arose once more, and affirmed that he could not make his opponent's figures right by some few *thousands*, though he had 'cast them *up*;' the reply he received, amidst laughter on one side, and holding down of heads on the other, was, 'Perhaps the honourable member had better cast them *down*.' The anecdote illustrates the reviewer's conduct respecting the gospel of Mary; a book, concerning which, in connection with Jones's name, I clearly demonstrated he had ignorantly misconceived, and fraudulently misrepresented so much, that his revertal to it bespeaks insanity. He persists, however, in pretending to believe that the present gospel of Mary is not the ancient Apocryphal gospel under that name, but a forgery of it. With his belief, however, I have nothing to do, but he chooses, still, to force upon his readers, that Jones declares it to be a forgery. I am perfectly aware of the sort of person I have to deal with, and therefore, setting him aside altogether, I desire to inform his readers, that, in answer to the foulest charges of dishonesty

urged against me by the reviewer, concerning that gospel, I incontestably proved, that Jones did *not* treat it as a forgery of the old gospel, but as that gospel itself 'still extant;' that he excluded it from his discussions and collections respecting the books not extant; that, incidentally mentioning it while treating of the non-extant books, he said he should not there inquire concerning it, because it was a book still extant; and that, accordingly, he placed it in that division of his work which contained extant Apocryphal books alone. In answer to facts so palpably against him, but, artfully taking the utmost care not to mention one of them, the reviewer cites a passage, wherein Jones states that 'the ancient and present *copies* are not the same, which is evident from the manifest contradictions between them.' In this cited passage Jones means literally what he so says, and no more; namely, that the '*copies* are not the same.' It is altogether a question of *copies*. On the discrepancies incident to manuscripts, this is not the place, nor indeed is there a necessity for enlarging; and therefore, referring to my former pamphlet, for a satisfactory *reply* to the fatuitous stuff the reviewer brings forward in the shape of *answer* to what I there said, regarding the gospel of Mary, I have only to repeat my surprize that such a man should have courted my further notice of him; and especially as regards that book.

Half a page, a whole half-page of the Quarterly, is occupied in wailing and reproach for my treatment of Jerome, who, it seems, is henceforth to have 'his usual title' and be 'St. Jerome.' The reviewer is quite pettishbecause I wrote what he calls 'vulgarity against St. Jerome.' I believe I did Jerome no injustice; nor does the reviewer deny the saint's ill odour, though he is angry that I conceived offence at it. But why did he thrust his tainted father before me? The reviewer admires his 'acknowledged purity and beauty of style,' and, without doubt, his roguery too; but, as I have been accustomed to conceive dishonesty an emasculation of talent, it is not wonderful that I

should estimate Jerome, with his splendid genius, little higher than a stale fish in the dark. My adversary is right when he alleges that 'St. Jerome was, according to *my* account, capable of bad actions.' I certainly think he was; for he was guilty of them: and though the reviewer thought it wise to conceal, yet he was enabled to add, from my references, that Daille, Dupin, Jortin, and Dean Milner, furnished me with the particulars that make up '*my* account' of this saint's peccability. 'But this sagacious pamphleteer,' says my adversary, 'from internal consciousness we presume of the fact, concludes that a bad man must be a weak one.' Giving the reviewer's abuse, because it is no discredit to me, I answer that I did not so assert in my pamphlet; but, that, notwithstanding it may double his sneer at my 'sagacity,' and, however, from self-deception, he may imagine the contrary, I think *every* 'bad man is a *weak* one.' I assigned my reasons for affirming of Jerome, that he was capable of translating the spurious gospel of Mary, and garbling it in the translation; and the reviewer is, of all men, the least qualified, to induce a change in that or any other opinion I entertain.

His next charge is, 'The pamphleteer pleads guilty to the next piece of dishonesty, of which we accused the editor of the Apocryphal New Testament.' He of course publishes my confession and contrition for the offence, in my own language. No: not a syllable! a forbearance which a plain fact instantly accounts for—his assertion is false. His misrepresentation alludes to my having presumed that several expressions of the ancient fathers indicated that the Protevangelion of James had obtained a very general credit in the Christian world. How this arose is fully explained in my pamphlet, (p. 31, and 32), from which explanation the reviewer has not dared to quote a single word, inasmuch as the citation of any one sentence would have been fatal to his base perversion of my statements.

When reviewing the Apocryphal New Testament he piled

fraud on fraud, till he did not dare to hazard another, and then affecting sudden horror at the book before him, he exclaimed, 'To penetrate deeper into the dark recesses of its falsehoods, is a task, which we cannot inflict on ourselves.' In rebuking this shameless trick, I said, (Asp. Ans. p. 33.) 'the reviewer artfully conceals, that *two-thirds* of the Apocryphal New Testament are occupied by these pieces, (the Epistles of Clement, Barnabas, Ignatius, and Polycarp, and the Shepherd of Hermas), all of them translated and published by Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, under the title of "the Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers."' Most carefully shunning all quotation, he chooses to misrepresent what I said, in these words. 'The pamphleteer now declares, that *beyond the part* which we exposed, *there remain* ONLY (p. 33), *the Epistles* published by Wake, and he accuses us of artfully concealing this fact, and thus trying to represent the last part of his book as equally noxious with the first, while in fact it *only* contained what had been already published by an Archbishop!' Having thus counterfeited my charge, that he had concealed that '*two thirds* of the Apocryphal New Testament were occupied by Wake's Epistles,' into my having declared that, 'beyond the parts' which he had examined, '*there remain* ONLY *the Epistles*,' he next proceeds to show that the volume contained some other pieces, and that, consequently, according to such a showing, I had falsified. At last, to make the trick pass, he slights, and calmly asks, 'Is this poor creature in his senses?' I forbear from comment.

Perhaps the reader is quite as wearied by the development of these impostures as I am, and, therefore, for the reviewer's six lines on my words, 'I took "careful separation," to mean "selection,"' which he terms 'elegant phraseology;' and, for his seven lines, declining to prove that 'the word *question* may be used instead of *account*, because to talk to the pamphleteer would be to talk to an idiot;' for these thirteen lines I refer to the Quarterly itself; and,

for the refutation of their purpose, to the passages in the pamphlet they profess to answer. I clear away thus, in order to get immediately at the reverend reviewer's defence to the charge I brought against him of *Forgery*.

It appears that the word 'Forgery,' is distasteful to him. It was the word I used, but he carefully avoids it for a more 'elegant phraseology' which runs thus. 'The pamphleteer accuses us of quoting from his preface words not in it.' Exactly so: and, that the matter may be clearly understood, the paragraph of the Quarterly article on the Apocryphal New Testament, which contains the *Forgery* is subjoined.

Extract from the QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. xxv. p. 349.

"It may be right to notice a preliminary objection which has always been a favourite one with the infidel, and which is revived in the preface to the work before us—namely, that they who admit the body of Canonical Scripture, as exhibited in the New Testament, are unable to name the precise period at which it was received as such by the Christian church, or to produce the decree of any council, in the first two centuries, which affixes its sanction either to the present or any other Canon of Scripture. As this is conceived to be a sufficient proof of the total uncertainty of the Canon, many triumphant inferences are of course deduced from it. 'The whole story,' it is insinuated, 'may be an imposture; at all events we may not have received the true and genuine history of it; we can have no certain accounts of the doctrines promulgated by the first teachers; and, indeed, the simple fact that no formal recognition of the official documents took place, is of itself a very suspicious circumstance and quite enough to cast an air of doubt over the whole transaction.' What may be the justice of these inferences a very few remarks will suffice to demonstrate, &c."

After I had inserted the preceding Extract from the Quarterly, (in Asp. Ans. p. 36.) I remarked thus:—'This is a master stroke. In the above paragraph, the reviewer places a *sentence* between inverted commas. The sentence begins on the tenth line from the top of the paragraph, with the words 'the whole story,' and ends the third line from the bottom, with the words 'the whole transaction.' The inverted com-

mas that he puts before the first and after the last words of this *sentence*, denote it to be a quotation from my preface, which he is discussing. This *quoted sentence*, which every one who has read the Quarterly article, without referring to the Apocryphal New Testament, must infallibly believe to have been quoted by the reviewer from my preface, is not in my preface; it is not in any part of the work; it is not in any piece that I ever wrote or published, or sold, or read; it is an impudent *Forgery* by the reviewer himself.'

This was my charge, from which the reviewer defends himself with his usual fraud. Like the soldier under punishment at the halberds, who complained that every stroke, whether above, beneath, or in the middle, was either too high or too low, there is no pleasing him. He complains that I urge this charge 'out of *order*.' 'He found,' says my uneasy adversary, 'that the most convenient *order*, with respect to this charge, was to place it at the *end* of his defence, after examining many passages, in which we had *quoted* his words; and thus to induce his readers to suppose that we might have wished to appear *to do so* in the part in question;' and, he goes on to say, this was 'an artifice to conceal that the *extract was made from the commencement of our Article, in which we are not occupied with the Apocryphal New Testament at all*!' My adversary's stand 'upon the *order*,' is a shuffle. I took his points in their natural course: tracing each thread through the sinuosities of its entanglement, and drawing them out one by one, I took the *Forgery* last, because, being the strongest in the snarl he handed to me, it was the fittest for tying up the skein —it was a climax. Whether '*the extract was made from the commencement of our Article, in which we are not occupied with the Apocryphal New Testament at all!*' we shall see in the sequel. But, it is here requisite to set forth what, I suppose, is to be taken as his explanation, which deserves marked attention. He says, '*Before taking the slightest notice of Mr. Hone's publication, or even alluding to its general character, we gave* a detailed

account in *five or six pages of the several infidel objections to the canon* of the New Testament; and pointed out the method in which they were brought forward, and in which the arguments founded on them were stated. *We incidentally* NOTICED *also, that* ONE *of them was* REVIVED *in the* PREFACE *to the Apocryphal New Testament. We then explained what the* NATURE *of it was, and proceeded to* STATE IT *thus:* '"The whole story," it is insinuated, "may be an imposture, &c." The pamphleteer attempts to say that *we* QUOTED *these words as* HIS. *It will, we think, hardly be credited that* WE *do not* COMMENCE *our* NOTICE *of the Apocryphal New Testament* FOR *several passages after this passage.*' I just remark the 'elegant phraseology' of the conclusion, and propose this question—Pray if the *quoted* sentence contained, as the reviewer alleges, 'an infidel objection *revived in my preface,*' did not its having been *mentioned* by him, and *quoted* by him, *as* that 'infidel objection revived in my preface,' purport that it contained the *words* of my preface? Inverted commas are always used and taken to denote, that the words, before and after which they are placed, were uttered by some person, or written or printed in some manuscript, or book. This being so, then it is clear, that the words *quoted* by the reviewer, purport and denote that they were quoted by him from my preface. I here re-affirm they are not in my preface, and that the quoted sentence 'is an impudent *Forgery* by the reviewer himself.'

But it seems the 'incidental mention of my *preface,*' which introduced the *quotation,* and *fixed* the purport of it, *as* a quotation *from* my preface—it seems that this is to go for nothing; because, in the first place, my extract from the reviewer's article, was made from the *commencement* of his article, in which he was 'not occupied with the Apocryphal New Testament at all;' it seems, in the second place, that '*before* taking the *slightest notice,* or *even alluding* to its general character,' there were five or six pages of detail, one of which pages contained the quoted passage; and finally, it seems, in the third place, and '*it will*

hardly be credited,' says the reviewer, that '*we do not* COMMENCE our notice of the book for several pages AFTER this passage!' Alas! these laboured representations of a *single fact*, labour under a distressing calamity that befalls all his representations—they are not true! The fact itself is false! This mortifying inconvenience arises out of the accident, that the very *first paragraph* of the reviewer's *article* on the Apocryphal New Testament declares, that it is 'a work of which the sole aim is to destroy the credit of the New Testament! and to show that the most silly and drivelling forgeries can be supported by the same evidence which we use to establish the authority of scripture!' This is something more than the '*slightest* notice' of this book!; rather more than not 'even *alluding* to its general character!,' and it is taken so *nearly* 'from *the commencement* of our article, in which we are not occupied with the Apocryphal New Testament at all!,' that, 'it will hardly be credited,' it commences on the twelfth line, from the first line of the *beginning* of 'our' article! This then *ends* the reviewer's defence as to the charge of *Forgery*. One more helplessly weak, or flagrantly false, never drivelled from the idiocy of guilt, under the anticipation of suffering, and the desire to escape from it.

Further it were unnecessary to go, for any purpose of exemplifying the reviewer's flagitiousness; for I have hitherto taken and destroyed each of his points, as I came up to it, in the order of its occurrence, and forced his lines in every direction. I cannot, however, decline one remaining position, without the possibility of its being alleged, that he had succeeded at one point: this must not be: he has compelled me to the field and I shall clear it.

'We have gone,' he says, 'through the pamphleteer's *text*, and shall now examine his *notes*.' Indulging his usual propensities, by dissociating my exposition of his un-tyro-like blunder, respecting the Codex of Fabricus, from the Faustus case, (whereon he observes afterwards, and I shall observe

presently, in connection with the Codex case) he proceeds to say, 'The last of this wretched man's follies that we shall notice, arises from an obvious, but trifling error of the press. We gave in a note, a very curious instance of Toland's ignorance (of Greek) on the authority of a MS book of an old and respectable clergyman, who received it from another clergyman, Mr. Welby, and 'Mr. Welby from an ear-witness, Gale, the Anabaptist. By an error of the press, the mark of quotation (') is omitted, &c.' Referring the reader to the Quarterly (VOL. XXV. p. 353,) and to *Asp. Ans.* p. 34, I merely observe, that, in alarm for the 'old and respectable clergyman' who, in consequence of the absurd misrepresentation of the unauthenticated anecdote I said 'was fibbing,' the reviewer endeavours to maintain the old gentleman's credibility by saying that the printer *omitted* a 'mark of quotation,' and he forms one on the page thus (')—in compliment to his readers. Yet, it so happens, that there *is* 'a mark of quotation' at the beginning, and another at the end of the *story*! and wherever the reverend reviewer may interpolate another, or other marks of quotation, or however he may transpose the present marks of quotation, or either of them, the contradiction in his 'very *curious* instance of Toland's ignorance,' will, notwithstanding such a method, remain perversely incurable at the foot of page 353, in VOL. XXV. of the Quarterly Review, so long as that page vexatiously retains the impression of the printer's ink. Hence, if the anonymous 'old and respectable clergyman' was not 'fibbing,' the present 'fibbing' of the anonymous young clergyman, who is my reviewer, has left the reputation of his venerable authority just as it was, and *that*, without even establishing 'Toland's ignorance' of Greek. I wish to inspect the '*manuscript* of the old and respectable clergyman.' If it is in a public collection I shall be glad of a reference to it. If it is in his own possession, or, if he even 'pen from lenders' books,' it is within his control, and can be

safely intrusted to the care of Mr. Murray for a single day. I crave *oyer* of this manuscript.

Though he affirmed that my relation of the tale of the manuscript was 'the *last* of the wretched man's follies' that he should notice; yet, forgetful of this prudent determination, he immediately resumes his critical labours, and begins his next paragraph thus:—

'When we accuse him of saying that several Christian sects received a writing as genuine though only two, the Gnostics and Manichæans, infamous for their forgeries and corruptions of scripture, could be adduced, he sinks the character of the sects, and covers his falsehoods by saying that the Gnostics were divided into many different *parties*!' The reviewer uniformly puts a note of admiration to each of his wilful misrepresentations, and, therefore, there is one at the end of this. He had affirmed in the article on the Apocryphal New Testament that when I said several ancient Christian sects received the Gospel of Mary, it was a falsehood; for I had mentioned only two—'they dwindled down to two—the Gnostics and Manichæans.' To this I answered, that 'there were upwards of fifty different *sects*' classed under one general denomination of Gnostics; and I referred him to Mosheim for a fact which he was either ignorant of, or fraudulently concealed. Jones and Lardner show the same, and the answer surely was conclusive against his representation, that my expression was inaccurate. In the apocryphal article he quotes Epiphanius, viz. 'Epiphanius, *Hæres* lxviii. §. 7.,' and, unless Gibbon lies, Epiphanius, in that very book, had he read it, as well as referred to it, must have presented him with the list of 'the fifty different sects of Gnostics.' Which of these sects does the reviewer *class* with—for *he* assumes to be a *Gnostic*?

As he sagely prefers to revive this subject, and by repeating his former words, once more declares the 'Gnostics and Machinæans infamous for their forgeries and corruptions of

scripture;' let me now remark, that grossly ignorant as he was, respecting the various sects of Gnostics, his ignorance is equally gross respecting the *Manichæans*. They were *not* 'infamous for their forgeries and corruptions of scripture.' Lardner expressly affirms that the Machinæans were neither guilty of 'forging' nor of 'corrupting' scripture, and he cites Augustine, with whom as well as Epiphanius the reviewer pretends great acquaintance in his Apocryphal article, as expressly acquitting them of such frauds! The reviewer sneeringly inquires whether 'there is *one* human being to whom Mr. Hone's ignorance or knowledge can give either pleasure or pain?' Perhaps, yes—'*one*.'

'When we accuse him,' says the reviewer, 'of stealing one half of his book from Jones, without intimating the existence of that writer's work, he says, that he never denied the fact to *personal inquirers*!' The reviewer says in his inexplicable explanation respecting the old Clergyman's MS. that a 'trifling instance of candour' on my part would have rendered *that* explanation unnecessary. May I presume that I am to receive his statement, on the present topic, as a retaliation for an offence of which his own obscurity, or something worse, rendered it impossible I could be guilty? *His* 'candour' may be deduced from his omitting to give a single line, of what I stated, in answer to his charge of borrowing from Jones without acknowledgment. On that occasion I observed thus:—

'Had my *name* been on the title page of the Apocryphal New Testament *as the editor*, then, indeed, I should have assumed a semblance of learning *personally* that would have been ridiculous. The volume is *anonymous*; and though *I never concealed* from any one who inquired concerning the compiler, *that I compiled it myself*, I always mentioned *the English sources* of the Gospels and Epistles; and that I drew up the introductory notices, and stated the authorities from thence. But it is remarkable that *my accuser's obligations to Jones are* MORE SERIOUS *than mine, and* EQUALLY UNACKNOWLEDGED. With barely "the edging or trimming of a scholar, a welt or so;" *he* (the reviewer) *does not quote* ONE AUTHOR IN A DEAD LANGUAGE *who was not pointed out to him by Jones*;

and what *he* says concerning *English* writers, any one who takes the trouble to look at the work on the Canon (vol. i. pages 17, 28, 43, 65, &c.) will see is also *filched from Jones's volumes*, and that, *from the same source he furnishes out his six pages of rote about the canon, &c.*'

I re-state thus much in vindication of myself: and how has the reviewer answered it? Not by denying a single word of what I alleged as to his own obligations to Jones, which I could prove to the minutest atom; nor by denying that I also alleged the only scrap in his article underived from Jones's references or text, which he pilfered without mercy and without reading, was the *fibbing* 'anecdote from the manuscript book.' Not a word of this does he condescend upon; but, on the contrary, he has the vanity to imagine that these lines of impertinent misrepresentation may be taken for a true account of what I said in my own vindication; and he seems to think the best answer he could give, to the irrefutable charge against himself, was a note of admiration! Notes of admiration are marvellously insinuating, and the reviewer insults the readers of the Quarterly by their constant use whenever he commits a fraud upon them. He puts one at the end of a fallacious statement, regarding my explanation of the reference to the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus for apocryphal particulars of the Descent into Hell. He is quite welcome to any ascendancy he can attain by the trick with minds of a certain order; it will not, however, avail him with one discriminating reader, who compares what he and I have written.

Again '*Faustus* is our friend!' The reverend and learned reviewer makes the *last* sally of his militancy with his old ally, the Manichæan, and throws his 'supreme ignorance' at me, as, 'above all,' most effectual. 'And *above all*,' says my exhausted adversary, 'when we convict him of mistaking the notorious Faustus, the Manichæan, for a Provençal bishop; and in the plenitude of his own ignorance bestowing commendations on the learning of a person remarkable for the want of it, and of whom he now confesses he knew so little as to be

compelled, as we guessed, to refer to a common Biographical Dictionary; he *replies*, that *this* is no error in *divinity*, but in *ecclesiastical history*!" Another note of admiration denoting, as usual, another malversation. I will explain this. The reviewer had inquired, 'Is there a single reader of *divinity*, so utterly ignorant of the commonest facts as not to be aware that Faustus was an African, a teacher of the Machinæan heresy at Carthage?' To that question I answered, 'Yes, thousands of readers of *divinity*; for this is not a fact in *divinity*, but a fact in *ecclesiastical history*; which, I take permission to believe, is as different from divinity, as Faustus the Manichæan is different from Faustus the Bishop.' My answer, therefore, was to shew, that, while he was stating that I had misrepresented a bishop of Provençe, for a Manichæan of Carthage, he himself, by the very language he used for that purpose, was misrepresenting *divinity* for *ecclesiastical history*. To retaliate on me now, for that mal-apropos exposure of his own blunder then, it is 'hey! presto! begone!' with his blunder: he conceals *that* from his readers altogether; and conjuring upon them my reply to his *blunder*, as a reply to his *charge*, an admired note of self-admiration completes the trick, and denotes the juggle. There are several cases of this sort 'in the books,' especially in the Newgate Calendar, with the *names* of the perpetrators, and how they were disposed of.

My mistake as to Faustus I at once admitted. Its ludicrousness excited no one's risibility more than my own. Perhaps it was no palliation, that I paralleled with it the reviewer's mistake as to *divinity*; or, that I instanced, on the authority of Jones and Lempriere, that Jerome and Cornelius Nepos had blundered in much the same way: such accidental errors are detectable even in Cicero, and many of the authors of ancient times; to say nothing of later writers, and some who 'flourish' in our own. Moreover, as a farther set-off against Faustus, I pointed out another maculation in the reviewer. Instead of the 'Codex *Apocryphus*,' a collection

of the *New* Testament Apocrypha by Fabricius in 1703, he had quoted the 'Codex *Pseudepigraphus*,' a collection of *Old* Testament Apocrypha, published by Fabricius, in 1713; on which I remarked, that as 'I mistook the later Faustus for the earlier Faustus, the reviewer mistook the later Codex for the earlier Codex,' and that this brought us in juxta-position. He defends himself from this, by a 'curious' story. 'By some *accident*,' says the 'veracious' reviewer very gravely, 'our copy of the first work is *lettered* Codex Pseudepigraphus Novi Testamenti; and we freely confess that we erred as to the *title*; but not,' continues the respectable reviewer, '*as to the work itself*; for, *all through our article, we cite this book* with a specific reference to volume and page, under the *same title* of Codex *Pseudepigraphus*.' According to this statement, I, also, must 'freely confess,' that any other person may fall into the same error as the reviewer, provided that he have the reviewer's copy of the book with the '*accident*' on the back; provided, too, that, like the reviewer, he refer to the binder's *lettering*-piece for the *title* instead of the title-*page*; and provided further, that, also like the reviewer, he be so unacquainted with the Codex Apocryphus and the Codex Pseudepigraphus as not to know they are different works:—all this being premised, any other person, under these circumstances of the reviewer, may go on quoting the Codex Apocryphus 'all through an article, with a specific reference to volume and page, under the title of Codex *Pseudepigraphus*.' It is evident that the reviewer was as ignorant that there were *two* codices, by Fabricius, till *my* detection of his blunder gave him the information, as I was ignorant that there were *two* persons named Faustus, till *his* detection of *my* blunder gave me *that* information. It is as impossible, that the reviewer, with a competent knowledge of the existence and contents of the *two* codices could have quoted the title of the *Old* Testament Codex, instead of the title of the *New* Testament Codex, 'all through an article;' as I, had I known of the existence of the two Faustuses, could

have mistaken the Manichæan for the bishop. Yet, because I mentioned Faustus, with the single word 'learned' prefixed to his name, the reviewer chooses to falsify *that* prefixion, into the 'bestowing *commendations* ON *the learning* of a person remarkable for the want of it;' and he urges this fraudful dilation, while he himself is actually engaged in proving, that I had mistaken this person for another, whose learning entitled him to the epithet, and to whom I directed that epithet; and not, as the reviewer maliciously counterfeits, to 'a person remarkable for the want of it.' Thus this, his *last* fabrication, follows the rest.

Returning to him once more, I find him saying, that 'he *omits* all notice of our *other* charges, though with his usual unblushing effrontery he declares that he has answered them all, or *evades* them in the most pitiful manner.' It would indeed have been 'pitiful,' 'wond'rous pitiful,' if I had 'omitted' one, or 'evaded' one. '*Other* charges!' My answer to him was a *particular*, not a general one. *Not a* SINGLE *charge, or even insinuation against me, but had my exact scrutiny.* I took *all* of them separately, and manifested the juggle and falsehood of each. I left *all*, without a covering on the deformity of one; and 'in the most *pitiful* manner,' they lay, and still *lie* before me, a hideous mass of 'pure undefecated fraud.' '*Other* charges!' I would submit the 'potent, grave, and reverend' divine's Apocryphal article, and my pamphlet in answer to it, for comparison to his own parish-clerk; with the certainty, that, on the point of omission, I should obtain a verdict from the Honesty of the reading-desk, against the Impostor in the pulpit.

'INFIDELITY is *not so good a* TRADE *as it was*,' says the reviewer, 'four or five years ago,' and, therefore, 'Mr. Hone has published a pamphlet, announcing that his character has been quite mistaken, that he is a very sound Christian, and that in his opinion "Christianity is a pure principle—a mental illumination, &c. &c."' The *latter* words he quotes from my pamphlet, which he takes care to say was published 'nearly

three years' after his attack upon me. Lord Kames, I think, remarks that it is in some degree a plea of guilty, to be over hasty or solicitous in making a defence. My grounds for answering his first aggression at such a distance of time from the assault, are stated in the pamphlet at considerable length. These he elects to conceal, and as he elects also to garble a passage from the answer I then made to his charge of 'Infidelity,' I shall extract the paragraph in which that passage stands. It is introduced by the observation, that, as a bookseller and publisher, 'I never speculated in any thing opposed to my own sentiments; that I view those who oppose Christianity as opposed to an indestructible scheme of happiness, which in its beneficent progress embraces individuals, and in its final accomplishment will include the whole human race; and, that I regard Christianity, not as a Patent of Privilege to a few, but a Grant to all—as the Great Charter of mankind; defining all rights; prescribing all duties; prohibiting all wrong; proscribing all violence. Upon it every thing that is beneficial or permanent in society is founded: without it, the advocates and supporters of public Liberty can neither attain more nor maintain what they have.' Immediately after this, the paragraph containing the passage garbled by the reviewer, commences thus:—"I was brought up in religious habits, but these are surfaces, not principles. They were worn off by circumstances in early youth, when 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy' I wondered at the world and at myself, and theory after theory arose as the waves, weltering and disappearing. Ardently seeking for truth, I conversed with books rather than men, and hewed out principles as I could; 'here a little and there a little.' It is said, that 'many persons commence religious at first, they don't know why, and with a blind zeal persist in a religion which is they know not what.' (Jones on the Canon, vol. i. p. 14.) I am not among that number; for it was by patient research and painful process that I arrived at that clear evidence for the truth of Christ-

ianity, which, if sincerely and diligently sought, is found to be irresistible. My religion is the religion of the New Testament. As taught and exemplified by Christ himself, it is the perfection of all knowledge, 'which is, and which was, and which is to come.' It is infinite wisdom. It is *a pure principle, a mental illumination*; which, however dimmed by the cares and conflicts of the world, shines out in the solitude of the closet, when the eye turns inward. As regards conduct in life, it is the being held in a bond to do justice, love mercy, and practise universal charity. There is no release from this obligation, though the disregard of it is a stumbling-block to thousands, whose conceptions of Christianity, being derived from the uncharitableness of nominal Christians, disincline them to explore the springs from whence vindictiveness and persecution seem to flow. In the words of Erasmus, 'Christian charity extends itself to all; and he that does no hurt to any body though he be bad, and would rejoice if he would grow better, in my opinion, loves all as becomes a Christian to do.'" This paragraph the reviewer wholly conceals from his reader's eyes, save only the four words printed above in *italics* to denote them. He talks of 'the *articles* of *our* faith.' I unfeignedly believe, that no sincere member of that church which is visited by the infliction of his dispasturing care, will think his sneering selection of those four words, and his dishonest suppression of all the rest, can be evidence of *his* faith in any *articles* he may have dared to *subscribe*; or of faith in the efficacy of any other than the spurious principles of the two apocryphal *articles* which he dared to *write*, and has *not* dared to *subscribe*. 'The *articles* of *our* faith,' are '*our* articles' in the Quarterly Review.

'INFIDELITY *is not so good a* TRADE *as it was*!' His sarcasm falls short. He knew when he aimed it as a charge, that it was as much a fabrication as his quotation of 'words not in it' was a forgery upon my preface. He cunningly keeps out of sight every reference that I made in my pamphlet to

the absence of even the possibility, that the charge of 'Infidelity' could any way apply to my conduct. Hear me there citing from what I had written, before my trials, seven years ago.—'I console myself with the reflection, that amidst all I have put on paper, there is

> 'Not one immoral, one indecent thought,
> One line which, dying, I could wish to blot.'

Nor can there be found a single paragraph, or even sentence of a *profane or irreligious tendency* in any of my publications. With a lively conception of wit, and an irresistible propensity to humour, I have likewise so profound a regard for the well-being of society, and so great a reverence for public morals, that I know of no temptation capable of inducing me to pen a line injurious to social happiness, or offensive to private virtue.' Hear me again, in my pamphlet, citing from the public reports of my trials, that I assured the public prosecutor 'if in any *one* of the numerous pieces I had published, he could lay his finger on a single sentence of a *profane or irreligious* nature, or *tending* to degrade or bring *religion* into contempt, I would refrain from uttering another word in my defence.' Hear me also in my pamphlet, stating on the same authority, that I appealed to my Jurymen 'whether either of them had ever read *a line of such a tendency* in any of my publications?' Hear me further, in my pamphlet, affirming that 'from that hour to this, neither did, nor could any one, not even the most vindictive of my enemies, in their fiercest heats, bring a fact of the sort against me.' Hear me likewise, in my pamphlet, inquiring whether at a recent period, 'when the press was teeming with such productions, any of the nature I allude to came from me?' Hear me in that pamphlet 'dare and defy the proof of a sentiment of that kind having been either penned or published by me; or of any article of such a tendency having been sold or issued by any person in my employment.' This and more to the like effect was the answer of my pamphlet to the reviewer's charge of Infidelity in his first article. His present article reviews that pam-

phlet, conceals all this, and exclaims, 'Infidelity is not so good a *trade* as it *was!*' The baseness of this is unsurpassable. Fearfully shrinking from the language of truth, his courage was only equal to its violent perversion or mean suppression. Though his article occupies nearly ten pages of the Quarterly, he has not dared to quote a *single sentence* from my pamphlet! *Aspersions Answered*, consists of sixty-four pages; his *different* quotations from it, taken separately and put together, do not, *all together*, amount to ten *lines*! Ten *sentences* would have been death to him.

'INFIDELITY *is not so good a* TRADE *as it was!*' Was it for this reason that the reviewer bound himself 'prentice to the church, played at '*make Belief*,' and perverted the principles of Christianity into the practice of *Priest*ianity? When I said, 'He is a divine—he *may* become a Christian,' I did not insinuate, but said, he was *not* a Christian. That was my opinion of him when I proved his first imposture; and his recent malversations attest its truth. Like the irreclaimable convict, who, at noon-day forced the very house that he had suffered a mild sentence for having before burglariously entered; so, the reviewer, unmindful of the chastisement he had received for his former delinquency, returns to his hold of fraud, and from thence renews upon me his criminal attacks. After the offences of deliberate perversion, falsification, and forgery, he evidences his turpitude by further depravities, and by felon insolence towards me, whom he had injured. It is not necessary here to pourtray 'the *character* of a Christian man;' but *his*, is its antithesis. *He* is the 'Infidel!' I say to him, as the prophet of old said to the royal sinner, '*Thou* art the man!' Nor will it be an answer to the accusation, that he wears sacerdotal robes, and repeats his creeds. One of them begins, 'Whosoever will be saved, above all things it is necessary that he *hold*'—a *living*, is the *substance* of the rest with the reverend reviewer. The other two begin, 'I believe,' and, accordingly, the reviewer 'believes' for—his *living*. He may have read in a book, which he is sometimes forced to read, that there

are other characters who '*believe*, and tremble' *too*. I urge him to self examination; and to early inquiry—whether other than *temporal* motives urged him to swear that he 'believed' he had a *spiritual* calling to the cure of souls? And, after that inquiry—whether, being *then* either more or less evil than I have represented him, he, think himself, according to the rule of the New Testament, a *spiritual* man? And, if he should *not*, whether his occupation of a place in the church to the exclusion of one who *is*, does not, according to that rule, bring him under the designation expressed in John, x. 2.? I leave this matter for his soul's health, between him and the Seer of hearts, and his Diocesan.

To *all* of my adversary's statements I have applied truth: and each instantly yielding to the flux, has dissolved into 'air—thin air.' Compared with him Psalmanazar, Lauder, and Damberger, were mere tyroes. He as much exceeds *them* in the use of that 'black art,' which has placed their names on the roll of deathless notoriety, as he excelled his least qualified rivals at Cambridge, in the attainments that enabled him to carry off honours from that university. His inflexible persistance and power of execution give falsehood the very features of fact. 'Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of him.' He is an adept 'of the first magnitude.'

The reviewer purposed me much injury, yet I bear him no malice, for I am incapable of it towards any man. I said, in *Aspersions Answered*, that what I urged there was 'not as a stepping-stone to controversy, for which I have unconquerable dislike;' and that 'I purposed not to write another word on any topic connected with that pamphlet.' The declaration was sincere; for I knew, that an honest notice of it on the part of the reviewer, must have been a confession of *error*, which, from *him*, I could not hope. His last wicked and silly half-sheet of fallacies, is an acknowledgment that he was reduced to the necessity of not holding me cheap—a public declaration of potency, in a contemned opponent, scarcely to have been expected from the *tact* of the Quarterly. It is

a bulletin announcing that the enemy is 'flagitious,' 'ferocious,' 'one of a worthless crew,' 'a miserable man,' 'a wretched pamphleteer,' 'a poor creature,' and so forth, but that he has planted his colours on the Quarterly ramparts. In short, it is as it has been exhibited in these pages; and its claim to that exhibition, from its thorough dishonesty, was irresistible. I had 'underrated' his former article, 'by assuming that it would not be overrated;' and the experience, that the reviewer and I both have, of the consequences resulting from thinking too meanly of an adversary, determined me to break silence.

Providence has furnished even the least of its beings with the means of self-defence; and, therefore, what faculties I am blessed with I have put forth. The reviewer's pretence that *Aspersions Answered* was written by another hand, is a compliment to me and a reproach to himself, that he did not intend. Many with an university education, assume *learning* to be every thing; and imagine, that men without it neither know, nor think, nor have the power of expressing themselves intelligibly. Yet learning is to some, but as a rich manure encumbering the barren surface it cannot cultivate. The *mere* man of learning only porters it; he carries about the load, without a direction, all his life, and dies without pitching it. Others there are who open their learned accumulations to purposes of public and private instruction, and enrich the common stock of knowledge. From the liberal communications of these illustrious benefactors to mankind, authors and translators extract and interpret valuable portions, for that race of readers who called the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* Reviews into existence as purveyors to their demand for information; and thus the business of knowledge is carried on. It is a low estimate of its thrifty progress, and of the talents of those among whom the reviewer has been permitted the exercise of his matchless ability for perversion, when he suggests that the progression has not extended to me. To persons of my station in society, the Quarterly itself is indebted for its maintenance; and any reader must be pitiably deficient in capacity, if he do not possess it to the moderate extent of enabling him to detect the several

artifices, and general imposture of such an adversary. Neither the manuscript of this, nor of the *Aspersions Answered*, nor the least portion of either was seen by any one but myself, who wrote both, and the printer, who gave them to the world, verbatim, as they were written. It is the first time I engaged in controversy. The sheets in the reader's hand I have written during severe illness, and as honest De Foe says, 'I am weary of the strife.' Doubtless, a hypercritic could append a tolerable errata to each tract, but their subject matter has defeated the reviewer's purposes, and that is sufficient. General apology is unnecessary, for any plainness of language which may be unacceptable to a few, who are never 'at home' to truth, except she appear in a court dress. I fear they receive her visits but seldom; for her costume is rarely accommodated to '*fine* company,' without danger to her general reception in '*good* company,' and to her constitution.

I was to be written down at any rate, and the reviewer proceeded upon the nefarious principle that the end justifies the means. Under his last fraud, by which he sought to retrieve himself from my former exposure, and to effect his escape by defaming me, I was not less and could not afford to be more than human. I have proved it to be the miserable defence of a miserable man, 'who ever double, both in his words and meaning, gives the clergy ill example.' I have done with him. My foe has drunk of the cup of his deservings, and the Quarterly will not afford a 'dole' on the 'border,' for the fall of so foul a champion. If writers like these are encouraged by that Review, it will become 'a bolting hutch of beastliness;' from whence sleek vermin will ever and anon be dragged forth, to suffer for their predatory irruptions. The attitude of the Quarterly is a commanding one, but it can only be secured by moral qualities. Should it print high numbers, with a succession of such articles as I have discussed, Mr. Murray's warehouse for it will present 'a boundless continuity of *waste*.'

THE END.

Typographical Error—p. 17. l. 12. Instead of 'FOR several passages after this passage,' read, 'pages after this passage.'